THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A[illegible]ated Weekly
Found[illegible]28 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 1, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Welch's

The National Drink

First Aid on the Fourth

WELCH'S is first aid to the proper celebration and enjoyment of the Nation's Birthday. For it's a day when we're all out-of-doors, all thirsty, all playing, cares forgotten in the joys of sunshine and living.

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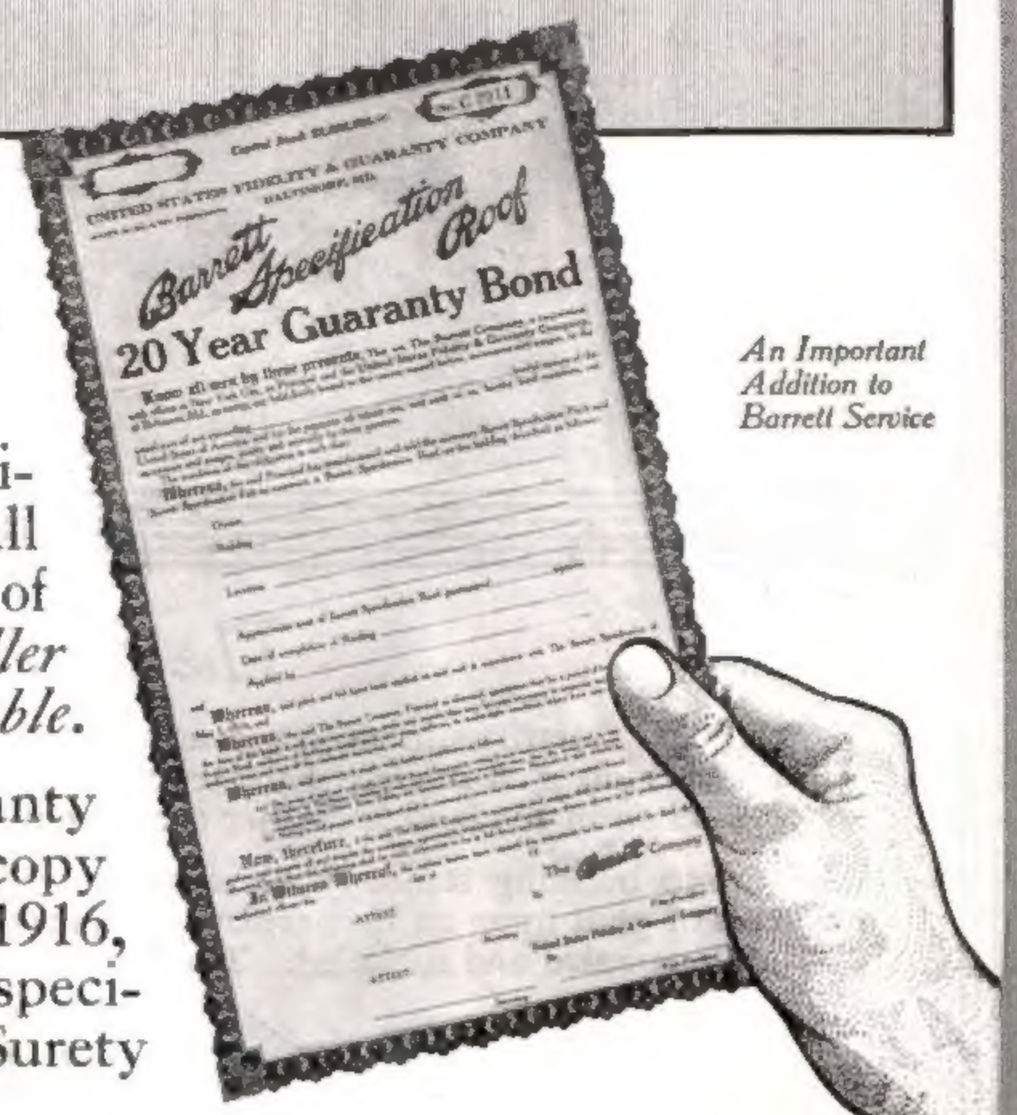

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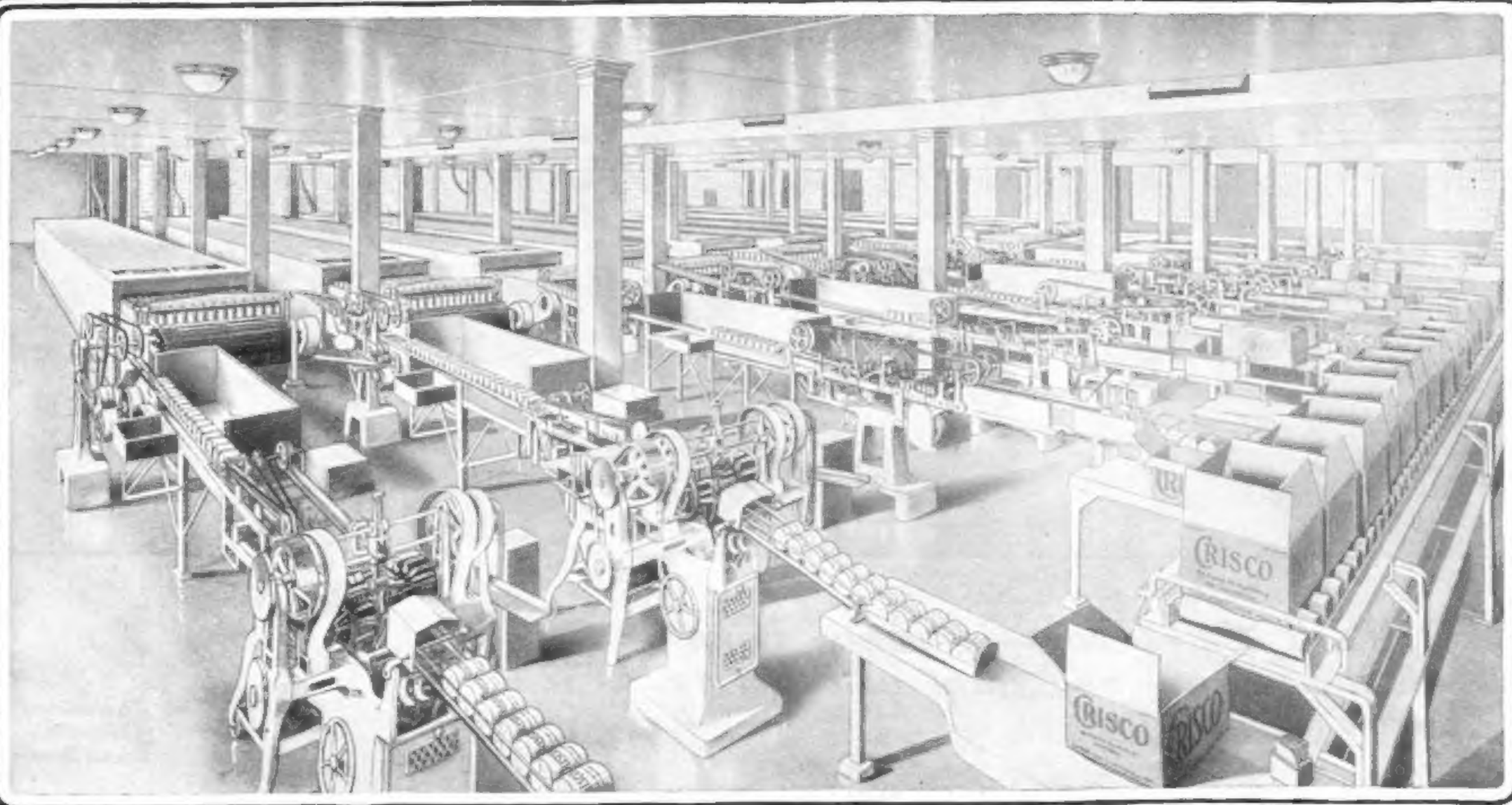

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2 cupfuls flour
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
¼ teaspoonful salt
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½ cupful sugar
4 egg yolks
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(Use **level** measurements)

Sift the dry ingredients together. Cream the Crisco and add sugar gradually, creaming after each addition. Beat the yolks until light and foamy. Add to the creamed Crisco and sugar. Add flour and liquid alternately. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes.

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THIS IS THE LIFE

The Story of a Social Secretary

Edited by Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

WELL, I'm in a great hurry! Where is she?"

Through the open doorway the sound of the loud, impatient voice crashed over me like a big wave. Literally I was picked up from my chair and borne off by this voice. In another moment I stood in the presence of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle.

Two of us went that morning to the Young Women's Christian Association to apply for the position of social secretary to the great New York society leader. The other woman had gone first, and to this day she is pitifully enshrined in my memory as a life-size figure of the Person Who is Not Wanted. She was fat and ungraceful; she was roofed in red bangs; and she carried an immense hand bag. As I sat there in the little darkened anteroom, the sound of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's loud voice plainly registered the impression that had been made upon her.

"Did you wish to see me?"

A bewildered little monosyllable had ensued; and then I heard Mrs. Cuttle cleaving through the silence.

"Well, I'm in a great hurry this morning. I'm just on my way to another appointment. I'm afraid we shall have to put off our interview till some other time."

The other woman had retreated awkwardly, and as she came out I caught the hurt look in her eyes. At the same time I could hear Mrs. Dearborn, the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, who had arranged this meeting for me, trying to prevail upon Mrs. Cuttle to see me. At first she had flatly refused to do so. Afterward had come the peremptory summons that took me into her presence.

Swept Into the Social Sea

AT THE moment when I entered the room she was turning impatiently on her chair. Her arms rested on the back and for an instant she did not say a word. Then all at once she broke into a loud laugh.

"Did you see that awful person they just sent me?" she cried.

No word of greeting! No preamble! That was Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's way. She had no more use for formal Good mornings and How-do-you-do's? than the wave to which I have compared her voice. She simply took you up, drenched you, and overcame you by the might of her personality.

Never Before, Except on the Stage, Had I Seen Such Ornaments as These Two Servitors

"Yes," replied I with a tenth carbon copy of a laugh; "I did. She was—rather funny."

All the time I was watching her, and my scrutiny was all the more intense because so trembling. To-day, after fourteen years of service as her social secretary, how can I sum up the feeling with which she left me? Well, it is easy to overrate first impressions. Holding up to an occasion the torch of years of accumulated memories, we say: "I felt from the first moment I saw him this man's power or that man's underlying weakness." Here in this case the temptation may be discounted. I can honestly say that from the moment when I first beheld the great society leader I felt in her that restless vitality which lifted her above her associates.

Last summer, when I went up to Newport while Mrs. Cuttle was ill, Mrs. Pendenning Carter came up to me and cried: "Oh, Mrs. Pemberton, it isn't the same place without her!" How well I understand that! Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle had the genius for splendor possessed by only a few of the world's wealthy. Comparatively poor among her class—a class that reckoned its wealth by the ten millions—her entertainments yet stood to both America and Europe as the climax of millionaire magnificence. She was to Newport and New York almost what Louis Quatorze was to Versailles. Like the great "King of the Bees," she entertained and dictated, she snubbed and offended; and, now that she was unable to lead it, the circle in which she moved hung like a vine without its trellis.

All this was sensed by me as she turned impatiently on her chair and looked round at me. At this time Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle was in her forties. Her rather square, powerful figure was clad in mourning; and above the black I saw, at first, only her eyes—bold, dark eyes, which one of her friends once described as being able to see a cobweb in the fog. They glowed under rather drooping lids, darkened now, as always, to an almost purple tint, and above them were set rather heavy eyebrows. For the rest her face was rather pale, her nose straight, and her mouth harshly imperious.

But now Mrs. Cuttle was rising from her chair. She never, I found out afterward, stayed more than a moment in dock.

Bearding the Butler

"I DO want a social secretary," said she; "but I'm in such a great hurry now. Can you come to my house this afternoon at six? Please be prompt though, for I'm going out to dinner."

"Oh," said I, "I'm always on time."

"Are you?" she fairly puffed. If you patted an engine on the head it would give just the same expression of gratification. "Oh, I like that! I'm always on time myself. Come to me this afternoon, then. Good-by."

When she had gone Mrs. Dearborn, the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, came rushing up to me.

"You're as good as taken!" she cried excitedly. "Mrs. Cuttle has just happened to take a fancy to you. She's like that, you know. She always feels from the first moment whether she is going to like a person or not." Then, lowering her tone: "She's a terror, you know. Few people can get along with her. But you go; and, even if you can stand it for only a week, it will mean a great deal to you to be able to say you have been with Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle."

"But," cried I, "how in the world am I going to do it? I've had no experience in this line. What shall I do? How shall I act?"

To tell the truth, I was stunned at the thought of what I had undertaken. Two months before I had come up to New York from the leisurely city where I was born and bred. I had paid five dollars as a registration fee at the Bureau of Social Employment, and during the months of August and September had been introduced to a number of prominent society women, each and all of whom had refused me because of my lack of experience. I knew nothing of the starry names that dot the Social Register. My association with servants was confined to the dusky butler and cook who had brought me up. Was it any wonder that I felt like a grub trying to wing myself into the most spectacular household in New York society?

That afternoon, however, I sought the town house of the Cuttles. It was already quite dark and for a long time I tottered up and down the quiet block. When finally I did get the courage to ring the bell I was escorted at once to the bedroom of Mrs. Cuttle. She was attired now in a pink negligee and the make-up still hung over those dark eyes like the cloud of a train flung against the darkness of night.

"Well," said she, "can you come to me to-morrow?"

I seated myself on a chair that might have been put in a cabinet and placed my feet on a rug that might have covered a Pekingese; and I voiced my own doubts of my ability.

"I have had absolutely no experience," began I. "You will have to be patient with me."

"Just Sit Tight. You'll Soon Learn the Ropes"

"Oh, I can't be patient—I have no patience," replied Mrs. Cuttle. "But I like your looks—I think we'd get along together. Can you come to-morrow?"

"But I warn you," repeated I desperately; "I have had no experience."

"Will you come to-morrow?" she insisted impatiently. "Yes; of course you will. I'll pay you a hundred a month to start with, and after that we'll see."

I looked at her helplessly.

"I'm really in a great hurry," snorted she.

I swallowed hard.

"Very well, then," said I; "I'll come."

That night I received a wire from Mrs. Cuttle: "Engage and bring along with you butler, chef, parlor maid and two footmen." And I realized that already the fringe of her mantle was touching me.

"How shall I do it?" asked I of Mrs. Dearborn when, after a sleepless night, I presented my haggard face at the Young Women's Christian Association early the next morning. "I'm scared of my life to meet a butler. What shall I ask him?"

She took an hour to explain to me the questions which must be asked of every high-bred servant, and after that called up the Pinkham Employment Agency and asked them to send me down applicants for the five unfilled positions.

"The Pinkham is the best in the city," explained she. "They know the servants in the best houses of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore. They can give you records of all of them, and you'll have to make their acquaintance at once."

A few hours afterward I was sitting in the reception room face to face with a noted English butler.

The First Duties of the Secretary

"DO YOU understand all the duties of a butler?" asked I, gazing on that smooth expanse of British cheek set out with its beds of whisker.

My tone was grand, but inside I felt very much like an oyster picking out the man who shall eat him. I was quaking for fear he would retort with: "Do you understand the duties of a social secretary?"

Perhaps, however, even an English butler may sometimes be deceived. At any rate, his tone was clipped to an immense respect. "Perfectly," said he.

"Do you know all about serving the wine?" continued I, slavishly echoing Mrs. Dearborn's suggestion.

"Quite so," replied he, bending his head.

"I am told you can give excellent references from English houses," said I.

"Indeed, yes, madam. For ten years I was with Lord Wearyton, of Gaunt House. Then, when he died, I went with Mr. Dundee-Parnell, at Brightham Manor."

"Very good," replied I.

And now my wave of inquiry reared to its crest. "Be sure," Mrs. Dearborn had insisted, "to ask him if he knows how to make a good claret cup. It is so awfully important."

I put the question and I think I put it well. I don't believe he ever suspected for one moment that I had never tasted this beverage.

"My recipe came from Gaunt House," replied he with dignity. "It has been in the family for generations. I don't think madam will have any cause to complain."

"Very well, then," said I; "it is settled. You may engage two footmen and come down to The Torrents on the one-o'clock train to-morrow."

After this I interviewed the chef and the parlor maid; and when I had finished Mrs. Dearborn applauded me.

"Fine!" said she. "You are a credit to any correspondence course in engaging servants."

That afternoon I took the train for The Torrents, Mrs. Cuttle's country place on the Hudson. It was a lovely October day, and the victoria that met me at the station swung me through several miles of the most beautiful countryside.

More than a mile of this led through a private road lined with great trees. Beeches and oaks waved their scarlet manes overhead, and here and there a somber evergreen was winged with the yellow of some adjacent sapling. That intense smoky stillness of October lapped me round; the carriage glided along as noiselessly as a gondola; the men on the box, in their tan coats, addressed not one word to each other; and the only sound was that regular creamy beat of the horses' hoofs. I was as one in a trance. Like Mr. Browning's lover, I wished to ride—forever ride. And I put steadfastly away from me the terrifying thought of the responsibilities to which the dreamlike drive was drawing me.

At last, however, The Torrents was at hand. I saw before me a long, low house, surrounded by spotless verandas. The victoria glided now through rows of chrysanthemums and scarlet sage, and as we reached the house I could see from the hill on which it stood gleams of the Hudson as it curved like a supple blade about the knees of the cliffs.

One of the men on the box jumped down and rang the bell. The door swung open for me; and, with my knees trembling beneath me, I walked up the entrance steps between the files of bay trees drawn up in front of the veranda, and trembled into a reception hall where, beneath a glorious tapestry, there stood a table of Italian marble, glowing now with two vases of autumn flowers. On each side of the door, much more stonelike than the Renaissance table, stood a footman, each providing a six-foot trellis for his crimson-rambler uniform.

In time I became accustomed to these trappings; but at this, my first glimpse, I stared frankly as a child. Never before, except on the stage, and then looking down on their bangs, had I seen such ornaments as these two servitors. Their attire was claret-colored coat and knickerbockers, silk waistcoat, and white stockings terminating in pumps. Brass buttons trimmed both coat and waistcoat, and every one of these was inscribed with the Cuttle coat of arms.

I had noted this device on the victoria that brought me up, and during the fourteen years of my service in the household I got on very confidential terms with that crest. Everything in the house got up and gave a seat to that insignia—stationery, carriages, draperies, table linen, silver, place cards and uniforms. My only wonder, indeed, was that they did not work it on the butter pats and the handle of the vacuum cleaner.

One of the footmen led me into the great living room, that living room which has been celebrated in one of our most famous American novels; which was the center stage for house parties that have echoed from the Bosporus to the Red Sea, and back again to Puget Sound. I shall say a word of it later on. Just at present my vision was filled by a small, dark woman who stepped from the center of the room to meet me. It was Miss Venaturra, the retiring secretary.

"Ah, Mrs. Pemberton," said she, "here you are in time for a little coaching. It really won't be hard here in the country. This is between seasons, you know, and your job doesn't really commence to grow up until they go to New York and to Newport."

The manner of a retiring social secretary is always just about as cordial as a ticket agent's. Miss Venaturra was not different from the rest; but she sketched in my duties, took me over the house—albeit glumly—and at last showed me to my own sitting room. Right here I may say that Mrs. Cuttle, as is the custom, provided me, in each of her three houses, with a suite consisting of sitting room, bedroom and bath. My meals were always served to me in my sitting room by the parlor maid, and here at eight o'clock I sat down to my first dinner in the Cuttle household.

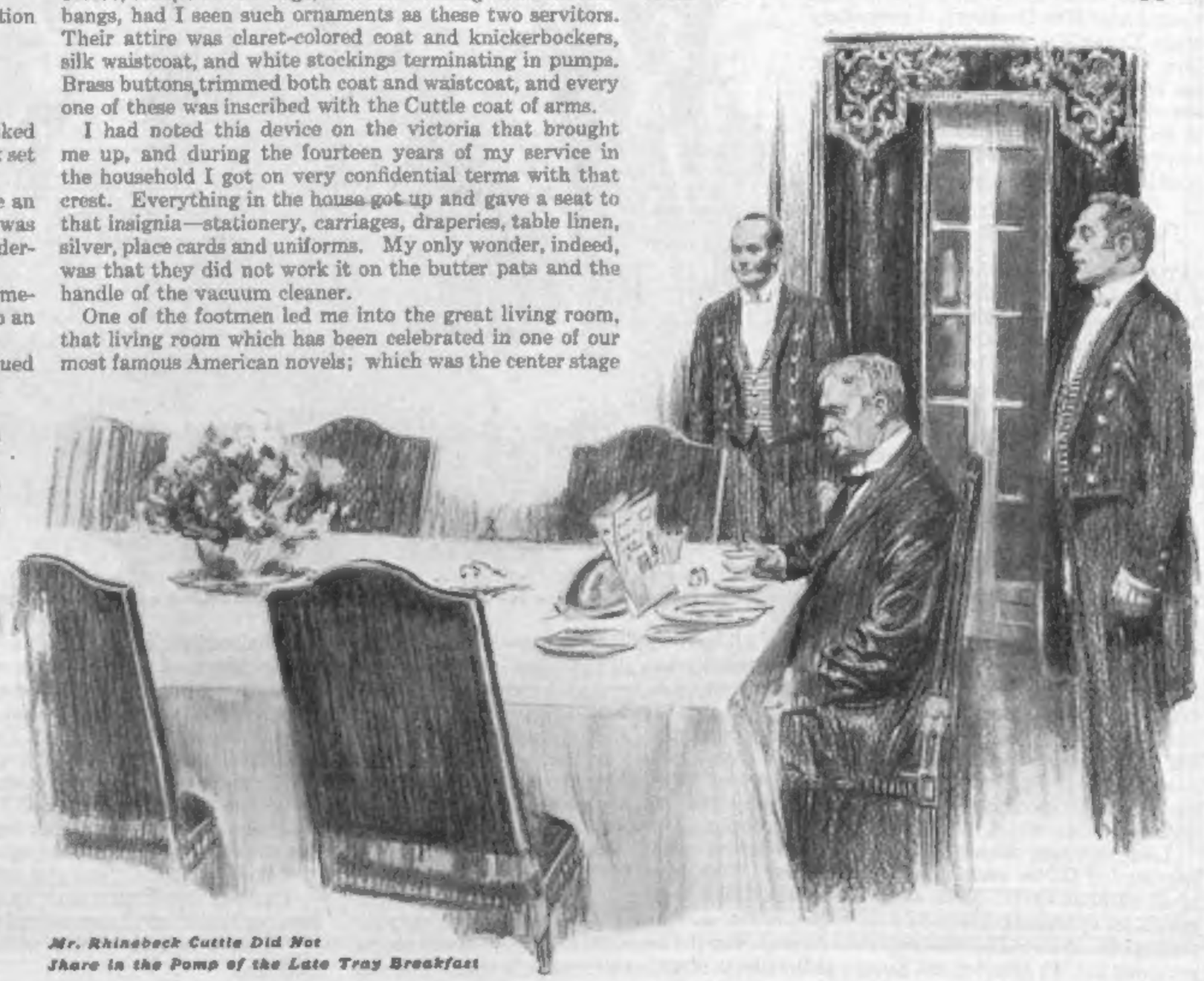
A Plunge Into Grandeur

I SIPPED my wines silently; I tasted at birds and fish bathed in strange fonts of French dressing, and every now and then I gave an awed glance at my surroundings. The room, with its white woodwork and its hangings of golden damask, its long table covered with green leather and bronze writing accessories, and ranged by various books of reference—Social Registers of different cities, an Almanach de Gotha, an American and English Who's Who—was all so very silent and dreamlike that I expected every moment somebody would touch me on the shoulder and say: "Come, Miss Cinderella; your pumpkin coach is waiting outside."

Once, just after dinner, I got up and peeped into the long white closet that ranged one side of the room. Here there was more stationery than I had ever seen. Note paper of all sizes, inscribed with the crest, was drawn up beside note paper of all sizes engraved simply with the name of the country place. Pads and pencils and erasers were stowed away in the corners. My switchboard was all ready for the operator.

This sitting room of mine adjoined the library, and the library opened on the right from the great living room. That night, as I passed through on my way to my bedroom, I made the acquaintance of my employer's husband. Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle was sitting by the table reading Washington Irving, and as I entered he rose courteously and held out his hand. He was at this time a man of past fifty, and you got a pleasant sense of a kindly, rather solid gaze and a big, powerful figure. He was, indeed, quite a good deal like a handsome stoical old lion who crept just as far as possible from the beholders at his wife's social zoo.

As he stood there talking to me Mrs. Cuttle swept into the room. She was attired now in a very low-cut evening gown



Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle Did Not Share in the Pomp of the Late Tray Breakfast

of sequins; and not only her cheeks were mottled red from the excitement of the evening, but also her neck. At her right side glittered a gigantic brooch. Through the open doorway was flung a jet of piano music—The Prince of Pilsen, and Robin Hood. Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle showed a look of dull discomfort at this sign of festivity and turned longingly to his Washington Irving. Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle took my hand. It was the first time I had seen her since my arrival at The Torrents.

"Come right along, Mrs. Pemberton," said she; "I want you to meet these people. I have a house party on just now and you'll have to look in."

I had, in fact, heard about this house party from Miss Venaturra.

"They're always having a house party here," she had said with some distaste. "The chief amusement of rich people in the country is in getting so many people about them that they can forget it is the country."

I shrank back from Mrs. Cuttle's gesture.

"Oh, no," I stammered; "I really can't meet anybody—not to-night."

"Of course you can," retorted she. "Come along."

With Trembling Fingers I Marked Down Her Instructions at the Top of the Invitation

Mrs. Cuttle's Circle

I HAD a vision of Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle's going back contentedly to his set—Wouter Van Twiller, Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane—at the same time that I went out to meet his wife's set.

As we entered the great living room the dark Italian red of the velvet hangings waked into a glow from one big central chandelier and from groups of smaller lights at the sides. The fireplace at each end sputtered against the chill of the October evening. The heavy gold galloons and gold-embroidered crests of the wine-colored draperies weighted the room with a magnificence that reminded you of Middle-Age Venice. And a whole unbroken and uncurtained row of windows held a picture now of the evening Hudson that might have been some waterway of the queenly city lit by the torches of her lacelike palaces. A footman was moving about just as though he were on casters, and as he took the cordial glasses his claret-colored uniform gave exactly the proper emphasis to the groups of men and women distributed in the room.

As we entered upon this scene Mrs. Cuttle called out to the young man who was playing the piano:

"Here, Tommy; stop that drumming! Here's my new social secretary—the lady from the South I was telling you about. She's read all about you down there in Louisville, and she wants to see what you are really like."

The Prince of Pilsen ceased abruptly and Tommy Ogle rose from his responsibilities behind the grand piano. I had read all about this young man. I was familiar with the fact that, a poor young man, he had come to a New York social success won through his gift for amusing people; and it was, therefore, with a great deal of curiosity that I inspected him as he came out from behind the piano.

"Well, Mrs. Pemberton, take a good look at me," said he in the high falsetto voice that sharpened everything he said to an acute funniness.

He was a rather stout young man with merry blue eyes. There is a Tommy Ogle in every social circle in America; and, whether you find him at a picnic on the banks of the Wabash or leading the Virginia reel at the Firemen's Ball, in Zanesville, Ohio, or making the fun at one of Mrs. Cuttle's house parties, he displays always the same mixture of kindliness, shrewdness and social vitality. This Tommy Ogle was, after all, not very different from the Tommy Ogle of the Firemen's Ball. The main separation is a superficial one, concerned with the proper tips for footmen and the ritual of a fashionable dinner party.

After this I was introduced to all the others. I had a confused impression of Baron Vonderkrank and Baron Von Schwarts—the one with a little upturned blond mustache, the other with a little upturned black mustache—clicking their heels together in Continental fashion. The rest was a blur of evening clothes bifurcated and of evening clothes flowing. But, though at the time I made but few distinctions, I must include at this point a few rapid portraits of these people whom I afterward learned to know so well; must construct out of years of familiarity a canvas showing this, the most spectacular set of New York's fashionable society.

First of all, there was Miss Juanita Douglas, Mrs. Cuttle's most intimate friend. Miss Douglas was one of those perennial spinsters who are so useful to matrons in society. She could always be depended on for vivacity and good humor. She was a kind of mortar, to fill in awkward chinks in house parties. And when Mrs. Cuttle was arranging a dinner she used frequently to say: "There's Juanita; let old Daniel Chews take her in—she doesn't mind how much she's bored." Miss Douglas might have been anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five. Certainly the young men who always crowded about her asked no such extraneous question.

Then there was Mrs. Stephen Harcourt, who, as Celeste Dillon, was a belle. Beautiful and vivacious, her dark eyes were always roving, and it was said that she could never thoroughly enjoy a flirtation with one man, because the man to his right was meantime slipping into somebody else's hands. Her husband, a meager and polite little man, supplied the pin to which she was the glittering brooch. He merely fastened her to New York society.

Perhaps the loveliest of all the women present that evening was Mrs. Norman Digly. She always wore her lips very red, and to-night they lay like a scarlet rose on that creamy platter of skin of hers. Her tiny feet were arched like those which beat time to the rainfall of the guitar on the banks of the Guadalquivir. The eyes of every man in the room returned to her again and again, no matter how tempting other visual excursions; and between this admiration and her stood Norman Digly, a big, somber-looking man.

Jules Cambartin supplied that night, together with the two barons, the timber of eligible young men. Jules was a bachelor in the active practice of his profession. Like his feminine counterpart, Juanita Douglas, he was the very cement of house parties. He could always be relied upon to make things comfortable for the unattractive débutante. He could equally well be relied upon not to fall in love with the most attractive débutante. Tall and sandy, and with something a little wistful in his expression, he inspired one of Mrs. Cuttle's characteristic comments.

A Born Bachelor

"JULES," said she, "is one of those men who are born bachelors and then set aside to cool."

There was an elderly man of military bearing present at this house party and later I came to know him very well. He was Mr. Edgely Wimbledon, a widower of some years' standing; and at the house parties you generally found him playing cards in the reception room on the left of the great living room. These games of whist generally included Mrs. Henry Friske, a handsome widow of about his own age, with whom for years he maintained a dignified and very remarkable friendship.

For the rest the inner circle comprised Mr. and Mrs. Armington Squibbs, distinguished by the fact that Mr. Squibbs was very wealthy and that Mrs. Squibbs was the daughter of the haughty old dowager who for so many years was an acknowledged leader of society. Tommy Ogle's wife, the widow whom he had married several years before this time, was also in the party. So, too, was Miss Veronica Grey.

Miss Grey was at this time of the shameful age of twenty-five. "Why in the deuce doesn't the girl marry?" asked all her friends impatiently. "Here she's been out seven years now, and there never was a girl in New York who got so much attention." Her parents were impoverished—they had now a mere million—and they looked at her ruefully as at a nondividend-bearing bond. Yet, even at my first glimpse of her that night, I could see why she did not marry the men who had presented themselves.

Alone among the set assembled here, this girl showed the power to dream. The others were like so many tops, spinning about so fast that you caught only a hard glitter from that fast-revolving surface. But she—she —— I can see her now, talking to some bachelor, with her air of looking out beyond him through an open window. It was, perhaps, from some ancestor of the Irish bogs that she inherited the dreams. Certainly it was from Ireland that she got the delicately lifted profile, the cheeks of carnations, the black hair, and the eyes of evening gray.

(Continued on Page 30)

ENTER THE VILLAIN

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"I Do Not Have to Trust You, Mr. Blake. And So I Choose Not To"

IT IS conceded, I believe, that every story should have a moral; also, whenever possible, a heroine or a hero, a villainess or a villain, a plot and a climax. Now this story has a villain of sorts, if you choose to look upon him in that light; but no hero, and no climax. And certainly there is no moral to adorn the tale. So far as I have been able to discover it is absolutely moral-less. So then, reader, if you, being thus foreadvised regarding these avowed shortcomings of my narrative, choose to go further with it, the responsibility must be yours and not mine. Don't you come round afterward saying I didn't warn you.

The rise of the curtain discloses the city room of The Clarion, a New York morning newspaper. The hour is six-thirty P. M., the period is the approximate present, and the season is summer time. At a desk in the foreground is discovered the head office boy in the act of scissoring certain marked passages out of copies of the afternoon papers and impaling them upon spindles. Beyond him, at a big oaken table shaped like half of a pie, a lone copy reader is humped in his chair, chewing on a cold pipestem and editing a bad piece of copy with a relentless black lead. In this case the copy reader is named Hemburg. He is of a type of which at least one example is to be found in nearly every large newspaper shop—a competent failure, gone alcoholically to seed; usually holding down a desk job; rarely quite drunk and rarely quite sober, and in this mid-state of befuddlement performing his work with a strange mechanical accuracy; but once in a while he comes on duty cold sober—cause unknown—and then the chances are he does something unpardonably wrong, something incredibly stupid, which costs him his job. Just such a man is this present man Hemburg. As, shoving his pencil, he carves the very giblets out of the last sheet of the belated typewritten manuscript lying under his hand, the sunlight, slanting in at a west window behind him, falls over his shoulders in a streaked flood, making his reddened face seem redder than ever—as red as hearth paint—and turning his ears a bright, clear, pinkish color, as though they might be two little memorial panes set there in dedication to the wasted life and the frittered talents of their owner.

Farther up stage the city-hall reporter, who because he has passed his fortieth birthday and has gray in his hair is known as Pop, and the ship-news reporter, who because he is the ship-news reporter is known as Skipper, the same as in all well-regulated newspaper offices, are pasting up their strings, both of them being space men. Otherwise the big bare room with its rows of desks and its scrap-strewn floor is quite empty. This hour, coming between six and seven, in the city room of The Clarion or any other big paper, is apt to be the quietest of all hours between starting time, early in the afternoon, and quitting time, early in the morning. The day city editor, having finished his stint, has gone off watch, leaving behind for his successor, the night city editor, a single scrawled sheet upon which is recorded the tally of things accomplished, things undertaken and things failed at. The reporters who got afternoon assignments have most of them turned in their stories and have taken other assignments which will keep them out of the office until much later. So almost an ecclesiastical quiet fills the city room now.

For the matter of that, it is only in the dramatic versions that a newspaper office ever attains the aspect of frenzied tumult so familiar and so agreeable to patrons of plays purporting to deal with newspaper life. As usually depicted upon the stage, a city room near press time is something like a skating rink, something like the recreation hall of a madhouse, something like a munitions factory working overtime on war orders, and nothing at all like a city room. Even when its manifold activities are in full swing the actual city room, save for the click of typewriter keys, is apt to be as sedately quiet as—let's see now! What would make a suitable comparison? Well—as sedately quiet, say, as the reading room of the average Carnegie Library.

Six-thirty-four—enter the villain.

The practical door at the right opened and Mr. Foxman came in. In just what he stood in he might have posed for the typical picture of the typical New York business man; not the tired business man for whom the musical shows are supposed to be written but the kind of business man who does not tire so easily. A close-cropped, grayish mustache, a pair of nose glasses riding a short, pugnacious nose in front of two keen eyes, a well-knit middle-age shape inside of a smart-fitting suit, a positive jaw, an air of efficiency and a square shoulder—that briefly would be Mr. Hobart Foxman, managing editor of The Clarion.

His short nod included the city-hall reporter and the ship-news man. Passing by Hemburg without speaking, he halted a minute alongside the desk where the head copy boy speared his shearings upon his battery of spindles.

"Singlebury come in yet?" asked Mr. Foxman.

"No, sir; not yet, sir," said the head copy boy. "But he's due any minute now, I guess. I phoned him you wanted to see him at a quarter to seven."

"When he comes tell him to come right into my office."

"Yes, sir; I'll tell him, sir."

"Did you get those envelopes out of the morgue that I telephoned you about?"

"Yes, sir; they're all four of 'em on your desk, sir," said the boy, and he made as though to get up from his seat.

"Never mind," said Mr. Foxman. "I guess I can find them without any help. . . . Oh, yes, Benny, I'm not to be disturbed during the next hour for anything. Nobody is to see me except Singlebury. Understand?"

"Yes, sir—nobody," said Benny. "I'll remember, sir."

Inside his own room, which opened directly upon the city room, Mr. Foxman brushed from his desk a neatly piled file of the afternoon papers, glanced through a heap of mail—some personal mail, but mostly official—without opening any of the letters, and then gave his attention to four big soiled manila envelopes which rested side by side upon his wide blue blotter pad. One of these envelopes was labeled, across its upper front, "Blake, John W."; the second was labeled "Bogardus, S. P."; the third, "Pratt, Ezra"; and the fourth, "Pearl Street Trolley Line." Each of the four bulged dropsically with its contents, which contents, when Mr. Foxman had bent back the envelope flaps and emptied the envelopes, proved to be sheafs of newspaper clippings, some frayed with handling and yellowed with age, some still fresh and crisp, and all bearing the stenciled identification mark of the functionary who runs what is called in some shops the obit department and in other shops the morgue.

Keeping each set in its own separate pile, Mr. Foxman began running through these clippings, now and then putting aside one for future consideration. In the midst of this he broke off to take up his desk telephone and, when the girl at the private switchboard upstairs answered, bade her ring for him a certain private number, not to be found in the telephone directory.

"That you, Moreau?" briskly asked Mr. Foxman when, after a short wait, a voice at the other end of the wire spoke. "How are you? . . . Quite well, thank you. . . . I want to speak with the general. . . . Yes, yes, yes, I know that, but this is important—very important. . . . Yes, I know that too; but I won't detain him but a minute. . . . Thanks. . . . Yes, I'll wait right here."

There was another little delay while Mr. Foxman held the receiver to his ear and kept his lips close to the transmitter. Then:

"Good evening, general—Foxman speaking."

Into the managing editor's tone was come a soothed and softened deference—something of the same deference which Benny, the head office boy, had used in addressing Mr. Foxman. It was a different tone, very, from the sharpened, almost staccato note that Mr. Foxman had been employing but a minute before. Why not? Moreau was but the great man's private secretary and this man, whom now he addressed, was the great man himself—General Robert Bruce Lignum, sole proprietor of The Clarion—and the only person, barring himself, from whom Mr. Foxman took orders. Big fleas, you know, have smaller fleas which on them prey; but while preying, the little fleas, if they be little fleas wise in their own generation, are, I take it, likely to cultivate between bites and to use that flattering conversational accent which, the world over, is the most subtle tribute that may be paid by the smaller to the greater and by the greater to the most great. In this agreeably tempered tempo then Mr. Foxman continued, with pauses for his employer's replies.

"Sorry, general, to have to call you just as you're starting for the pier, but I was particularly anxious to catch you before you left the house." Instinctively he lowered his voice, although there was no need for any excess of caution. "General, I think I've got that trolley-grab exposé practically lined up. Bogardus told me this afternoon that the third man—you know the one I mean—is ready to talk. It looks to me like a bigger thing even than we thought it might be. It's a scurvy crew we're dealing with, but the end justifies the means. Don't you think so, sir? . . . Yes, that's right, too—when thieves fall out honest men get their due. . . . Sir? . . . Yes, that's my idea, too—to spring the first big story right out of a clear sky and then follow up with an editorial campaign and supplementary news stories until we get action in the district-attorney's office. . . . How's that, sir? . . . Oh, no, indeed, general, not the slightest particle of danger in my opinion. Personally, I think all this talk about floating mines and submarines has been greatly exaggerated. . . . I think you can go right ahead in perfect safety. You must know, general, that I wouldn't be giving you this advice if I thought there was the slightest danger. . . . Well, good-by, general, and pleasant voyage. . . . Oh, yes, indeed, I'll surely find some way of keeping you posted about the situation at Albany if anything develops in that quarter. . . . Well, good-by again, general."

He hung up the receiver and turned his hands again to the contents of the morgue envelopes. He was still at this when there came at his door a knock.

"Come in," he said without looking up.

The man who entered was tall and slender, young enough to be well this side of thirty and old enough, in his experiences, to wear that manner of schooled, appraising disillusionment which marks so many of his calling. Most good reporters look like good reporters; they radiate from them knowledge, confidence, skepticism, sometimes a little of pessimism, and always a good deal of sophisticated enthusiasm. It is the same air which goes with men, be their separate callings what they may, who have devoted their lives to prying open the lid of the world to see what makes the thing tick. They have a curiosity not only to see the wheels go round but to find out what the motive power behind and beneath the wheels may be.

Never mind what the after-dinner speaker says—the press is not an Archimedean lever and probably never was. It is a kit containing a cold chisel, a test acid, an assay chemical and a paint-box. Generally the users of this

outfit bear themselves accordingly. Once in a while, though, there comes along a reporter who deceivingly resembles a rather stupid, good-natured plumber's helper dressed in his Sunday best. To look at him he seems as plain as an old shoe, as open as an old shoe too. But if you have something to hide from the public gaze, beware this person. He is the most dangerous one of them all. His business being everybody's business, he is prepared to go to any ends to dig it out. As a professional detective he could make himself famous. He prefers to remain a journeyman reporter.

"Take a chair, Singlebury," said Mr. Foxman; "I'll be through here in just a minute."

Singlebury sat down, glancing about him. It was the first time he had seen this room. He had been on The Clarion's staff less than a month, having come on from the West, where he served the years of his apprenticeship on a San Francisco daily. Presently his chief swiveled half round so as to face him.

"Young man," he said, "I've got a cracking good assignment for you—one that ought to put you in right, in this shop and this town. Ordinarily this job would go to Shesgren—he usually handles this sort of thing for me—but Shesgren is up at Albany keeping his eye on General Lignum's political fences, and I don't want to call him back, especially as the general is leaving the country to-night. Besides you did a good job of work last week on that Oskarson baby-stealing mystery, and so I've decided to give you a chance to swing this story."

"Thank you, sir," said Singlebury, flushing up a little. "I'll do my best, sir."

"Your best won't do—you've got to do better than your best. Did you ever hear, since you came to this town, of the Pearl Street trolley line or the Pearl Street trolley loop?"

"Well," said Singlebury, "I know there is such a line as the Pearl Street line. That's about all."

"That needn't hamper you," said Mr. Foxman. "I'd a little rather you went at this thing with an open mind, anyhow. These clippings here"—he tapped one heap of them with his forefinger—"ought to give you a pretty clear idea of the situation in the past, if you'll read 'em through carefully. They'll show you that the Pearl Street line has been a sort of financial football for certain interests down in Wall Street for a good many years. The fellows behind it starved it to death and let the equipment run down while they juggled the paper and skinned the dear public."

"I see," said Singlebury; "same old story—plenty of water for the road but no solid nourishment for the investors."

"That's a good line," commended Mr. Foxman; "better save it up for your story and use it there. But it's not the same old story over again. At least this time there's a new twist to it.

"Up until now the crowd that have been manipulating the stock stayed inside the law, no matter what else they may have done that was shady. But I have cause to believe that a new gang has stepped in—a gang headed by John W. Blake of the Blake Bank. You've heard of him, I guess?"

Singlebury nodded.

"It's been known for some time on the inside that the Blake outfit were figuring on a merger of some of the independent East Side surface lines—half a dozen scattered lines, more or less. There've been stories printed about this—we printed some of them ourselves. What hasn't been known was that they had their hooks into the Pearl Street line too. Poor outcast as it is, the Pearl Street line, with the proposed Pearl Street loop round Five Points—a charter was granted for that extension some time ago—will form the connecting link to the combination they're figuring on. And then on top of that there's the direct connection to be made with the new Brooklyn subway that's being built now. If you'll look at the map of the East Side lines you'll see for yourself how important it is for the group that intends to take control of the trolley lines on this side of the river and hopes to control the subway to the other side of the river that they should have the Pearl Street loop in their grip. With it they win; without it there's doubt of the success of their plan.

"Well, that part of it is legitimate enough, I suppose. The common stock of the Pearl Street line has been shoved down and down and down, until to-day it touched twenty. And Blake's crowd on the quiet have been buying it in—freezing out the small stockholders as they went along, and knowing mighty good and well that the day they announced their merger the stock would go up with a jump—thirty or forty or fifty points maybe—and then they'd clean up. Well, I suppose that's legitimate too—at least it's recognized as regular on Wall Street, provided you can get away with it. But behind the scenes there's been some outright, downright grand larceny going on and, along with that, legislative corruption too.

"The stealing has been covered up so far, under a blanket of legal embroidery and fancy phraseology. Trust a wise outfit of lawyers, like the outfit Blake has on his pay roll, to attend to those little details. But I have reason to believe, having got hold of the inside story from strictly private sources, that the gang now in control have laid themselves liable to prison sentences by a few of the tricks they've pulled off. For instance, they haven't let a little thing like bribery stand in their way. They weren't satisfied to stifle competitive interests politely and quietly, according to the Wall Street standards. No; these thugs just naturally clubbed it to death. I guess they saw so much in it for themselves they took a long chance on being indicted if the facts ever came out. And I happen to know where we can get the facts if we go about it in the right way. Listen carefully!"

For five minutes he talked on, expounding and explaining in straightaway, sharp sentences. And Singlebury, on the edge of his chair, listening, felt the lust of the big-game hunter quicken within him. Every real reporter is a big-game hunter at heart, and the weapon he uses frequently is a deadly one, even though it is nothing more than a lead pencil costing five cents at any stationery shop. The scent was in his nose now, dilating his nostrils; he wriggled to take the trail.

"Now then, you've got the inside dope, as I get it myself," said Mr. Foxman at the end of those pregnant five minutes. "You can see for yourself, though, that a good deal of it—the vital part of it as it stands now—is mostly surmise and suspicion. Naturally, we can't go to the bat against this gang with suspicions; we'd probably land in jail ourselves for criminal libel, instead of landing a few of them in jail, as we hope to do. But if we can prove up—if we can get hold of the rest of the evidence—it'll make one of the sweetest beats that was ever pulled off in this town.

"Of course, as you can see, John W. Blake is the principal figure in the whole intrigue, just as the Pearl Street line is the key to the merger scheme. But you stay away from Blake. Don't go near him—yet. If he gets wind of what we are figuring on doing here in this office he might have influence enough to make trouble for us before we're ready for the big blow-off. Leave Blake out of it for the time being—leave him strictly alone! He can do his talking and his explaining after we've smoked the nigger out of the woodpile. But here are two other men"—he touched the two remaining piles of sorted-out clippings—"who are willing, under cover, to indulge in a little conversation. I want you to read these morgue clippings, more to get an angle on their personalities than for any other reason. Bogardus—Samuel P. Bogardus—used to be Blake's best little trained performing lobbyist. When it comes to handling the members of a general assembly or a board of aldermen he's fuller of cute tricks than a clown dog is. Old Pratt is a different kind of crook—a psalm-singing, pussy-footed old buccaneer, teaching a Bible class on Sundays and thimblerigging in Wall Street on week days. As a Pharisee who's working at the trade he'd make any Pharisee you ever ran across out yonder on the Pacific Slope, where you came from, look like a piker.

"Well, for reasons best known to themselves they happen just at present to be sore at Blake. There's been a falling-out. He may have used them to do his dirty work in the past; and then, when this melon is ripe to cut, frozen both of them out of the picnic. I don't care anything about their quarrels, or their motives either; I am after this story.

"Now then, here's your campaign: You take to-night off—I'll tell the night city editor I've assigned you on a special detail—and you spend the evening reading up on these clippings, so you'll have the background—the local color for your story—all in your head. To-morrow morning at ten o'clock you go to the Wampum Club up on East Fiftieth Street and send your name in to Mr. Bogardus. He'll be waiting there in a private room for you, and old Pratt will be with him. We'll have to keep them under cover, of course, and protect them up to the limit, in exchange for the stuff they're willing to give up to us. So you're not to mention them as the sources of any part of your information. Don't name them in your story or to anybody on earth before or after we print it. Take all the notes you please while you're with them, but keep your notes put away where nobody can see 'em, and tear 'em up as soon as you're done with 'em. They'll probably keep you there a couple of hours, because they've got a lot to tell, son; take it from me they have. Well, say they keep you three hours. That'll give you time to get your lunch and catch the subway and be down town by two-thirty.

"At three o'clock to-morrow afternoon you go to the law offices of Myrowitz, Godfrey, Godfrey & Murtha in the Pyramid Building on Cedar Street. Ask to see Mr. Murtha. Send your name in to him; he'll be expecting you. Murtha is in the firm now, but he gets out on the fifteenth—four days from now. There's been a row there, too, I believe, and the other partners are shoving him out into the cold. He's sore. Murtha ought to be able to tell the rest of what you'll have to know in order to make our story absolutely libel proof. It may take some digging on your part, but he'll come through if you only go at him the right way. In questioning him you can probably take your cues from what Bogardus and Pratt have already told you. That end of it, though, is up to you. Anyhow, by this time to-morrow night you ought to have your whole story lined up."

"Do you want me to come back here then and write it for the next morning?" asked Singlebury.

"I don't want you to write it here at all," said Mr. Foxman. "This thing is too big and means too much for us to be taking a chance on a leak anywhere. Have you got a quiet room to yourself where nobody can break in on you?"

"Yes, sir," said Singlebury. "I'm living at the Godey Arms Hotel."

"All right then," said Mr. Foxman. "You rent a typewriter and have it sent up to your room to-morrow morning. When you are ready to start you get inside that room and sit down at that typewriter with the door locked behind you, and you stay there till you've finished your yarn. You ought to be able to do it in a day, by steady grinding. When you're done tear up all your notes and burn the scraps. Then put your copy in a sealed envelope and bring it down here and deliver it to me, personally, here in this room—understand? If I'm busy with somebody else when you get here wait until I'm alone. And in the meantime, don't tell the city editor or any member of the staff, or your closest friend, or your best girl—if you've got one—that you are working on this story. You've not only got to get it but you've got to keep your mouth shut while you're getting it and after you've got it—got to keep mum until we print it. There'll be time enough for you to claim credit when the beat is on the street."

"I understand, sir," said Singlebury. "And I'm certainly mighty grateful to you, Mr. Foxman, for this chance."

"Never mind that," said Mr. Foxman. "I'm not picking you for this job because I like the color of your hair, or because I'm taken by the cut of your clothes. I'm picking you because I think you can swing it. Now then, go to it!"

From These Two He Extracted All That He Had Expected to Get and More Besides

Singlebury went to it. With all his reporter's heart and all his reporter's soul and, most of all, with all his reporter's nose he went to it. Tucked away in a corner of the evening edition's art room, deserted now and dark except for the circle of radiance where he sat beneath an electric bulb, he read and reread the scissorings entrusted to him by Mr. Foxman, until his mind was saturated with the subject, holding in solution a mass of information pertaining to the past activities of the Pearl Street trolley line and of John W. Blake, freebooter of big business; and of Ezra Pratt, class leader and financier; and of S. P. Bogardus, statesman and legislative agent.

It was nearly midnight before he restored each group of clippings to its proper envelope and took the envelopes to a grated window behind the library and handed them in to a youth on duty there. First, though, he took time, sitting there in the empty art room, to write a short, joyous letter to a certain person in San José, California, telling her the big chance had come to him very much sooner than he had expected, and that if he made good on it—as he had every intention of doing—they might not, after all, have to wait so very long for that marriage license and that wedding and that little flat here in little old New York. Then he went uptown to the Godey Arms Hotel, where his dreams that night were such dreams as an ambitious young man very much in love with two sweethearts—one a profession and the other a girl—might be expected to dream under such circumstances.

Next morning, at the Wampum Club, he saw Bogardus, the gray-haired, rotund man, and Pratt, an elderly gentleman, with a smile as oily as a fish duck's apprehending minnows, and a manner as gentle as a fox's stalking a henroost. From these two he extracted all that he had expected to get and more besides. Indeed, he had but to hold out his hands and together they shook fruity facts and fruitier figures down upon him in a shower. Until nearly two o'clock they kept him with them. He had just time to snatch a hurried bite at a dairy lunch, board a subway express at the Grand Central, and be at the offices of Myrowitz, Godfrey, Godfrey & Murtha at three o'clock. A sign painter was altering the firm's name on the outer door of the firm's reception room, his aim plainly being to shorten it by the elimination of the Murtha part of it. On beyond the door the gentleman who was being thus eliminated received Singlebury in a private room and gave him nearly two hours of his valuable time.

From what Mr. Foxman had said Singlebury rather expected Mr. Murtha, at the outset, might be reluctant to furnish the coupling links between the legal chicanery and the financial skullduggery which would make this projected merger a conspicuous scandal in a district of conspicuous industrial scandals; had rather expected Mr. Murtha's mind might require crafty sounding and skillful pumping. Here Singlebury was agreeably surprised, for, it being first understood that Mr. Murtha's name was nowhere to appear in what Singlebury might write, Mr. Murtha proved to be as frank as frank could be. Indeed, when it came to a disclosure of the rôles played by two of his associates, from whom now he was parting, Mr. Murtha, the retiring member of this well-known house of corporation law, betrayed an almost brutal frankness. They, doubtlessly, would have called it rank professional treachery—base, personal ingratitude and a violation of all the ethics of their highly ethical calling.

Mr. Murtha, looking at things through very different glasses, put it on the high ground of his duty, as a citizen and a taxpayer, to the general health and the general morality of the general public. It is this same difference of opinion which makes neighborhood quarrels, lawsuits and wars between nations popular in the most civilized climes.

In all essential details, the tale, when Murtha was through with Singlebury and Singlebury was through with Murtha, stood completed and connected, jointed and doubt-proof. That second evening Singlebury spent in his room, arranging his data in their proper sequence and mapping out in his head his introduction. Next day, all day, he wrote his story. Just before dusk he drew the last page out of his typewriter and corrected it. The job was done and it was a good job. It ran four columns and over. It stripped that traffic grab to its bare and grinning bones. It was loaded with bombshells for the proposed merger and with the shrapnel of certain criminal prosecution for the men behind that merger, and most of all for John W. Blake, the man behind those other and lesser men.

To Singlebury, though, it was even more than this. To him it was a good story, well written, well balanced, happily adjusted, smartly phrased; and on top of this, it was the most precious jewel of a reporter's treasure casket. It was a cracking, smashing, earth-shaking, exclusive—scoop, as they would have called it out yonder on the Coast where he came from—beat, as they would call it here in New York.

Personally, as per instructions, he put the finished manuscript into the hands of Mr. Foxman, in Mr. Foxman's office, then stood by while Mr. Foxman ran through the opening paragraphs.

"Singlebury," said Mr. Foxman, laying the sheets down, "this looks to me like a good piece of work. I like your beginning, anyhow. The first ten lines ought to blow that bunch of pirates clean out of water." He glanced keenly at the drooping figure of the other. "Kind of played out, aren't you?"

"A little," confessed the reporter. "Now that it's over, I do feel a bit let down."

"I'll bet you do," said Mr. Foxman. "Well, you'd better run along to your hotel and get a good night's rest. Take to-morrow off too—don't report here until day after to-morrow; that'll be Friday, won't it? All right then, I'll see you Friday afternoon here; I may have something of interest to say to you then. Meanwhile, as I told you before, keep your mouth shut to everybody. I don't know yet whether I'll want to run your story to-morrow morning or the morning after. My information is that Blake, through his lawyers, will announce the completion of the merger, probably on Friday, or possibly on Saturday. I may decide to hold off the explosion until they come out with their announcement. Really, that would be the suitable moment to open fire on 'em and smash up their little stock-market game for them."

Dog-tired and happier than any poor dog of a newspaper man has a right to be, Singlebury went to his room and to bed. And when finally he fell asleep he dreamed the second chapter of that orange-blossomy dream of his.

Being left to himself, Mr. Foxman read Singlebury's copy through page by page, changing words here and there, but on the whole enormously pleased with it. Then he touched a buzzer button under his desk, being minded to call into conference the chief editorial writer and the news editor before he put the narrative into type. Now it happened that at this precise moment Mr. Foxman's own special boy had left his post just outside Mr. Foxman's door to skylark with a couple of ordinary copy boys in the corridor between the city room and the Sunday room, and so he didn't answer the summons immediately. The fact was, he didn't hear the bell until Mr. Foxman impatiently rang a second and a third time. Then he came running, making up a suitable excuse to explain his tardiness as he came. And during that half minute of delay there leaped out of nowhere into Mr. Foxman's brain an idea—an idea, horned, hoofed and hairy—which was to alter the current of his own life and, directly or indirectly, the lives of scores of others.

It would seem I was a trifle premature, back yonder near the beginning of this recital of events, when I used the line: Six-thirty-four—enter the villain.

Because, as I now realize, the villain didn't enter then. The villain did not enter until this moment, more than forty-eight hours later, entering not in the guise of a human being but in the shape of this tufted, woolly demon of a notion which took such sudden lodgment in Mr. Foxman's mind. Really, I suppose we should blame the office boy. His being late may have been responsible for the whole thing.

He poked a tow head in at the door, ready to take a scolding.

"D'yer ring, sir?" he inquired meekly.

"Yes, three times," said Mr. Foxman. "Where have you been?"

"Right here, sir. Somethin' you wanted, sir?"

"No; I've changed my mind. Get out!"

Pleased and surprised to have escaped, the towhead withdrew. Very deliberately Mr. Foxman lit a cigar, leaned back in his chair, and for a period took mental accounting of his past, his present and his future; and all the while he did this a decision was being forged for him, by that busy devilish little tempter, into shape and point and permanency.

In his fingers he held the means of making himself independent—yes, even rich. Why—he began asking himself the plaguing question and kept on asking it—why should he go on working his life out for twelve thousand dollars a year when, by one safe, secret stroke, he could make twelve times twelve thousand, or very possibly more? He knew what happened to newspaper executives who wore out in the harness. Offhand, he could think of half a dozen who had been as capable as he was, as active and as zealous, and as single-purposed in their loyalty to the sheets they served as he was to this sheet which he served.

All of these men had held high editorial posts and, in their prime, had drawn down big salaries, as newspaper salaries go. Where were they now, since they had grown old? He knew where they were—mighty good and well he knew. One trying to run a chicken farm on Staten Island and daily demonstrating that a man who could manage a newspaper does not necessarily know how to manage a flock of temperamental White Leghorn hens; one an exchange editor, a neglected and unconsidered figure of obscurity, a nonentity almost, and a pensioner, practically, in the same shop whose affairs his slackened old hands had once controlled; one or two more of them actually needy—out of work and out at elbows; and so on, and so forth, through the list.

Well, it rested with Mr. Foxman to avert such a finish to his own career; the instrument fitted to combat the prospect was here in his grasp. Temptation, whispering to him, bade him use it—told him he would be a sorry fool not to use it. What was that line about Opportunity's knocking once at every man's door? And what was that other line about there being a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune?

After all, it meant only that he break faith with five men—with his employer, General Lignum, who trusted him; with his underling, Singlebury, who had done a good job of work for him; and with three others whom, for the sake of convenience, he mentally grouped together—Bogardus and Pratt and Murtha, the lawyer. These three he eliminated from the equation in one puff of blue cigar smoke. For they were all three of them crooks and plotters and double dealers, masters of the dirty trick and the dirty device, who conspired together to serve not the general good, but their own squalid and contemptible ends.

For General Lignum he had more heed. Perhaps I should say here that until this hour this man, Hobart Foxman, had been an honest man—not just reasonably honest but absolutely honest, a man foursquare as a smokehouse. Never before had it occurred to him to figure up to see whether honesty really paid. He did some brisk figuring now.

After all, did it pay? As a reporter, back yonder in the old days when he, a raw cub, first broke into this wearing, grinding newspaper game, he had despised fakers and faking and the petty grafting, the cheap sponging to which he saw some reporters—not many, perhaps, but some—descending. As an assistant sporting editor, after his first promotion from the ranks, he had been content to live upon his somewhat meager salary, refusing to fatten his income by taking secret pay from prize-fight promoters wishful of getting advertisements dressed up as news stories into the columns of the sporting page. As a staff correspondent, first at Albany and then at Washington, he had walked wide of the lobbyists who sought to corrupt and succeeded in corrupting certain correspondents, and by corrupting them were able sometimes to color the news, sometimes to suppress it. Always the dispatches he signed had been unbiased, fair, above the board.

To be sure, Foxman had played office politics the while he went up, peg by peg. To men above him he had been the assiduous courtier, crooking the pregnant knee before those who might help him onward. But, then, that was a part of the game—office politics was. Even so, playing it to the top of his bent, he had been on the level. And what had being on the level brought him? It had brought him a place of executive authority and a salary of twelve thousand a year. And these two things—the place and the twelve thousand—he would continue to have and to hold and to enjoy for just so long as he was strong enough to fight off ambitious younger men, climbing up from below as he had climbed; or, worse luck, for just so long as he continued to please the mercurial millionaire who two years earlier, at public outcry, had bought The Clarion, lock, stock and barrel, with its good will and fixtures—just as a man might buy a cow with its calf in the drover's pen.

That brought him round again to a consideration of General Lignum. Metaphysically he undressed the general and considered him naked. He turned him about and looked at him on every side. The result was not flattering to that impressive and dignified gentleman. Was General Lignum so deserving of consideration? What had General Lignum ever done in all his luxurious days to justify him to a place in the sun? Lignum never worked for his millions; he inherited them. When Lignum bought The Clarion, then as now a losing property, he had been actuated by the same whim which makes a spoiled child crave the costliest toy in the toy shop and, like that spoiled child, he would cast it aside, unmindful of its future, in the same hour that he tired of his newest possession and of the cost of its upkeep.

Wasn't Lignum lavishing wads of his easy-come, easy-go money on it now, because of his ambition to be a United States senator? Most certainly he was—for that and nothing else. Barring his wealth, which was a gift to him, and his newspaper, which was a plaything, what qualified this dilettante to sit in the seats of the mighty? What did Lignum know of the toil and the sweat and the gifts spent by men, whose names to him were merely items in a pay roll, to make The Clarion a power in the community and in the country? What did he care? In the last analysis what anyhow was this General Robert Bruce Lignum except a bundle of pampered selfishness, wrapped up in a membrane, inclosed in a frock coat and lidded under a high hat? When he got that far Mr. Foxman decided he owed Lignum nothing, as compared with what Lignum owed him. Well, here was a chance to collect the debt, with back dividends and interest accrued. He would collect. He would make himself independent of the whims of Lignum, of the necessity of daily labor, of the uncertainties of his position, of the certainty of the oncoming of age when his hand must tire and his wits grow blunted.

This left to be disposed of—only Singlebury. And Singlebury, in Mr. Foxman's mind, was now become the least of the factors concerned. In this, his new scheme of

things that had sprung full-grown from the loins of a great and a sudden desire, a Singlebury more or less mattered not a whit. In the same moment that he decided to discard Singlebury the means of discarding Singlebury came to him.

That inspiration clarified the situation tremendously, interlocking one part of his plan with the others. In any event the lips of Pratt, Bogardus and Murtha were closed, and their hands tied. By now Lignum was at least a thousand miles out at sea. In the working out of his scheme Foxman would be safe from the meddlings and muddlings of Old Lignum. Already he had begun to think of that gentleman as Old Lignum instead of as General Lignum, so fast were his mental aspects and attitudes altering. Finally, with Singlebury out of the way, the plot would stand up, a completed and almost a perfect edifice.

However, there was one contingency to be dared. In a way it was a risk, yet an inevitable one. No matter what followed he must put the exposé story into print; that absolutely was requisite to the proper development of the plan. For Mr. Foxman well knew the psychological effect of the sight of cold type upon the minds of men planning evil things. He didn't know John W. Blake personally, but he knew John W. Blake's kind, and he figured John W. Blake as being in his essentials no different from the run of his kind. Nor was he wrong there, as will appear. Moreover, the risk, while necessary to the carrying out of his present designs, was a risk only in the light of possibilities arising later. Being now fully committed to the venture, he told himself he shouldn't much care if detection did come after the accomplishment of his purpose. Long before that could happen, he, having made his pile and being secure in the possession of a fortune, would be able to laugh in the faces of his own little world, because anyhow he meant to move on into another circle very soon thereafter. Yes; there was one risk to be taken. On the instant that he arrived at this point in his reasonings he set about taking it.

First off, he read Singlebury's copy through once more, amending the wording in a few places. He made certain accusations direct and forcible where the reporter, in his carefulness, had been a trifle vague. Then he drew to him a block of copy paper and set about heading and subheading the story. In the days when he sat in the slot of a copy desk Mr. Foxman had been a master hand at headlining; with disuse his knack of hand had not grown rusty. He built and balanced a three-column, three-decker top caption and, to go under it, the heavy hanging indentions and the bold cross lines. From the body of the manuscript, also, he copied off several assertions of a particular emphasis and potency and marked them to go at the top of the story in blackface, with a box about them. This much done, he went to his door and hailed the night city editor, sitting a few yards away.

"Oh, Sloan," he said, "send a boy upstairs for McManus, will you?"

"McManus isn't here to-night," answered Sloan. He got up and came over to his chief. McManus was the make-up editor.

"This isn't McManus' night off, is it?" asked Mr. Foxman.

"No, Mac's sick," explained Sloan; "he was complaining last night and went home early, and I stayed on to make up his last two pages for him. A little while ago his wife telephoned in from Bayside that he was in bed with a high fever. She said the doctor said it was a touch of malaria and that Mac couldn't possibly get back to work for a week, anyhow."

"I see," said Mr. Foxman slowly. He ran his eye over the city room. "Whom did you put on in his place?"

"Gykeman."

"Gykeman, eh?" Mr. Foxman considered a moment. This news of McManus' indisposition pleased him. It showed how willing was Fate to keep on dealing him the winning cards. But Gykeman wasn't his choice for the task he had in mind; that called for someone of a less inquiring, less curious mind than Gykeman owned. Again his eye ranged the city room. It fell on a swollen and dissipated face, purplish under the electric lights.

"I believe you'd better bring Gykeman back downstairs," he said. "I want him to read copy on that Wilder poisoning case that's going to trial to-morrow in General Sessions. Let's see." He went through the pretense of canvassing the available material in sight. Then:

"Hemburg will do. Put Hemburg on make-up until Mac is well again."

"Hemburg?" The city editor's eyebrows arched in surprise. "I thought you didn't think very highly of Hemburg, Mr. Foxman."

"Hemburg's all right," said Mr. Foxman crisply; "it's his personal habits I don't fancy very much. Still, with half a load on Hemburg is capable enough—and I never saw him with less than half a load on. He can handle the make-up; he used to be make-up man years ago on the old Star-Ledger, it seems to me. Put him on instead of Gykeman—no, never mind; send him in here to me. I'll tell him myself and give him some good advice at the same time."

"Well, just as you think best," said Sloan, miffed that his own selection should have been rejected, but schooled to an unquestioning obedience by the seemingly slack—but really rigorous—discipline of a newspaper shop. "I'll send him right in."

Two minutes later Hemburg was standing in an attitude of attention alongside Mr. Foxman's desk, and from his chair Mr. Foxman was looking up at him steadily.

"Hemburg," he stated, "I can't say that I've been altogether pleased with you here of late."

Hemburg put up a splotched, tremulous hand, to hide a weak mouth, and spoke in his own defense from between his fingers.

"Well, I'm sorry if anything has gone wrong, Mr. Foxman," he began; "I try ——"

"I don't mean there's any particular complaint," stated Mr. Foxman, "only it struck me you've been getting into a rut lately. Or that you've been going stale—let's put it that way. On my own judgment I've given orders that you are to go on make-up temporarily, beginning to-night. It's up to you to make good there. If you do make good, when McManus comes back I'll look round and see if there isn't something better than a forty-dollar-a-week copy-reading job for you in this office."

"I'm—I'm certainly obliged to you, Mr. Foxman," stuttered Hemburg. "I guess maybe I was getting logy. A fellow certainly does get in a groove out there on that copy desk," he added with the instinct of the inebriate to put the blame for his shortcomings on anything rather than on the real cause of those shortcomings.

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Foxman; "let's see if making a change won't work a cure. Do you see this?" and he put his hand on the sheaf of Singlebury's copy lying on his desk, under the captions he himself had done. "Well, this may turn out to be the biggest beat and the most important story that we've put over in a year. It's all ready to go to the type-setting machines—I just finished reading copy on it myself. But if it leaks out—if a single word about this story gets out of this building before we're ready to turn it loose on the street—the man responsible for that leak is going to lose his job no matter who or what he is. Understand?

Hemburg Lost His Place and Became a Borrower of Quarters Along Park Row

"Now, then, excepting you and I and the man who wrote it, nobody inside this building knows there is such a story. I want you to take it upstairs with you now. Don't let 'em cut it up into regular takes for the machines. Tell the composing-room foreman—it'll be Riordan, I guess—that he's to take his two best machine operators off of whatever they're doing and put 'em to work setting this story up, and nothing else. Those two men are to keep right at it until it's done. I want a good, safe-mouthed man to set the head. I want the fastest proofreader up there, whoever that may be, to read the galley proofs, holding copy on it himself. Impress it on Riordan to tell the proofreader, the head setter and the two machine men that they are not to gab to anyone about what they're doing. When the story is corrected I want you to put it inside a chase with a hold-for-release line on it, and cover it up with print paper, sealed and pasted on, and roll it aside. We've already got one hold-for-release yarn in type upstairs; it's a Washington dispatch dealing with the Mexican situation. Better put the two stories close together somewhere out of the way. Riordan will know where to hide them. Then you bring a set of clean proofs of this story down here to me—to-night. I'll wait right here for you.

"I'd like to run the thing to-morrow morning, leading with two columns on the front page and a two-column turnover on page two. But I can't. There's just one point to be cleared up before it'll be safe to print it. I expect to clear up that point myself to-morrow. Then if everything is all right I'll let you know and we'll probably go to the bat with the story Friday morning: that'll be day after to-morrow. If it should turn out that we can't use it I want you to dump the whole thing, head and all, and melt up the lead and forget that such a story ever passed through your hands. Because if it is safe—if we have got all our facts on straight—it'll be a great beat. But if we haven't it'll be about the most dangerous chunk of potential libel that we could have knocking about that composing room. Do you get the point?"

Hemburg said he got it. His instructions were unusual; but, then, from Mr. Foxman's words and manner, he realized that the story must be a most unusual one too. He carried out the injunctions that had been put upon him, literally and painstakingly. And while so engaged he solemnly pledged himself never again to touch another drop of rum so long as he lived. He had made the same promise a hundred times before. But this time was different—this time he meant it. He was tired of being a hack and a drudge. This was a real opportunity which Mr. Foxman had thrown in his way. It opened up a vista of advancement and betterment before him. He would be a fool not to make the most of it, and a bigger fool still ever to drink again.

Oh, he meant it! It would be the straight and narrow path for him hereafter; the good old water-wagon for his, world without end, amen. Noticeably more tremulous as to his fingers and his lips, but borne up with his high resolve, he put the clean proofs of the completed story into Mr. Foxman's hands about midnight, and then hurried back upstairs to shape the layout for the first mail edition.

As Mr. Foxman read the proofs through he smiled under his mustache, and it was not a particularly pleasant smile, either. Printer's ink gave to Singlebury's masterpiece a sinister emphasis it had lacked in the typewritten copy; it made it more forceful and more forcible. Its allegations stuck out from the column-wide lines like naked lance tips. And in the top deck of the flaring scare head the name of John W. Blake stood forth in heavy black letters to catch the eye and focus the attention. Mr. Foxman rolled up the proof sheets, bestowed them carefully in the inside breast pocket of his coat, and shortly thereafter went home and to bed.

But not to sleep. Pleasing thoughts, all trimmed up with dollar marks, ran through his head, chasing away drowsiness. All the same he was up at eight o'clock that morning—two hours ahead of his usual rising time. Mrs. Foxman was away paying a visit to her people up-state—another fortunate thing. He breakfasted alone and, as he sipped his coffee, he glanced about him with a sudden contempt for the simple furnishings of his dining room. Well, there was some consolation—this time next year, if things went well, he wouldn't be slaving his life out for an

(Continued on Page 48)

EFFICIENCY EDGAR AND THE SECOND GENERATION

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I HAVE just finished reading my twenty-second volume relating to the care and upbringing of infants. As I have proceeded I have tabulated the contents of these treatises for purposes of comparison and cross reference, so that I have now at my fingers' ends, as it were, practically the sum total of human knowledge on this vastly important subject.

To my surprise, the authors of these books do not always agree. Indeed, I may say that agreement between them is the rare exception rather than the rule. This has made my work more difficult, because it has seemed wise to me to strike averages, thus not following one author, who might be in error, but taking advantage of the bulked knowledge of all. For instance, there is the matter of food and feeding.

Of the twenty-two writers only three were in agreement as to the time that should elapse between one indulgence in nourishment and the next. The periods advised by the books varied from one hour to three hours and one-half. My method of arriving at a thoroughly safe and advisable decision on this important point was to add together the twenty-two periods and divide by twenty-two, thus giving the average—or two hours, nineteen minutes and twenty-eight seconds. That there may be no error here, I have provided my wife with a suitable stop watch, sometimes called a split-second watch, by which she will regulate the child's mealtimes.

Another matter upon which the books were in disagreement was the number of hours an infant should sleep during the first two months of his life. These periods showed great variation, but the average was seventeen hours, fifty-eight minutes and forty-two seconds. To my amazement, I was unable to purchase, even in stores devoted exclusively to articles for infants, an alarm clock that should be exact and act to the second.

I was fully determined the child should be brought up according to the rules of efficiency and trained in that science as he grew. I was determined he should be brought up in accordance with an exact plan, which should leave nothing in doubt, and which should prevent the occurrence of such unpleasant emergencies as I have witnessed and been informed of with respect to the babies of my friends.

My wife, who, not without some foundation, regards my mental equipment highly, coincided with me at once. She was well aware what Efficiency had done for me since that day when I had completed my correspondence course in the science. She knew I was referred to as Efficiency Edgar—perhaps derisively at times—but that my pay check was double that of the individuals who jeered at the subject which I have made, so to speak, my life's study. Therefore, she was usually glad to be guided by me in such matters as I considered worthy of my attention.

The child, I am informed both by the attending physician and by his grandfather and grandmother, who have experience in such matters, is an especially fine specimen. He is complete in every detail and there are conspicuously absent various defects reported to me to be present in the majority of babies.

My own judgment coincides with theirs. Although it is a bit early to give a final and authoritative opinion, it seems to me that, aside from physical excellence, the boy gives promise of a very satisfactory mentality. I base this statement on the keenness of his gaze and on the conformation of his skull. Under my training and supervision he should develop qualities of physical and mental efficiency second to none. This is not the opinion of a father, but of myself, functioning as an unbiased observer.

On the day following his arrival I will admit I was somewhat alarmed. As I stood over the child I perceived a sort of pulsation at the top of his head. A small area seemed to throb rhythmically. Cautiously, with the tip of my finger, I examined the region and, to my dismay, found it to be yielding to the touch. Without delay I hastened to the physician and informed him of my discovery. He treated the matter with great seriousness; indeed, he expressed some admiration for myself and my powers of observation, which so quickly discovered the condition.

"You are to be congratulated," he told me. "This soft area is present in many children; but in my experience, which covers the birth of two thousand-odd infants, I have not seen three of them equipped with so large and splendid areas as your son."

"It is a matter for congratulation, then?" I asked.

"It is indeed," said he. "In most infants the skull is hard, or at least the soft portion is minute. As you will readily see, this must cramp and confine the growth and expansion of the brain. In your child, however, with the ample area he possesses, the brain has the greatest possible freedom. You see the point, do you not?"

Needless to say, I did see it. It was a great relief. On my return to the house I reported the matter to Mrs. Pierce, the boy's maternal grandparent. So overcome with pleasure was she that she pressed her handkerchief to her mouth and hastily left the room.

Which recalls to me a minor point. When I married my wife I was in some doubt as to how I should address my mother-in-law. It seemed overformal to call her "Mrs. Pierce," and overfamiliar to call her "Mother." I asked one of the men at the office how he had solved the difficulty. He replied as follows:

"For the first year I called her 'Say!' After that I called her 'Grandma.'"

"The True Method of Raising a Baby," Said I to Mrs. Pierce, "is Never to Permit It to Do a Thing It Should Not Do"

During the period the nurse remained in the house I found myself generally ignored. Matters were conducted as the nurse desired, no matter how contrary they might be to my information and desires. The nurse was not at all open-minded, but seemed to resent my efforts to enlighten her. For instance, one morning I found the temperature of the baby's room to be below forty-five degrees. I rebuked her courteously.

"Mr. Bumpus," said she, "while I am here I shall attend to this baby. The only thing you have to do with the temperature of this room is to fill the furnace—and I guess you'd better go and do it."

I should have discharged her instantly, but I found her to be sustained by Mrs. Pierce, by the doctor—and even by my wife. However, I determined, once that woman was gone, to put matters on a different and safer basis. Thus, against my will, the child was handicapped during the first two weeks of his existence. I could only stand by and watch this wrong that was being done him; could only utter complaints at the scores of things that, every day, were done improperly or neglected altogether by that nurse.

I am sure that another two weeks of her criminal mismanagement would have worked a great and lasting harm to the boy. But, I am glad to say, the evil was not permanent. Whatever ill effects he suffered were speedily eradicated under my supervision. I flatter myself that at four weeks of age the baby was as thriving as if he had never had a nurse at all.

I will admit to a slight uneasiness the first night my wife and I were left alone with Edgar Junior. This was the first child I was ever intimately acquainted with in its very immature stage; and, owing largely to the nurse's shortcomings, I did not know what might happen. My wife was very nervous; but I reassured her.

"Mary," said I, "there is nothing to worry about. I feel that I am competent to cope with whatever may arise; and if I am not there are at my very elbow twenty-two books on the subject."

"But—but he might have croup."

"We shall prepare for it," said I.

I at once procured a bottle of ipecac. Also, I set going a spirit lamp, on which was a kettle of water that should be kept at the boiling point. One book recommended a sort of tent into which the infant and steam from the kettle should be placed; so, with my wife's parasol and a sheet, I contrived such an affair. I did not neglect the hot-water bottle or cloths that should be dipped in hot water to be put about his throat.

"There!" said I. "We are prepared for that emergency!"

I did not remove my clothes, but sat up watchfully. Mary sat by me, and I made use of the opportunity to discuss with her various efficiency methods that should be put into practice.

"Most people," said I, "give some care to a child's body, but neglect any precautions as to its mentality. The training of a child's mind should begin immediately following its arrival."

"How?" she asked.

"First," said I, "by refraining from the usual sort of talk people see fit to offer a baby. That is sufficient to undermine the intellect of an adult, let alone an infant. Then, from the beginning, serious matters should be discussed before the child. He will thus become accustomed to them, really without knowing how he has done so. Serious books should be read aloud in his presence, and they should be such books as to equip him with a vocabulary."

"Oh!" said Mary.

"Every day," said I, "you must demand Edgar's attention and read aloud to him. I have a number of suitable books. It is my suggestion you begin

I Snatched Him From His Crib, in Violent Disregard of All the Authorities

with Kant's Conduct of the Human Understanding. It will accustom his ears to the sound of difficult words placed in difficult sequence. This particular book is a splendid example of that sort of thing."

Suddenly the baby interrupted with a cry.

"What do you suppose that is?" my wife asked anxiously. "Do you think he's sick?"

"A moment," said I; "let me listen. I believe I can identify the cry. There are, as you should know, several species: the useful cry, which constitutes the baby's exercise; the cry of pain; the cry of hunger, of temper, of illness, of indulgence. This cry," said I, listening carefully and endeavoring to classify it, "is loud and strong; one might almost say it was a scream."

"It is!" said my wife, wringing her hands. "It is!"

"See," said I, "whether you agree that he is growing red in the face."

"He is, frightfully! What does it mean, Edgar? Is it—is it scarlet fever?"

"No," said I triumphantly. "It is the useful cry. It should be allowed to continue for precisely twenty minutes twice a day. It serves to exercise and expand the lungs."

I took my wife's stop watch. At the expiration of twenty minutes I informed her the crying should be stopped.

"How?" said she.

"Why," said I, "the twenty minutes are up and it must be stopped."

But baby did not stop. His outcries, already vociferous, seemed to increase in volume. I was sure he was overexercising. Mary seemed futile, so I grasped the situation. I leaned over the bed and said distinctly and firmly, but gently:

"Stop crying!"

The baby paid not the least attention to me. That so young a child could open its mouth to such a width was amazing to me. I held up my hand to my wife, who was growing restive, to admonish her to be more calm.

"I think," said I, "the cry is taking on a different character. But I do not quite identify it."

I took the most satisfactory of my books from the case and turned to the chapter headed The Cry. Seven varieties were listed, and I read each carefully, comparing the characteristics set down with the sounds made by Edgar Junior. It was baffling, for his cry possessed attributes of each. It was, as I said, loud and strong, as the useful cry should be. It was too long and too frequent, as the abnormal cry is described. It was accompanied by contraction of the features, as in the cry of pain. It was also accompanied by kicking, as in the cry of temper. I gathered that the child was crying from a number of causes, which gave me food for worry.

"Oh," sobbed Mary, "what shall we do? What shall we do?"

"I am at a loss," said I, referring to my comparative analysis. "The temper cry is undoubtedly present. The books tell us the cure for that is to allow baby to cry it out, which requires a period estimated at from one to four hours. Striking an average, as I have done, he should be silent in two hours, sixteen minutes and a few seconds."

"I'll be—crazy—in another ten minutes," said Mary. "You must stop him!" Then she exclaimed pettishly: "Why don't you read Ibsen to him? That may do it."

I made allowances for her excited state and did not retort.

Suddenly, without apparent cause, Edgar Junior stopped shrieking, sobbed once or twice, closed his eyes and went to sleep. My wife stared at him with frightened eyes.

"What is it? Oh, Edgar, what do you suppose is the matter?"

I myself was perturbed. My reading had not enlightened me on anything resembling this. Hastily I went through the indices of several books, but could find no help. They did not mention sudden and inexplicable silence. I settled down to study the matter after I had argued with my wife the question of calling a physician at once. I convinced her it was not necessary.

Presently I looked up to find her sound asleep. I did not sleep, however, for some time. Then I am afraid I did so. At any rate, I awoke to find it was morning. The child was safe. He appeared to be sleeping normally and quietly. The relief was tremendous.

Now that the interference of the nurse was removed, my first task was to accustom the baby to efficient routine and system. I had already prepared lists of things he should never be permitted to do, and of things adults should not do to him. These I had typewritten; and I placed copies in the hands of my wife, of the cook, but most emphatically of all in the hands of Mrs. Pierce. Mrs. Pierce glanced at her list and sniffed. Perhaps I have alluded to the fact that she is a frequent and irritating sniffer.

"Young man," said she, "I have raised four children. Before you were born I knew more about babies than you will know when you are a great-grandfather. I haven't any patience with you or this newfangled nonsense. I used to rock my babies, and took pleasure in it. If they cried nights my husband used to walk the floor with them. I could kiss them when I wanted to, and I wanted to often. I fed them when they were hungry and let them keep on eating till they had enough. How would you like to be allowed to eat exactly seventeen minutes, I'd like to know? I never heard of such a thing. It's nothing less than cruel!"

"Mrs. Pierce," said I, "modern science has discovered things of which parents were ignorant thirty years ago."

"It has discovered a heap of things that aren't so," she retorted.

"Be that as it may," I responded mildly, "in this case I must insist that my directions and regulations be obeyed. This is an unusual child. I base this statement on the dicta of various observers, including two physicians. With his remarkable physical and mental endowments he should grow up to be a man of exceptional ability—if not genius. But careless or improper treatment now may ruin it all. It is a risk I cannot permit to be run."

"Shucks!" said Mrs. Pierce.

"You agree with me, do you not, my dear?" I said to Mary.

"Yes, Edgar," she said loyally.

"The boy," said I, "is destined to become one of the country's foremost Efficiency Experts. The system of training I have devised works solely to that end."

"He's just as apt to turn out to be a circus performer or a Baptist minister," said Mrs. Pierce with another sniff.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Pierce after a brief pause, "that you've got one of those schedule things all made out, with when to do it and how long to keep at it set down to the second."

"Indeed I have," said I.

At this she sniffed no less than three times with short intervals between.

"I have here," said I, "a journal in which are to be set down all phenomena that appear in the baby, daily. You will see to it strictly, Mary. Note carefully the number of times a day he cries and the duration of each crying; his weight each morning; his temperature morning, noon and night; his new acquirements, such as recognition of individuals, grasping objects, smiling, laughing, attempting to sit erect, ability to hold up his head—and so on. At the end of each week we can compare his record with that of the week before, and so note progress. This book will be of inestimable value not only to us but also to medical science. I have no doubt future child culture will be in some measure based on our experiences and observations."

"Yes, Edgar," said Mary; "that will be *perfectly lovely!*"

Mary is given to using this expression, and she always italicizes the two words. Sometimes I find it mildly irritating.

"The true method of raising a baby," said I to Mrs. Pierce, "is never to permit it to do a thing it should not do, and always to see to it that the child does precisely what it should do at the proper time and after the correct interval."

"How easy it sounds!" said Mrs. Pierce.

I was surprised at her ready agreement with me; but some hours later it occurred to me there might have been an underlying sarcasm in her words.

I had anticipated difficulties with Mrs. Pierce; but, to my surprise, her husband proved a greater source of anxiety to me. He was, as may easily be supposed, delighted to become the grandfather of such a child, but the manifestations of his fondness for Edgar Junior would almost indicate that his joy had unseated his reason.

For instance, I gravely suspect that on the day of Edgar's birth he visited a candy store and filled not one but several pockets with wintergreen lozenges. I am positive that he introduced into our house, when Edgar was not a week old, a paper of bananas, for my wife found him in the act of trying to close Edgar's fingers about one of the things. Also, it was his constant desire to hold the child; and his idea of holding was not to allow Edgar to lie horizontally across his lap without motion, but to set the infant astride his foot and then to kick it up and down vehemently, in imitation of one riding a horse. He was forever poking his finger into the child's abdomen with the idea of making him smile. Actually I feared to go to work in the morning, the good man had become such a menace. Yet, notwithstanding this almost criminal abuse, the second individual the child recognized, and seemed to desire the society of, was his grandfather. The ways of Nature are incomprehensible!

And toys! As any intelligent parent should know, it is the height of parental inefficiency to give a child a toy covered with poisonous paints, or with removable parts which may be swallowed; or covered with hair, which may be chewed off by the infant; or which is so small as readily to be put by the baby into his nose or his ear.

I am obliged to record that no toy was too large or too small, too gaudily painted or too fuzzy for Mr. Pierce. In ten days he had our home looking like a wholesale toy store. If Edgar Junior had licked, sucked, swallowed, inserted, or otherwise used those toys, as the books informed me an infant is likely to do, he would have perished not once but scores of times. It almost got to the point where I should insist on searching Mr. Pierce before admitting him to the house. *(Continued on Page 44)*

"I'll be—Crazy—in Another Ten Minutes," Said Mary. "Why Don't You Read Ibsen to Him?"

BEHIND THE SCENES IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

By Edward Mott Woolley

ONE of the great department stores has just installed a new department. It is called the Department of Service, and the sole duty of its Director of Service is to study the store through the eyes of the customer and make confidential reports to the owners as to just where and why they are losing money and customers.

One recent report, for example, begins with the story of a woman shopper who visited the Crockery Department and, stating that she was in an extraordinary hurry, requested that the resources of the department be strained to give her fast service. The store organization, however, proved quite unequal to the emergency, commonplace though it was, and broke down completely. The customer left the store with her purchases only half made and in a very unfriendly frame of mind.

By way of contrast the director quotes from a similar report made in another department store:

"Last Thursday Mrs. John Blank, one of our long-time customers, visited our Suit Department at one-fifteen o'clock in the afternoon. She told Miss Smith, the saleslgirl who received her, that she had a train to take at two-eighteen, and, therefore, had exactly forty minutes in which to purchase a suit and some gloves. She also desired goods in other departments, but had no expectation of having time to buy them. She would be satisfied if she got the suit and the gloves.

"Miss Smith, having a good understanding of the workings of our Personal Service Department, stepped to the department's house phone and called Mr. Brown's office. He was at luncheon; but Mr. Williams, his assistant in the personal-service work, took the matter in charge and at once assigned Miss Anderson to the case. She proceeded to the Suits and took entire charge of Mrs. John Blank's shopping.

"With Miss Anderson's assistance, the suit was selected in eleven minutes. Then a list of the other articles desired by the customer was made out, and Miss Anderson quickly routed a trip through the store so as to economize the distance to the utmost. Leading the way, she conducted the customer to the Millinery, Women's Handkerchiefs, Toilet Goods, Gloves, Misses' and Children's Neckwear, and Umbrellas. At each of these departments a purchase was made, and all the shopping was finished in just thirty-nine minutes. Miss Anderson took complete charge of things during this time and acted as personal guide and helper. The service was speeded in every way she had at her command, yet there was no apparent rush and things moved silently and smoothly.

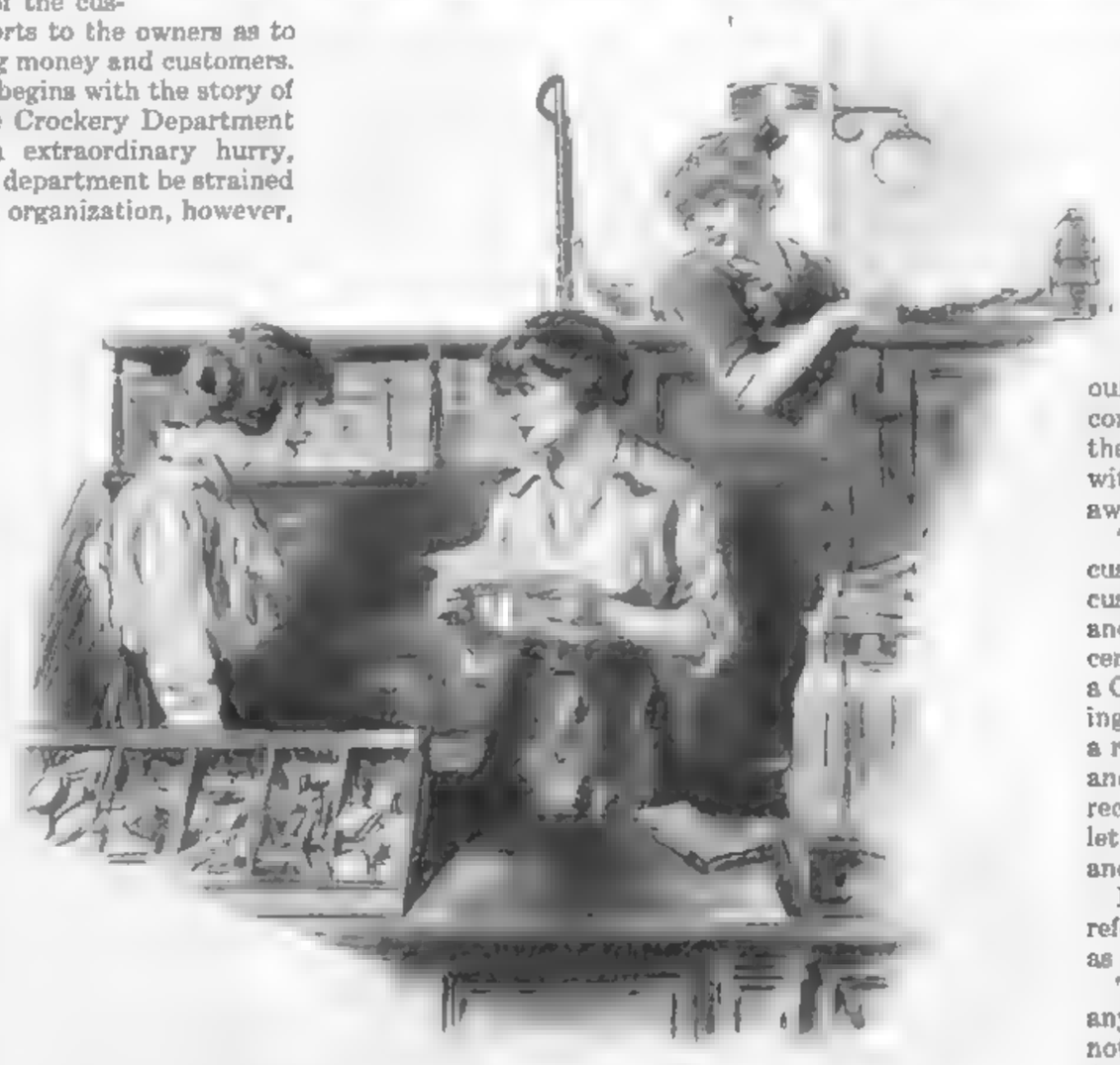
"But this was not all. During the shopping tour Miss Anderson called Mr. Brown and arranged to have a taxicab ready for Mrs. Blank at the southeast entrance. It was exactly the prescribed minute when Mrs. Blank was driven away to the station. She had made her purchases in eight departments and had expended one hundred and nine dollars and forty-two cents."

The Art of Playing Host to Customers

"WITHOUT our Personal Service Department this would have been quite impossible. We believe we have cemented Mrs. Blank's friendship by rendering her this very concrete service.

"This," the director concludes, "is the spirit that must typify the coming store, and indicates the kind of competition we must expect from wide-awake merchants. The art of playing host to customers is part of present-day merchandising."

I have had the opportunity to read many of the confidential reports made by this Director of Service and they cover a wide variety of subjects; but in this article I am going to concentrate on those reports that hinge primarily on the host idea. These reports were not intended for publication, and I am permitted to use portions of them only on condition that no real identities be disclosed. Therefore, all the names used are fictitious.



The Blunder Slips Will Go to Each Salesperson for Signature

The Director of Service cites another instance in his own store to show that this idea of being host is not yet sufficiently imbued in the organization. It concerns a complaint that was first taken up by the customer at twelve-ten o'clock and finally settled at three-thirty-two, after the buyer had made one trip and his assistant five trips to the Adjustment Bureau. Then the report continues:

"Most of the complaints should be adjusted at the department, so as to cause the customer the least inconvenience."

This, I think, will have a special appeal to the majority of shoppers.

He takes up, also, recommendations for another phase of personal-service work, the purpose of which is to give service to those who find it impossible to visit the store in person; but it is not the purpose to solicit telephone orders from people living in the city, or to do anything that would tend to keep them from coming into the store. Rather, the idea is to broaden the sales in outside districts, and to do personal shopping for people within a certain territory who either write to the store or call it by phone. This proposed service will go far beyond a mere mail-order routine. It will carry out the individual desires of outside customers.

This sort of work in the cities might well suggest, as an offset, similar work on the part of smaller stores in the towns; for the smaller establishment, often quite barren of real service, must wake up if it expects to compete.

With some ironical humor this creative Director of Service has indited a report on Rules for Customers, which ought to interest business men in all lines:

"Making a rule for a customer is somewhat more difficult than laying down regulations for soldiers, inasmuch as the customer is the boss and, in a way, has the decision under his own control. Yet in our store we have not quite seen the distinction.

"In several places in this store we have telephones that are marked: 'Customers must not use. For store business only.' This is a direct affront to our guests; no host in a private home would commit such an offense. Therefore, we must either permit customers to use all telephones or else keep out of sight those we wish to reserve. We need tact in this store in every direction in which I investigate. Customers resent being given orders.

"Another example of arbitrary rules to customers is seen in our Cloak Department, where goods are not allowed to go out C. O. D. unless a deposit is made. In almost any other department goods are sent C. O. D. without any deposit; but because of some petty autocracy in the Cloaks, this offensive rule, I am told, has long been in force. Right here I might say that we have too much of this uncoördinated management in various directions. Each department has up to the present been a separate monarchy.

"A woman attempted to make a purchase in the Cloaks only yesterday, but was turned down—so I am informed by the clerk who handled the transaction—because she had not money enough with her to make a deposit and attend to other purchases. She had already given her name; so I had her looked up this morning. She is the wife of a rich contractor.

"It is comparatively easy to make rules for our employees, but when you try to drive a spirited horse with a lash you are going to have trouble. Let us not drive our customers that way. Let us stretch our service to its consistent limits; and when we really must make rules for the conduct of customers let them be delicately tempered with diplomacy. Otherwise the customer is going to get away from us.

"Above all, we ought not to give privileges to credit customers that we don't give to cash customers. A charge customer can get goods in the Cloaks without any deposit and then return them if she pleases. The store assumes a certain risk and the charge customer assumes none. But a C. O. D. customer is really a cash customer, and by sending goods in that way we assume no risk, aside from getting a refusal now and then. For the sake of being consistent, and catering to people who have the ready money, I recommend that we abolish this rule for customers; or else let us make a rule that we shall have no charge accounts and no C. O. D.'s."

In a long report devoted to the selling force there is a reference to a saleswoman whom the director characterizes as "A dwarf, named ——"

The fact of her short stature is not set up against her in any personal way, but the report goes on to say that she is not tall enough to sell skirts, although she has been in that department three years. This store critic says that such a little woman is not fitted physically to give customers in the Skirts satisfactory service. Moreover, he finds that this dwarf is returning unsatisfactory profits to the store.

Too Tall for Shoes, Too Short for Skirts

IN THREE weeks her sales aggregated five hundred and seventy-six dollars, and her salary was eight dollars a week. The store had considered these sales very fair, especially as the saleswoman was content with her wage. No commissions are paid in that store. But in another department store this director found that the eight-dollar clerks in the Skirts were required to sell at least two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and on all sales above that sum were paid a commission of two per cent. Measured on the salary basis alone, the so-called dwarf was about twenty-three per cent under the efficiency basis of the other store.

The report goes on to show, however, that a salesperson's value to the store must be measured also by the character of the service rendered to customers. This saleswoman, being too short to hold up skirts and display them properly, could not satisfy customers as well as some other saleswoman—other things being equal—better qualified physically. A customer who leaves a store with a feeling of dissatisfaction or resentment against a salesperson automatically lowers the future sales of the whole store.

This store until recently never undertook to analyze the matter of service to customers.

The same report cites a salesman in the Shoes who is six feet and two inches tall. He has been there four years, constantly tying himself into a knot, as it were, to get down and help customers try on shoes. It is a job for which Nature did not intend him, and, being out of place, he is not adept; he is often an object of secret ridicule and hurts the atmosphere of the department. Moreover, his sales do not show up well in comparison with the sales of clerks in the Men's Shoes of another store, where the compensation is four per cent on all sales, and where a fixed drawing account is allowed each week, with a settlement every six months. This "giraffe" salesman, as the director calls him, gets twelve dollars a week.

"When Nature gives us a human giraffe," says the director, "we ought to find a place for him where he can best serve the store and our customers. I would suggest some department that has high shelves and does not require stooping. And when we get a human molecule like this skirt saleslgirl, we might perhaps utilize her—if at all—in the Crockery, or some such place. But, wherever we put

these persons, we should consider above everything else the character of the service they give. Service, in the unanalytical mind of the customer, is an intangible thing, yet irresistible; to the officials of this store it ought to be studied until it becomes very tangible."

They have in that store no systematic tests of applicants for positions. The superintendent takes snap judgment, and in his report the Director of Service names at least a hundred clerks who should not be there. One Gertie McNamanners, for instance, would fall down if you applied tests for pleasing personality, tactfulness, lack of vulgarity, and good English. How she got past the superintendent is a mystery to the Director of Service.

Another salesgirl, one Bettina Mulberry, would not take even third prize in a contest for obedience and cheerfulness. The director observes that some people are by nature as antagonistic toward discipline as a bumblebee or a copperhead; but why, he inquires, should they be in that store to roil customers and send them away vowing never to come back, when others, like little Mary Sweetem in the Confectionery, attract customers naturally and sell big orders without an effort?

His observations on one Flossie Hurts, in the Misses' and Children's Waists and Sweaters, show her to be high in ambition and alertness; but for patience and courtesy she drops below zero.

Exhibits in the Museum of Blunders

IN THE Shoes is Arch Livers, who tells customers they are trying to fit their heads instead of their feet; yet he has been there a year. The director asks why nobody in authority ever reasoned out the great damage he has done the store all that time. How long would he have stayed if the store had used ratings for insolence?

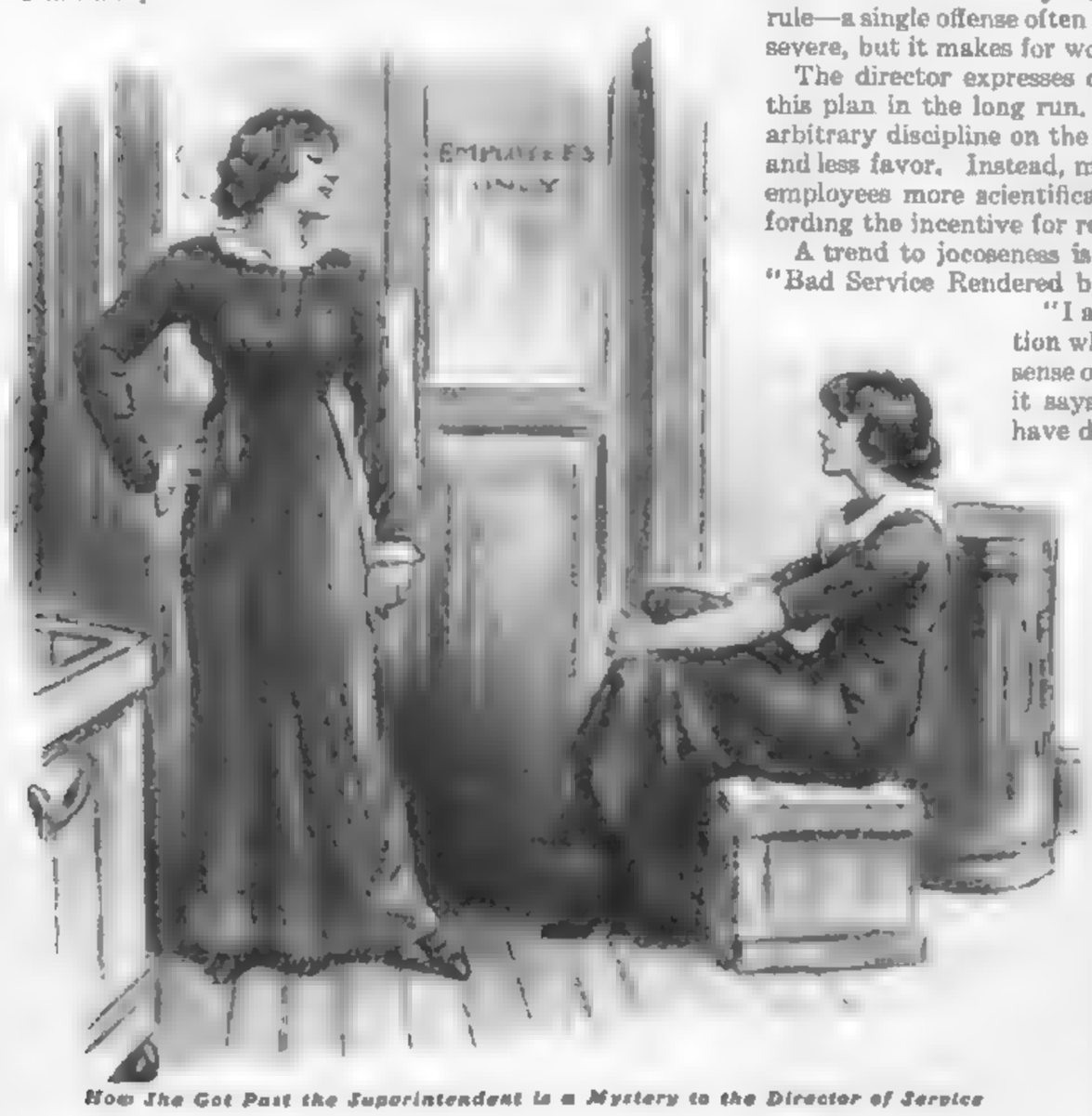
J. Watkins Watt is in the Sporting Goods, and has held high away there for two years; yet when the director quietly applied tests for knowledge of stock, promptness of approach to customers, interest in the store, closing the sale and appearance, he fell down flat on every one and showed no redeeming characteristics.

One William Walkers stumbled badly on manners, neatness in dress and attention to business, but saved himself by good ratings in truthfulness, care of stock and other points. But the director believes a little instruction will enable him to strengthen his weak points and make good.

The director recommends a method that is followed in well-managed stores by means of which a weekly report is made by the aisle managers on every salesperson during a probationary period, with definite percentages on all the points I have cited and others. He also recommends that these reports be compiled by months and reduced to comparative records.

"Even assuming that the aisle managers will not be just and accurate in all their markings," he says, "these records, when taken in connection with individual sales, must afford very fair clews as to the people the store wants to retain and advance. At the very least, such records will indicate the clerks who will bear closer observation."

I saw a report headed "Blunders."



How She Got Past the Superintendent is a Mystery to the Director of Service

"We have scarcely a salesperson to-day," it says, "who does not commit blunder after blunder—and no tab is kept on these errors. In the last week we have accumulated a list of more than six thousand blunders committed during that period by our two thousand salespersons."

Then he itemizes a few of the blunder records:

Margaret Inkstone, in the Infants' Furnishings, wrote the names or addresses wrong eleven times. Fourteen times she got the amounts wrong. Forty-two times she did not properly fill out the check.

F. Harry Bones took the grand prize for illegible chirography. He works in the Photograph Supplies, and five-sevenths of all his checks could be deciphered only with considerable labor—some of them had to be sent back to be decoded.

Ann Wartle, who fluctuates between the House Garments, Muslin Underwear and some other departments, is especially strong on using the wrong book; and during the week she made this blunder about twenty times. She also established quite a record for lost checks or vouchers and for errors in using the carriers.

Rosy Wabisky committed the crime of incorrect measurement eighteen times in the Ribbons; and her compatriot, Eva Ginkinski, of the Household and Garden Goods, spelled her customers' names wrong on twenty per cent of her checks.

The majority of these blunders acted directly to cause inconvenience or annoyance to customers. They caused errors in change, failures or delays in deliveries, unnecessary waits for goods at the counter, and a long line of ills. Then indirectly, as the critic points out, the damage to the store extended in a widening ripple every time a blunder was made.

"Until we tried this experiment," he says, "our store has had no way of telling how many errors any given salesperson made; but now I am planning an error system modeled after the methods of modern stores. What I purpose to do in this establishment is to hook out all the mistakes I can, and then decorate each salesperson with his or her own errors.

"We shall have blunder slips and tabulated records of mistakes. The blunder slips will go to each salesperson for signature, and will constitute an acknowledgment of errors or a disavowal. On the other hand, we shall send out commendation cards, blue in color, so that they will advertise themselves to salespersons who show a low average of mistakes."

He adds:

"No habitual blunderer can long survive this treatment. But I imagine that our Museum of Horrors will not look good to our people. They will not care to contribute any more samples than they can help."

In this and other connections the director cites a certain New York store, and says:

"It is run with the strictness of the German Army. It will not brook from anyone the breaking of the tiniest rule—a single offense often meaning dismissal. It seems severe, but it makes for wonderful service."

The director expresses doubts as to the wisdom of this plan in the long run. In modern merchandising, arbitrary discipline on the military basis is finding less and less favor. Instead, merchants are selecting their employees more scientifically, training them, and affording the incentive for real loyalty.

A trend to jocoseness is shown in a report headed: "Bad Service Rendered by Certain Demonstrators."

"I am a believer in demonstration when conducted with a proper sense of the proportions of things," it says; "but we should always have due regard for the service, or lack of it, rendered our guests by the demonstrators.

"Coming out of an elevator the other day in our House Furnishings, I found my way blocked by a large woman of severe mien, who did not recognize me as an attaché of the store. In one hand she held a stove lid and in the other a tin box of polish; and she made it clear that I was not to get past her without a struggle.

"Now if a customer wants stove polish, perhaps this demonstrator would be doing her a service; but the majority of our customers feel no violent impulse to acquire that commodity. When a customer comes into a store bent on buying perhaps an evening gown or a refrigerator, she should be met courteously and in a dignified way, and conducted or directed to the proper part of the store. Anything that obstructs her purpose is not service—and I am analyzing this store always from the standpoint of service. We have half a dozen of these vagrant demonstrators at present whose persistence and crude salesmanship are most disconcerting to our guests. Let us decapitate them."

Others, Like Little Mary Sweetem, Attract Customers Naturally

He is a trifle facetious, too, in his report to the owners of the store on that heinous but frequent crime, misdirection:

"Anybody in this store who misdirects a customer to the basement when the sixth floor is the real destination should be taken out on the ocean and ducked."

Then he calls attention to a bulletin issued by a store in the Middle West:

"It is important that employees inform themselves relative to all parts of the building. Guides leave the Information Bureau every hour and will be pleased to have you take the trip through the store with them."

Learning Lessons in Store Geography

HE ADVISES thorough instruction in store geography and a system of listing the departments and their locations in little printed books for the clerks to carry in their pockets. Furthermore, he would have a system of demerits for every clerk caught without one of these directories. A horrible example is cited of a department moved to a new location without any notice being given the salesforce, and he pictures a thousand women being sent to the wrong floor the next day.

"The very fact that this thing was done in our store," he says, "indicates that we have been far from having the true slant on Service. I concede that we need to look beyond this sort of thing to discover the full reason why we are not making more money; but certainly we can understand some of our small profits when we consider our colossal indifference to the one big factor in business—rendering the public a service."

Then he takes up the Delivery Department and tears it to shreds:

"I do not believe we hear of half the troubles that are caused by lack of consideration for customers' wishes. I would recommend that delivery lists be taken for certain days, and an investigator, on whom we can rely, be sent out to interview customers who received goods. At present our delivery men feel that no one is going to know what they do, except in case of serious difficulty. A similar investigation by an Eastern store showed that delivery men set down heavy tools in the front hall, unpacked Christmas gifts on the steps, because they said they had orders to take back the boxes, and scattered excelsior over lawns and streets. One crew had a playful habit of spending an hour or two watching local ball games, and then, in order to get back to the house on time, storing a lot of the packages until next day in the barn of a friendly associate.

"One of our most valuable sources of information in this campaign of service is the customer; yet we have seldom invoked his aid. I suggest a periodic *questionnaire* in addition to personal inquiry and inspection. I imagine that if we once see ourselves as others see us we shall make more money."

(Continued on Page 57)

HUSKIE DOG—By Norman Duncan

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SMOKE was from down North. I knowed that much when I clapped eyes on Sandy Marsh's team o' dogs at Windy Tickle o' the Labrador. 'Twas neither his cut nor his color that persuaded me. 'Twas his manners. A dash o' Southern blood eases a dog's behavior in company. Smoke had no ease at all. Could you fetch un a hearty clap on the haunch an' win a wag an' a grin? No, sir! Smoke knowed his distance an' kep' it.

"I've no wish," says he, "for none o' them small familiarities. You practice your frivolity elsewhere," says he, "an' I'll do my duty when called on. Good day t' you, sir. I've some grave matters in hand an' I'm too busy t' pass the time o' day with come-by-chance folk o' your ilk."

Well, then I says: "Good ol' dog!" Did he answer me fair? No, sir! He jus' cocked his head an' stared; an' the cock of his head was far too cunnin' for friendship, an' the stare was too sharp an' long for comfort.

When I seed Sandy Marsh's pack at Windy Tickle, an' looked un over, feet an' ribs, with the notion o' crossin' Poor Luck Barrens t' Bread-an'-Butter Harbor in January weather, I knowed that Smoke was from down North and would cherish no friendships.

Accordin' t' the tales o' Sandy Marsh, Smoke was born in the timber, 'way back o' Jounce Inlet, an' bred at Elegant Run, north o' Okkak, by a huskie called Iksialook. 'Twas said a wolf mothered him. That's likely. I believes it. A queer gray beast she was, knowed by the name o' Snowflake in the tilts o' Jounce Inlet an' Elegant Run. She was tamed in part—she come an' went at will an' practiced good behavior at all times; an' once she served in the traces with Iksialook on the trail from Elegant Run t' Red Water, an' done well enough, 'twas said, but never would serve again.

I'm told that she hankered overmuch for the company o' men—that she shamed the pack by hauntin' the settlements—an' the tale went on that she was outcast, in the end, for that selfsame reason. Whatever an' all about that, 'twas said that she fetched her pup in from the timber, as though intent t' have un bred with the dogs o' men, an' there left un with Iksialook's pack, like a foundlin' child, and was never seed again. 'Twas Iksialook that reared un; an' 'twas said that Smoke was constant—that he *chose* t' live the *life of* a dog like a dog, an' would not run in the timber like a half-breed wolf.

Marsh says:

"That's my bully, Tumm."

"Too old," says I.

"Good ol' dog!" says he. "He've served me well. I loves un."

"You may love un," says I, "an' 'tis likely you does an he've served you so well as all that. Still an' all, he've growed too old t' bully a young pack like yours. You mark me!"

"No, Tumm," says he; "old as he is, he've command o' that pack."

"Well," says I, "he'll not maintain it through a pass o' hard labor an' hunger."

Marsh laughed at that.

"You don't know my ol' dog," says he.

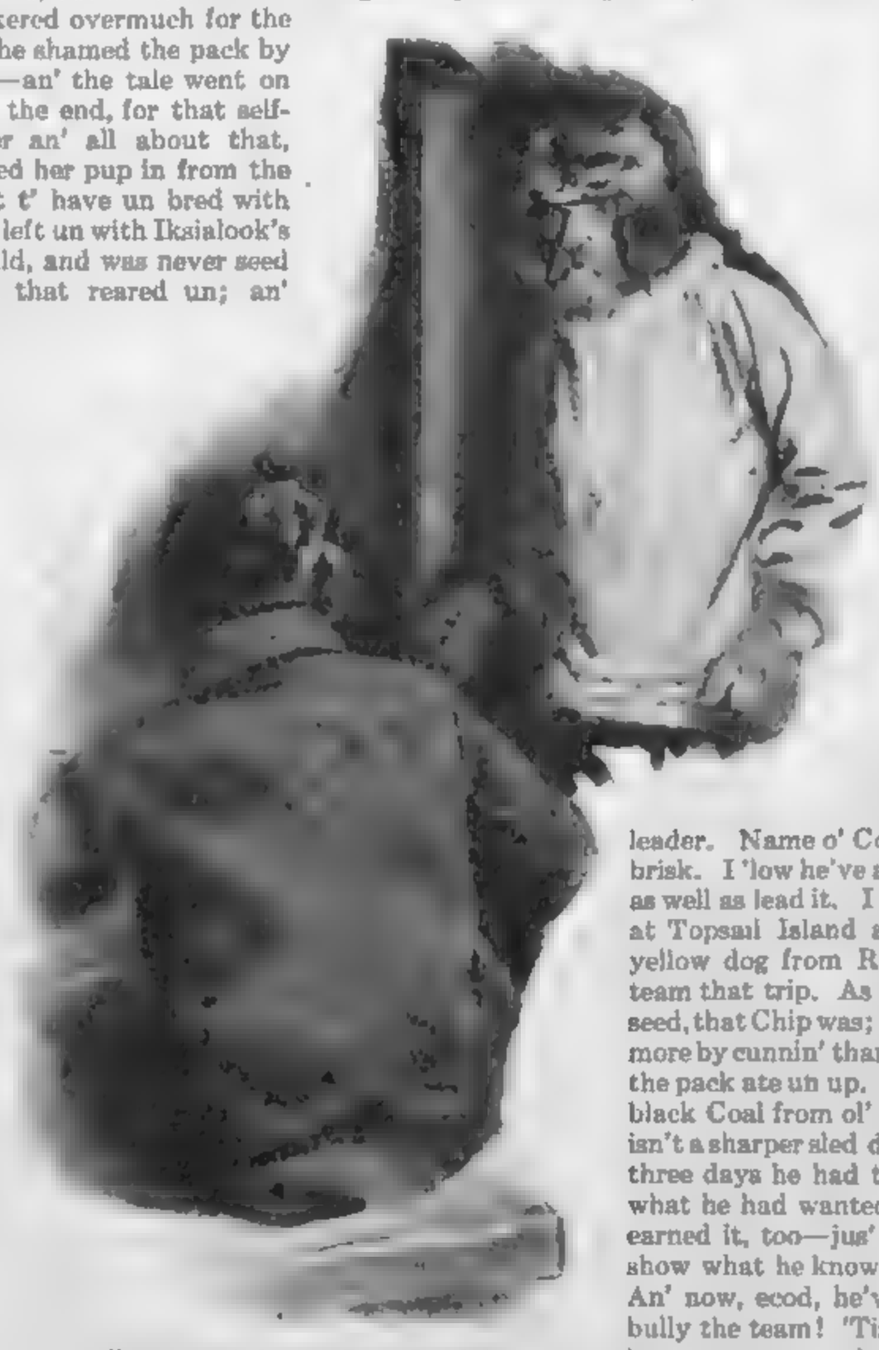
"He've a stout way with un," says I, "an' I've no doubt of his power t' bully a team along. Still an' all, he've growed past his labor, an' his day's near done."

"Hut!" says Marsh.

"They'll break un afore long," says I, "an' then they'll cast un out an' eat un up."

That happened, then, t' show the truth o' my words. I mudged Marsh t' watch the course of it through an' learn the lesson it teached. Smoke come close to a black dog o' the pack—a taut black beast, somewhat short of his prime, thinks I, an' with a heart t' rise in the world. 'Twas a pretty play o' pride an' temper. I seed the hair o' Smoke's neck ruffle a bit an' I cotched a wee pause in his walk. If 'twas in his mind t' thrash that dog then an' there for saucy conduct, he thought better of it. He stalked on; an' I fancied his walk too slow for contempt—slow enough for fear an' the purpose t' hide it.

All the while the black dog was watchful—watched Smoke near an' watched un pass an' away; an' then he throwed back his head an' laughed a dog's laugh, an' pawed the ground, an' walked off t' hubnub with three gray dogs o' the pack, takin' his time an' waggin' his quarters with satisfaction. What was in that black dog's mind was clear enough: he knowed he was Smoke's master an' was content t' bide his time; an', though I'd not go so far as t' say that he boasted o' what he would do t' Smoke when the *right* time come, he knowed well enough that the three gray dogs o' the pack had seed the play and drawed their own conclusions.



"You Fetch In the Grub Bag?"

"You see that, Marsh?" says I.

"I did."

"You know what it means?"

"I does," says he; "an' I'm sorry. That black dog's my new leader. Name o' Coal. He's young an' he's brisk. I 'low he've a notion t' bully the pack as well as lead it. I got that black dog down at Topsail Island six weeks ago. I had a yellow dog from Rock Harbor t' lead my team that trip. As clever a dog as ever you seed, that Chip was; but he lived by his wits—more by cunnin' than courage—an' one night the pack ate un up. Next mornin' I got that black Coal from ol' Sam Watt. I 'low there isn't a sharper sled dog on the Labrador. In three days he had the leadin' trace. 'Twas what he had wanted from the first. An' he earned it, too—jus' worked his ribs lean t' show what he knowed an' what he could do. An' now, ecod, he've made up his mind t' bully the team! 'Tis plain as day. There'll be no peace on the trail until Smoke has thrashed the notion out of un. Smoke knows it. An' the pack knows it. Did you mark the three gray dogs? They was waiting t' find out what would happen."

"Is you fond o' that Smoke?"

"I is."

"If you want t' save un alive, don't you take un over Poor Luck Barrens with short rations o' dog meat in this weather," says I. "You leave un safe at home."

"I will," says he.

Well, now, havin' cotched the rumor of a silver skin at Anchor Bight, an' bein' bound down from Scatter Cove t' gather it in afore Sam Stein got that way, an' thinkin' no more o' Smoke an' Coal—the age o' the one an' the ambition o' the other—but only o' the haste I was in, I made it up with Sandy Marsh that night t' carry me on from Windy Tickle t' Bread-an'-Butter Harbor, by way o' Poor Luck Barrens. We was t' travel fast—travel light too—in a spell o' fine, settled weather; short rations, dogs an' men, through the five days o' the trip; an' carry no guns t' cumber us.

When Sandy Marsh called the dogs t' the *komatik*—sled—in the mornin', there was a vast to-do o' delight. The pack capered an' wagged, an' pawed the snow in the way o' the Labrador dogs, eager for the traces an' the trail. Ol' Smoke was grave enough, accordin' t' the habit o' the wolf that he was. He bit his own trace from the tangle, straightened it out, an' sot down beside it then t' wait with patience on Marsh's convenience; an' I marked that he eyed the pack's antics like an anxious schoolmaster with half a mind t' rap the desk an' command silence an' strict attention t' the work in hand.

Sly went in the trace and sot down. Box went in an' sot down. Tucker an' Tog went in. Coal went in. By an' by all the dogs was in except Whip an' Tom an' Smoke. I seed, then, that Smoke was worried—he kep' his eye on Marsh in a s'prised sort o' way, an' once in a while picked up his trace t' remind Marsh that 'twas his turn t' be harnessed; an' when Coal went in afore him, an' Tog an' Tucker went in out o' turn, Smoke begun t' whimper, an' I knowed that he was troubled an' frightened.

'Tis hard work an' lean rations on the trail. Still an' all, a Labrador dog can't abide bein' slighted. When Marsh freed Smoke's trace from the *komatik*, an' throwed it to his lad t' stow in the shed, 'twas plain t' Smoke, at last, that he was t' be left behind; an' he carried on in a way t' break a man's heart—he howled like a lost soul, an' he rolled in the snow as a man squirms in grief, an' tugged at Marsh's mitt like a pleadin' child, an' snapped at his boots as if t' threaten his life. An' all this while Coal an' the pack, on their haunches, popeyed an' froze stiff with curiosity, kep' watch on Marsh an' Smoke.

'Twas too much for Marsh t' withstand. He called back his lad with Smoke's trace.

"'Tis too sad," says he. "I can't bear it."

"Ay," says I; "but you dooms your dog."

"He'll die o' grief an I leaves un behind. I've heared tell o' such things afore. I'm thinkin' this ol' dog chooses t' die in harness. He've served me well, an' I 'low I'll humor his wish. An he must die, let un die as he wills t' die. 'Tis what I'd like myself. Hi, Smoke! Good ol' dog!"

With that, Marsh lashed Smoke's trace t' the *komatik* an' put the ol' dog in.

Out o' Windy Tickle, Marsh told me how fond he had growed o' Smoke in their years o' the trail t'gether—as fond as a comrade—an' o' why he owed the ol' dog an age of ease an' security an' fullness. They had been through some tight pinches, 'twas plain—a gale o' snow this side o' Tall Ol' Man, for one thing, an' a ticklish time in black weather on the soft ice o' Schooner Bay; an' Marsh 'lowed he wouldn't be trudgin' the trail from Windy Tickle t' Bread-an'-Butter Harbor that day if it hadn't been for ol' Smoke's courage an' common sense an' faithfulness in service. Smoke was a wolf, says Marsh; he wouldn't slobber his friendship—he lived to hisself an' was grave an'

proud -an', though 'twas true that neither a wolf nor a dog should be trusted by any wise man, bein' all thieves an' liars an' murderers, Smoke was as good as the best, if not better.

Anyhow, Marsh had snuggled up t' Smoke many a frosty night in the open, an' had been glad an' warm in his company; an' Smoke had served un well, an' Smoke would be served well in his turn, if Marsh could manage t' serve un. As for the trip t' Bread-an'-Butter, Marsh would deal with the dog that troubled ol' Smoke!

It went well enough for two days. 'Twas clear blue weather an' good goin'. The snow was hard an' the barrens trail was swep' clean by past winds. We sped. Smoke bullied the team without fear or favor. 'Twas his t' keep the logs at work an' in order; an' this he done with no labor that I could see. Whip was lazy an' Tucker was playful an' careless; aside from that the pack was content with the trail. An' as for Whip an' Tucker, Smoke managed un both—snappin' at the heels o' Whip when his trace fell slack, an' nippin' Tucker's flanks as need come t' stop his friskin'. At night the pack curled up an' went t' sleep.

After all, thinks I, there was nothin' in the wind. In the lead by day, Coal run true. Smoke left un alone. There was no cause t' do otherwise. Marsh allowed, then, that the ol' dog still had the mastery an' would come through the trip safe an' sound; an' Marsh would travel no more with the full pack that season, says he; an' when winter fell again, says he, he would not put Smoke in the trace at all, lest he be whipped an' outcast, in the way o' fallen bullies, but would keep un for friendship an' give un an easy old age in return for service.

"Smoke's master," says he.

"True, so far," says I; "but he's callin' no attention t' the fac', an' I don't like that about it."

"Why not?"

"He've no wish for trouble."

"No trouble t' wish for. The pack's runnin' like a clock. 'Twould be a poor bully that wouldn't let well enough alone."

"He's leavin' Coal alone."

"Coal's wary."

"I'm not so sure," says I, "that Coal isn't jus' waitin'."

Nex' day, after a snarlin' night, the dogs run at odds an' restless. They whimpered an' sniffed an' backbit. 'Twas plain that something was wrong, an' it seemed t' me that the team knowed more than we knowed—that every dog o' the pack was in the secret o' the thing an' out o' patience with waitin'. Marsh, trudgin' behind the *komatik*, ill-tempered with tangled traces an' abstraction from duty, flecked ears an' flayed flanks in aid o' Smoke's authority. Before the *komatik* hauled down Bald Rock an' drove into the deeper snow o' the scrub growth, Smoke had mastered the uneasiness o' the pack an' reduced the disorder.

After that the day went well. In the broken wake o' the *komatik* Marsh had nothin' t' do but shout directions t' Coal an' take his ease o' the trail. Still an' all, somehow 'twas plain that trouble was brewin'; an', knowin' what I knows about dogs, I reckoned from the signs that Coal had been boastin' in the night an' was expected t' make good afore night fell again. I was right about that. Beyond Ragged Wood, where the trail enters the last sad reaches o' Poor Luck Barrens, something happened t' Smoke.

It had been a hard day for the ol' dog. 'Twas doubtless an anxious day too. Smoke had been savage an' irritable. In all the years of his service with Marsh, from his youth t' the decline of his prime, I doubt if he had bullied the team as he had bullied it that day. 'Twas choleric behavior—quick wrath an' a naggin' determination. No laggin', no stupidity, no shirkin', no scufflin' in harness: Smoke would tolerate none of it that day. An' he had made his threats good—he had bitten home. There was clots o' blood on the haunches o' Box an' Sly; Tucker was limpin'; Whip was in a funk; Tom was frantic; an' the heels an' flanks o' the whole team, except Coal, who was too wary t' be cotched, was in a state o' shrink an' shiver. 'Tis likely that Smoke's naggin' provoked what happened. I don't know about that. It may be that he saw the clamor risin' against him an' strove t' keep it down. Anyhow, all at once, jus' beyond Ragged Wood, led by Coal, the pack leaped on Smoke an' fair smothered un.

There was no time t' lose. Smoke was fair screamin' for help. The pack was after his life.

"A rescue!" says I.

"Lend a hand!" says Marsh.

'Twas already snowin'. The day had turned gray. For an hour or more the wind had been whippin' down from the nor'west. We had talked o' big snow. 'Twas in our mind t' make Bowlder Hollow, where lay a trapper's tilt, for shelter if the weather blowed cold an' thick. T' be cotched on Poor Luck Barrens in a blizzard was not at all to our taste; 'tis a wide, naked place—flat t' the wind an' ill-furnished with the means o' protection.

"Put That Ax Down!" Says Marsh. "You Can't Best the Two of Us"

Marsh went into the scramble with the butt of his walrus whip an' me with the bare hands o' me; an' we fetched Smoke out afore the pack had done for un—bleedin' an' coughin', an' gone mad with fear an' rage. Marsh punished the pack, then, with Smoke standin' by all in a bristle an' growl. 'Twas a bitter measure he dealt out. Ah, dear man, he laid on! The dogs slunk an' howled under the whip.

An' when Marsh had done, an' the traces was unsnarled an' the team straightened out, an' Coal was waitin' for the word, an' ol' Smoke, face t' face with his task again, was shiverin' in his place, the day had gone dull, the wind had begun t' bite, an' the snow, promisin' a mighty fall, was thick enough t' blind a man.

We pushed on toward Bowlder Hollow. I seed that Smoke was an easy bully.

"They've broke un," says I.

"Not yet," says Marsh. "They had no time."

"He've no spirit no more."

"Isn't no occasion t' show none," says Marsh. "Team's runnin' smooth enough t' please any bully. Wouldn't ask a bully t' make trouble at a time like this, would you? I tells you, Tumm, we're in for a big snow; an' the dogs knows it too. 'Tis no time for private quarrels jus' now."

True enough. We was in for a big snow. The dogs knowed it as well as we. They strove. A bully had nothin' t' do but his own share o' the labor o' the trail. An' that Smoke done—that they all done: there wasn't a slack trace that I could see. It jus' seemed as if the pack knowed all about the tilt in Bowlder Hollow an' was bound t' haul it down afore night cotched us helpless on the barrens.

True, 'twas no time for private quarrels. We was all in a mess t'gether, dogs an' men; an', with the night comin' down on the run, an' the gale blowin' cold as the winds o' hell, an' the snow frosty an' thick, an' the weather on a long rampage, an' we travelin' light an' on short rations, 'twould be an evil thing t' be cotched shelterless an' snowed in.

Still an' all, I fancied that the spirit o' Smoke was broke for good an' all; an' I wondered, at times, what he thought of it all—what fate he foreseed an' what measures he plotted t' fend off the downfall. T' be sure, he knowed well enough the state of a broken bully. A broken bully is outcast. Not a pup o' the pack but disdains an' bullyrags un at will.

"Poor ol' dog!" says I.

"Ay," says Marsh; "poor ol' dog!"

"His head's hangin', Marsh."

"Ay; he's feelin' bad."

"I 'low he knows what's comin'."

"He must know, Tumm. He's no fool—that Smoke. He knows what's comin'."

"They've it in mind t' finish un off, Marsh."

"It may be, Tumm."

"'Twill be done the night, Marsh; an' he knows it."

"Not the night," says Marsh. "We'll keep un in the tilt the night."

Well, now, when we made Bowlder Hollow 'twas near dark. A wild gale was blowin' down from the nor'west then. 'Twas a mean tilt, too—abandoned that season an' fallen t' wreck—a gap in the roof an' the logs awry; yet 'twould soon be drifted over an' tight with snow, an' 'twas furnished with wood an' a rusty bogie stove, an' 'twas shelter enough for storm-bound folk like we.

Marsh freed the dogs. Bein' worn, they dug themselves holes in the snow, t' dodge the wind, an' curled up t' rest until Marsh would throw un their frozen fish. I went within then t' set the fire; an' presently, havin' no match, I called t' Marsh. We talked a spell—I'm not knowin' how long—an' we waited for the blaze, an' warmed our hands an' thawed the icicles from our beards.

By an' by Marsh went out t' strip the *komatik*, for 'twas in our minds that the gale would blow thick an' long—days o' wind an' snow, it might be—an' so it turned out: an' we had the notion t' stow ourselves away an' be as safe an' cozy as we could whilst the storm raged. When Marsh come back he come on the jump; an', if a man can tell colors by candle end an' the red light of a fire, Sandy Marsh had gone white.

"You fetch in the grub bag?" says he.

"Me? No."

"Oh, yes, you did, Tumm."

"I did not."

"You must have, Tumm!" says he. "Sure now, you've jus' forgot for a minute. 'Tis in here somewheres."

"No," says I; "'tis on the *komatik*."

"'Tisn't on the *komatik*, Tumm."

"Then," says I, "the dogs have it."

"What'll we do now?" says he.

The dogs had the grub bag. No doubt about that. It was gone. They had the dog meat too. An' they was fled: Coal, Whip, Sly—the whole pack; not a hair o' them showin' in the snow an' dark. Nor in the wind that was blowin' could we cotch a sound t' tell their place an' their occupation. Smoke was gone with the rest; an' it seemed t' me—an' Marsh thought so too—that he must have knowed the fate in store for un when he followed the pack. He was a wolf—he knowed the customs o' the pack in a pass like that; an' he had practiced them with his own teeth an' heart, tearin' the weak t' shreds.

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TWENTY LITTLE THRIFTERS

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

SAVING is not an exciting pastime—especially when practiced as a solitary virtue in Brightest New York. There is something about the brilliant chromatic lights of after-theater Broadway that makes saving seem futile, unnatural and almost silly to the young man earning anything like a fair salary.

In the whole bunch of twenty young hustlers who held berths in the office of a certain big corporation there was only one to whom the daring idea of starting a savings club under the lights of the Great White Way could have occurred; this was shrewd, quiet, scheming Sandy Gordon, the natural bellwether of that frisky flock. As it developed later, he was equal to almost anything in the way of long-headed Scotch foresight—but his gifts in this direction were not fully appreciated by either his superiors or his associates at the outset of the enterprise.

This canny schemer has since declared that his plan was conceived in pure selfishness, untainted by a trace of philanthropy, unwarmed by a single glowing impulse of good-fellowship. He insists he just calmly figured that before long he was going to grab off a certain job higher up, and that when this happened his biggest asset for making a record would be the Twenty Little Thrifters; in fact, he also figured that nothing would help more to hasten his superiors in clearing the way for his promotion than the very act of organizing twenty of the livest young men on the corporation pay roll into a Compulsory Savings Club for buying securities and doing business like a regular Board of Directors handling millions

However—as Jimmy Horne, Sandy's chum and first lieutenant, says—though this will "do to tell," the fact remains that Sandy was quite as keen to do something for the boys as he was to help himself; which seems altogether likely. A whole lot of good things in this world are the result of mixed motives. Business abounds in examples of men instinctively trying to plan an advantage for others while scheming to secure one for themselves.

Another thing on which Jimmy strenuously insists is that the real start of the thing with Sandy was in a determination to save money—not in a scheme to crystallize a personal following in the office force and make it the means of winning promotion for himself; all that came to him as a happy second thought. But, once this secondary consideration opened up to him, it grew to such proportions in his mind that he lost sight of the fact that it had not been the first and only object in view. Jimmy points out that a true Scotchman would rather be thought marvelously shrewd than anything else, and that it was just humanly impossible for Sandy to resist the temptation to feel that he saw the end of his scheme from its very start.

The Value of Teamwork in Saving

THERE were two features of his plan—aside from its fundamental idea of thrift—with which Sandy hoped to make a distinct impression upon the Board of Directors: One was the fact that such an organization as he had in mind would tend to tie the young men tight to the company. The other was that it would inspire them to study real financial problems, and do so from the viewpoint of spontaneous personal interest. The accuracy with which this forehanded young Highlander secured the firing range on the thing calculated to warm the directors into a glow of approval was admirable—but possibly less interesting than the particulars in which his plan failed to work out in strict accordance with the schedule. Exceptions are almost always more interesting than results which follow the rule—and sometimes they are quite as instructive. But let us get down to the real history of just what happened.

The experiment of the Twenty Little Thrifters was started a trifle more than five years ago. It has just been concluded, with results that are rather amazing. Certainly they are decidedly interesting and altogether human.

Sandy really began it by remarking to Jimmy Horne that he had been engaged to Mary McLeod for exactly three years that very evening, and that he did not appear to be any nearer able to support a wife than when he had proposed to her. Jimmy responded that he was practically in the same boat and that his engagement had dragged out so long that he was getting almost ashamed to look his girl in the face.

"What's the matter with all us young fellows, anyhow?" questioned Sandy. "We don't seem to get anywhere when it comes to money. I get two thousand dollars a year, live a life that is almost tame enough to suit a Scotch dominie, and still I can't get ahead. And I've had a savings-bank account ever since I was a lad, at that. Of course that has really helped some. I've put by a few hundred dollars, but not enough to underwrite a marriage contract and put a matrimonial partnership on a sound financial basis."

"Why," interrupted Jimmy, "you're almost wallowing in prosperity. Look at me! Getting only a hundred a month and still a stenographer! The savings-bank habit is all right. It certainly comes in handy to have a nice little sum put aside for vacation expense, for the holidays and for clothes; but that doesn't satisfy me any longer. I wish there was some way ——"

"There is," cut in Sandy; "and I'm going to figure it out too!"

A few nights later Sandy invited Jimmy to his room and made this announcement:

"I've been doing a lot of thinking and I believe I know why we don't get ahead more. What I save is so small that I can't see how to use it to much advantage. Of course I could do a petty loan-shark business with the boys who are broke or in hard luck. That way of using small sums is always open to men small enough to take advantage of it; but I'm not so anxious as all that to see my money work. Of course the savings bank is a bully thing. If about forty per cent of the folks who try to improve their fortunes by going into business or by investing on their own judgment would put their money in a savings bank, and keep it there, they would be immensely better off financially.

"But personally I'm not willing to admit that I can't make my capital perform at a better pace than four per cent for me when I put my mind to the task of training it. Is there any man in our set who will admit that four per cent is his speed limit on personally conducted capital? Decidedly not! Yet there isn't a man in the whole office earning from twelve to eighteen hundred a year who even attempts to invest his savings. Why? Because he has an instinctive feeling that his individual savings are too small to be invested to advantage.

"Suppose you were actually saving thirty dollars a month. What could you do with it? What use could you make of it, as active capital, that would be any improvement on the savings-bank certificate? Can you suggest a single thing into which you could safely put thirty dollars with a reasonable expectation of realizing more than four per cent for it? I hear an eloquent silence! That sum is too small to use to any advantage—except as the nucleus of a petty loan-shark traffic. The short of it is that it takes a certain volume of money in these days to make money; below that sum your capital is a misfit and the market has little or no use for it.

"If you put your thirty a month in the savings bank for a year you would then have a little better than three hundred and sixty dollars; and that sum would be too small to invest to any distinct advantage. Five hundred dollars is a small sum from an investment viewpoint, but it is not nearly so helpless, in proportion to its size, as thirty dollars—or even three hundred and sixty dollars. You could do things with a capital of five hundred dollars. That is a sum heavy enough to 'make the team,' as we used to say in college."

Adventures in Thrift Finance

"NOW you're really talking!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I can see the sense to that dope even if I am only a stenog. Lonesome money certainly has about as little pep as a lonesome man. You've started something with that thought, Sandy—I can feel it in my bones! The fellows will fall for that idea right from the jump."

The enthusiasm of Jimmy moved Sandy to such an extent that he let his imagination go a little, and this swept him on to see the larger possibilities of the plan. After he had worked it out rather carefully and saw how much it might be made to do for him personally, he had a talk with Mary's uncle, who was a vice president of a bank. His proposed adventure in thrift finance made an immediate hit with the hard-headed banker, who declared:

"It looks like a very canny plan to me—provided, of course, you can get enough of your associates into it to make it worth while. Come to me for anything I can do to help it along."

Quite casually, not to say cautiously, the ambitious Sandy began to talk savings with his associates and to sound out their interest in the matter. He found a few of them who warmed to the proposal right at the start—a very few, however. With these it was a case of thrift for thrift's sake. Saving appealed to them because it spelled Having; because there was a latent strain of thrift in their blood that warmed into new life under his arguments. Most of them, however, were quite unmoved until he struck the note of collective action and its advantages. The instant he hit this line of logic his hearers dropped their indifference and paid eager attention.

"My idea," he explained, "is to pool our savings, stick together for five years, and have the funds handled by a small committee of elected men."

Then the scion of an old Boston family revealed a new viewpoint by the shrewd remark:

"If the whole twenty went into this thing, each putting aside every month all that he could possibly hold out from his salary check, the Executive Committee would certainly have a very respectable sum to administer. It would be some fun and distinctly worth while to be on that committee, provided its hands were not tied with a lot of rules which would hold the work down to the dead level of buying government bonds or selecting a safe savings bank in which to deposit the funds."

"Now you're talking!" responded Sandy. "We're not a bunch of helpless orphans, and if there is one of us who feels the need of a conservator he is not going to admit it—because it would cost him his job. Let's make this a regular man's game and not hamper it with restrictions intended for the trustees of the funds of widows and orphans. We'll put into it enough to make it worth while—and at the same time not enough to cripple any of us seriously, provided the worst were to happen. On the other hand, we ought to have some restrictions—certainly enough to make it entirely clear that this is not a gambling pool or anything like it; and that the Executive Committee, though having a lot of freedom and elbowroom, must not touch any security or stock that is not paying good dividends with satisfactory regularity. And we ought to have it understood, too, that the committee will be expected to make a showing of profits above the ordinary interest rate. What do you say, fellows? How much shall we put into it?"

"I'm for it," remarked Jimmy Horne, one of the few natural thrifters of the group; "and I'll save as much as anybody here, although not one of you draws a smaller salary. Though it doesn't look so terribly serious just at the moment, it might easily become so under conditions that I can think of; so we ought to make provisions that will take care of unexpected emergencies and accidents, and allow any man who has hard luck to get out on a fair basis."

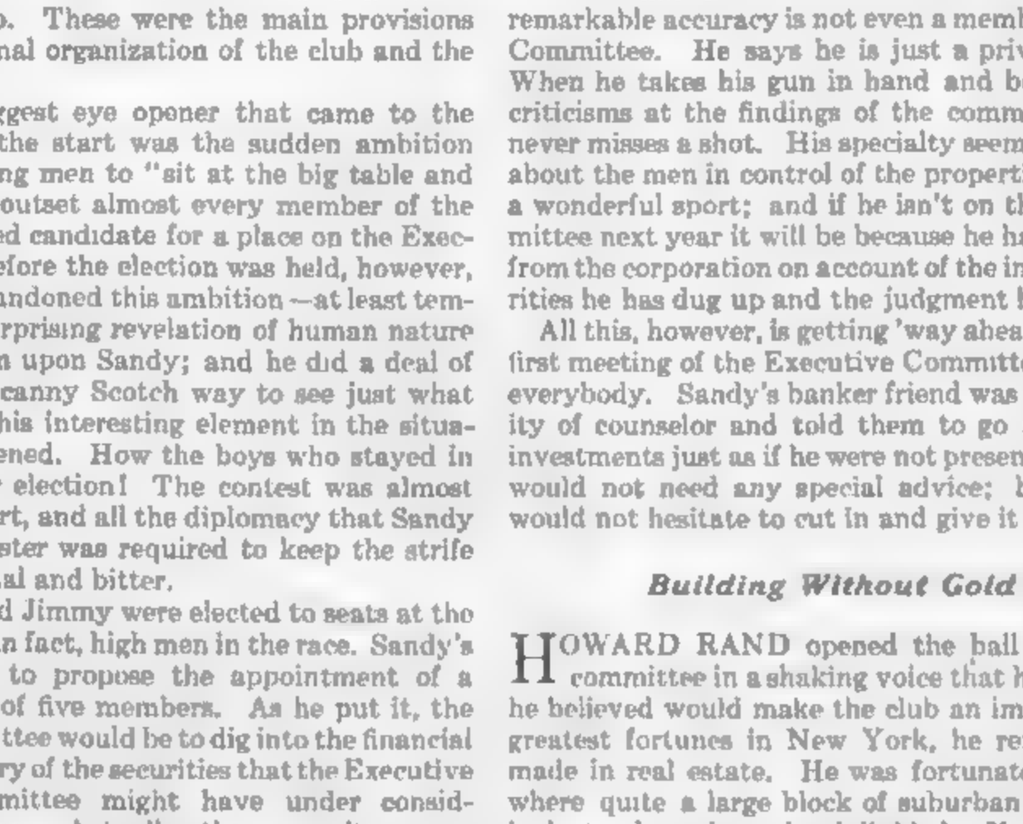
Big Fish in the Savings Pool

THESE talks pitched the key for the general conference at which the lines of the savings club were planned. There was not a man among the twenty who was not receiving a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year or better. In the natural course of events every one might reasonably expect to see his income increased to a material extent within the next few years. This increase, when it came, would let up a little on the strain of saving, which would be rather tense just at the start. But one can stand almost anything for a little while—so they reasoned.

It was agreed that each man should obligate himself to save thirty dollars a month; in fact, the articles of agreement signed by each Thrifter had the force of sixty promissory notes for thirty dollars each—one note falling due each month of the succeeding five years. A rule was framed, and later adopted, providing that any member might withdraw on giving ninety days' notice and accepting interest, compounded semiannually, at four per cent.

The clever Sandy made a strenuous fight to limit the Executive Committee to three members; but in this he was overruled and the number was fixed at five. At the outset it was plain that practically every Thrifter cherished the ambition to serve on that committee, and that, with most of them, this was the chief reason for joining the club.

An effort was made to arrange an overlapping schedule whereby a part of the Executive Committee would hold over through another year. This was promptly voted down on the plea that a year was too long a tenure of service for any member whose judgment proved to be poor; while any member of the committee who gave distinct proof of his capacity would have no trouble in securing reëlection. In a word, it was insisted that there should be the greatest possible opportunity for all to secure a "fair run for a seat at the big table."



"Gentlemen, This Looks Like the Financial End of a Small Church Social!"

It was also provided that the Executive Committee must make a detailed report of its action to the entire body of Thrifters at each regular meeting. The Executive Committee was scheduled to meet regularly once a week and the club once a month. Though the Executive Committee was given full power to act—to buy or to sell on the instant—two checks on its action were imposed: it could not invest in any security over the protest of any member of the committee; neither could it make any investment over the veto of the Scotch banker, who was later elected treasurer and financial counselor of the club. These were the main provisions drawn before the formal organization of the club and the election of officers.

Altogether, the biggest eye opener that came to the observant Sandy at the start was the sudden ambition developed by his young men to "sit at the big table and run things." At the outset almost every member of the club became an avowed candidate for a place on the Executive Committee. Before the election was held, however, about half of them abandoned this ambition—at least temporarily. But this surprising revelation of human nature made a big impression upon Sandy; and he did a deal of silent figuring in his canny Scotch way to see just what might be done with this interesting element in the situation as the plot thickened. How the boys who stayed in the race did fight for election! The contest was almost too spirited for comfort, and all the diplomacy that Sandy and Jimmy could muster was required to keep the strife from becoming personal and bitter.

Of course Sandy and Jimmy were elected to seats at the big table; they were, in fact, high men in the race. Sandy's first official act was to propose the appointment of a Research Committee of five members. As he put it, the function of this committee would be to dig into the financial history of the securities that the Executive Committee might have under consideration. Actually the committee was conceived in the spirit of providing a consolation prize for the candidates who fell a little short of election to the Executive Committee. When this measure carried, the five disappointed candidates who had come nearest election were appointed to this new position.

A Group of Bridge Fiends Could Not Have Shown More Ardor Than These Amateur Investment Fans

But the crafty Scot who put forward the new committee as a sop to the defeated builded far better than he knew; in fact, he had unconsciously fashioned a very nimble and efficient boomerang with which to bombard the back of every head on the Executive Committee instead of constructing a harmless device for keeping disappointed office-seekers out of mischief, as had been intended.

The new Research Committee soon resolved itself into a sharp and active check upon the Executive Committee, and became a bureau of criticism which worked overtime and developed a rather disconcerting habit of reducing the supposed virtues of this or that security right down to brass tacks, and calling cases on every occasion.

Also, this committee developed an insatiable hunger for the financial history of specific securities that astonished everybody in the club, and particularly the members of the Executive Committee.

This kind of studious activity did not, however, stop here. While the Research Committee dug into the past performances of almost every important security on the market in which the Thrifters were liable to invest, and took particular pride in checking up on the judgment of the Executive Committee, practically every other member of this odd savings pool became a self-appointed financial sleuth in order that he might sometime have the gratification of showing the members of the two committees that they were not the only ones who knew a little something about securities. After an especially stormy session of the club one member remarked:

"If any man on that Executive Committee thought that he and his associates were going to do all the work, and have all the fun, he certainly let himself in for a large surprise.

"The man who has probably learned the most about securities and who has been able to call the turn with the most remarkable accuracy is not even a member of the Research Committee. He says he is just a private Sharpshooter. When he takes his gun in hand and begins to fire a few criticisms at the findings of the committee members, he never misses a shot. His specialty seems to be in knowing about the men in control of the properties. It certainly is a wonderful sport; and if he isn't on the Executive Committee next year it will be because he has been hired away from the corporation on account of the information on securities he has dug up and the judgment he has developed."

All this, however, is getting 'way ahead of my story. The first meeting of the Executive Committee was a sad jolt to everybody. Sandy's banker friend was there in the capacity of counselor and told them to go ahead and discuss investments just as if he were not present. Very likely they would not need any special advice; but if they did he would not hesitate to cut in and give it to them.

Building Without Gold Bricks

HOWARD RAND opened the ball by informing the committee in a shaking voice that he had a plan which he believed would make the club an immense profit. The greatest fortunes in New York, he remarked, had been made in real estate. He was fortunate enough to know where quite a large block of suburban property could be had at a bargain and subdivided. He grew eloquent on the selling power of the Twenty Little Thrifters when it came to booming a subdivision. Before he sat down he was carried away with enthusiasm and his self-consciousness had vanished. The faces of his fellows on the committee indicated that his talk had made a strong impression on them, and that they were about as good as "sold" on the proposition.

Then another member of the committee rose and said he had inside information regarding an industrial opening that looked mighty good to him. Perhaps it was not any better than the subdivision project, but it was certainly attractive and had some special advantages. Properly encouraged by Sandy, the chairman, he detailed those advantages at length. He was a good talker and it looked as full of promise as a ninety-day note.

Then, as if it were a mere matter of form, Sandy asked his banker friend to address the meeting. He did so—mainly by asking questions. In ten minutes that committee was reduced to an amazing state of humility and saw itself as a bunch of boys convicted of a childish eagerness to swap their savings for chunks of clear blue sky.

The net of his remarks was that, until the committee learned the difference between a security and a gold brick, it would be well for them to confine themselves to savings-bank certificates. Certainly they were not to be trusted at investing in anything of a more speculative character than the best commercial paper that could be found on the market.

When the members of the club who were not on the committee learned of the investments that had been considered, there was a loud sound of righteous indignation. The Research Committee took to itself the task of making a careful investigation of the proposed real-estate and industrial projects, and its report looked like a mail-order fraud exposure.

Sandy was afraid the banker was so disgusted with the opening performance on the part of the committee that he would lose all interest in the enterprise. But just the opposite happened. He was keen for the savings club and spent as much time considering its welfare as he did over many a big project in which he represented the bank.

When the second installment of savings was turned in to the treasurer-counselor, before the opening of the regular monthly meeting, he pointed to the pile of chicken feed before him and exclaimed.

"Gentlemen, this looks like the financial end of a small church social—not like an investment enterprise conducted by grown men! It is ridiculously unbusinesslike. Hereafter all payments must be made by check. If any of you think that this is a scheme on my part to force you to start checking accounts in this bank, then take your money elsewhere."

Some of the members felt that this requirement was a decided hardship. To make a deposit up to the banking requirements for a checking account was not easy at the start, but they had to come to it. They squirmed, but they knew the banker was right.

Instantly the pressure imposed by this requirement put the young men on their toes. Probably most of them would gladly have retired from the enterprise, which had become unexpectedly burdensome, but pride prevented a single display of the white feather. With one accord they began a campaign to cut personal expenditures, to increase income, and to realize on forgotten or neglected resources. One young man financed the foundation of his checking account by selling a coin collection he had started when a boy. Another achieved the same end by resurrecting from the home attic, upstate, the fine old mahogany furniture that had been left him by a kind maiden aunt.

The only Far-Western product in the club—a bookkeeper who hailed from Montana—suddenly remembered that when he left home, some eight years before, he was the owner of two good heifer calves. He wrote home and asked the elder brother, who had remained on the ranch, how much he had coming to him on the score of the heifers and their increase. In a postscript he said: "Send along anything that you think is right. You're the judge." He was surprised at the check that came back from the ranch.

Some were not able to "dig up" the makings of a checking account from the neglected leavings of the past; but the amount of cash that was suddenly developed from this kind of salvage surprised even the banker himself. Incidentally Sandy collected a substantial I. O. U. that had long since been outlawed. The friend who had made the touch when he was an irresponsible art student had become prosperous—and had actually forgotten the obligation.

It is not an easy thing for a young man used to spending all his spare time in the pursuit of pleasure to knuckle down to extra work "on the outside"; in fact, it is about as hard a job as youth can tackle—especially in the near neighborhood of bright, festive, alluring Broadway. But this is precisely what most of the members of the Compulsory Savings Club did sooner or later—that is to say, just as soon as they discovered how hard it was to save thirty dollars a month out of the salary check in spite of the unexpected demands which seemed to spring up on every hand to snatch away the sum total of the pay check.

Working on the Overtime Gang

SANDY, who was learning a lot about human nature, devoted himself almost exclusively to keeping up the sporting spirit of the Thrifters. Without preaching, and in quite an incidental way, he made each man feel that a failure to keep faith with the club would be an unpardonable show of poor sporting blood, and that somehow the grit to go through with this test according to specifications was about as important a tryout as had come to any man in the group. There was an unspoken sentiment in the club to the effect that any member who fell down on his obligations to the group, without exerting all the energy and resourcefulness in him, was a quitter, and not in good standing or full fellowship with those who stood the gaff, no matter how hard it hurt. As an amateur sentiment maker, Sandy had no need to be ashamed of his work.

There was no mad rush to get into the Overtime Gang, as the Thrifters called it. Not one of the group took the step until pushed to it by personal necessity. Jimmy really started the fashion of "doing something on the side." Being one of the best stenographers and machine operators in the employ of the big corporation for which all the Thrifters worked, he had no difficulty in picking up several clients who were glad to get his services outside of business hours. One was a magazine writer who preferred to dictate at night. Another was a business man with a passion for original research in a certain scientific line on which he was preparing an elaborate report. He could do this work only in recreation hours. Still another decidedly profitable client was a standing committee of a certain industrial organization that met on the same evening of each week and had its discussions reported in detail by Jimmy.

When gossip of Jimmy's success in picking up outside work went down the line of the club members, Bert Helm, a bookkeeper who knew his business, remarked:

"You're lucky, Jimmy, to be in a line that can be worked on the side. Bookkeeping isn't done that way."

"Perhaps it isn't," replied Jimmy; "but there are thousands of business men who really need to keep a regular set of books but do not do so because of the expense, or for other reasons. Some are small business men, and others are professional men who handle a lot of business in a very unbusinesslike way. Take that writing man I work for as an example. I happen to know that he's generally in trouble with his bank account; that he has quite a line of investments; and that he owns a big farm, which does its own bookkeeping. He needs a confidential bookkeeper; and he's only one of thousands. You can get a line of them if you go after them. Of course the main thing, after you have convinced a man that he needs your services, is to demonstrate that you can be trusted. That can be covered by using Sandy as a reference—and also by arranging with the same surety company that is now on your bond."

This plan was put into operation. Bert Helm solicited for clients, both by letter and in person. He did not fill his spare time quite so quickly as did Jimmy, but in the course of a few weeks he had all the clients he cared to serve—particularly as the amount of work he did for each client increased greatly in most cases. Also, he found that at the start he had pitched his prices too low to give himself a fair compensation. This mistake he later corrected.

A young man from Maine, Tip Holden, was also among those who found it hard to save thirty dollars a month and also provide himself with a checking account at the bank. Office work was especially irksome to Tip, who had a true Yankee instinct for trading. Not far from his old home was a man who had splendid orchards of Baldwin, Northern Spy and Jonathan apples. The trees were sprayed, and the fruit picked and cared for in a thoroughly modern way. Tip started with these selected apples, put up in small cartons, and quietly sold them to the men of families in the office. Later he added home-cured hams and bacon and homemade sausage to his line; and finally he took on fresh eggs, and also several varieties of cheese made in the famous cheese section of New York State.

"I'm Not Willing to Admit That I Can't Make My Capital Perform at a Better Pace Than Four Per Cent"

Most of this trade was on the standing-order basis, which reduced the work of solicitation to a minimum. All his customers knew that he took a toll of exactly ten per cent for acting as the distributor; in fact, he called his customers the Manhattan Consumers' Club—which helped to make them feel that he was working for them instead of merely for himself. As the products that he handled were always fresh and delicious, and the prices were low considering the quality, his trade grew to quite a volume. Some of the officers of the corporation were his customers, and they encouraged his activities for the Distributors' Club on the score that it helped the employees get better value for their food expenditures, and that this, in turn, was a good thing for the company. The first month young Holden's commissions amounted to a little less than fifteen dollars; but this was increased about one-third the next month, and by the end of the third month he was making almost thirty dollars—or the entire amount of his savings—on his side issue. Said he:

"If I could keep on increasing my club trade at the rate I've been forging ahead, it wouldn't be long before I'd be holding my job with the corporation merely as a basis for my side-line business. But I'm bound to touch the limit before long, and find out how far I can go with this thing and not allow it to cut into my usefulness to the company."

That limit, at the close of the first year, appeared to be about thirty-three dollars a month net profit. By pushing harder he might have increased his sales to a still greater extent; but he saw that he had about all he could handle as a side issue, and that it would be poor policy to allow greed for a little extra income to make too great a demand upon either his strength or his interest in his regular work.

Nothing to Do But Save

IN THE strife for side money with which to keep a place in the ranks of the Thrifters, not all were so successful as Tip Holden. One of the most faithful fighters for a little steady income on the side was able to make only ten dollars a month by reading two or three evenings a week to a man of moderate means who had come to the city to have his eyes treated in the hope of preventing permanent blindness.

Jimmy led the list of "side-earners" in the first year, his average being almost thirty-nine dollars a month.

In a few cases those who were forced by unusual pressure into hustling for side money dropped this extra effort as soon as the pressure abated; but, as a rule, it became a habit. Tip Holden expressed the prevailing sentiment of these night workers when he said:

"When a man shows that he can go at a certain pace in the matter of earning, it isn't in human nature for him to enjoy dropping below that record. There are lots of times when I'm dead tired and have to dig the spurs in rather hard to keep going at full tilt when I'd like to play pool, go to the theater, or just kick up my heels along with the rest of the irresponsible young colts. But it doesn't hurt me a bit or make me any less useful to the house.

"On the other hand, I'm really a much better business man for it. I know a lot more about the men in the organization than I did to start with; in fact, it has brought me several valuable acquaintances among the minor officers. I have checked up and found that the work of getting an income on the side has increased my acquaintance with the men in the corporation more than a hundred per cent, and it has given me a surprisingly intimate insight into the personal characteristics of a whole lot of the men with whom my regular work did not bring me into close contact."

This was the way Tip Holden saw the problem of doing something on the side in order to make sure that he should not be forced to "fall down" sometime in the matter of his savings payments. All those who hustled for an income on the side were of one mind with respect to the fact that the effort to earn made saving a much easier task, irrespective of the amount earned. As Jimmy put it:

"When I'm beating my machine or filling a notebook with stenographic characters I can't be blowing my money for theater tickets or pool, or any other pastime. Earning a bit on the side is the most economical thing I do; as a leak stopper it is certainly a wonder. If I were idle outside of the office I would find it twice as difficult to save my little thirty per as I do when every minute is full."

Another of the side workers put the situation rather tersely when he said:

"I've always been running on the supposition that recreation means spending money, and that I couldn't get amusement without separating myself from a certain amount of coin any more than I could secure a meal on that basis. Being pushed to earn something on the side has taught me that there are things which will bring money into my pocket that are just as amusing, just as much fun, as any that cost me good money. It seems to me that this is one of the most interesting and useful things I have ever learned about recreation or about money."

For several months the sessions of the Executive Committee were not sufficiently exciting to impose any great mental strain upon its members, owing to the fact that the Scotch banker, alias the financial counselor, made good his threat, and held investments strictly to gilt-edge financial paper of the sort put out by the great commercial and industrial corporations.

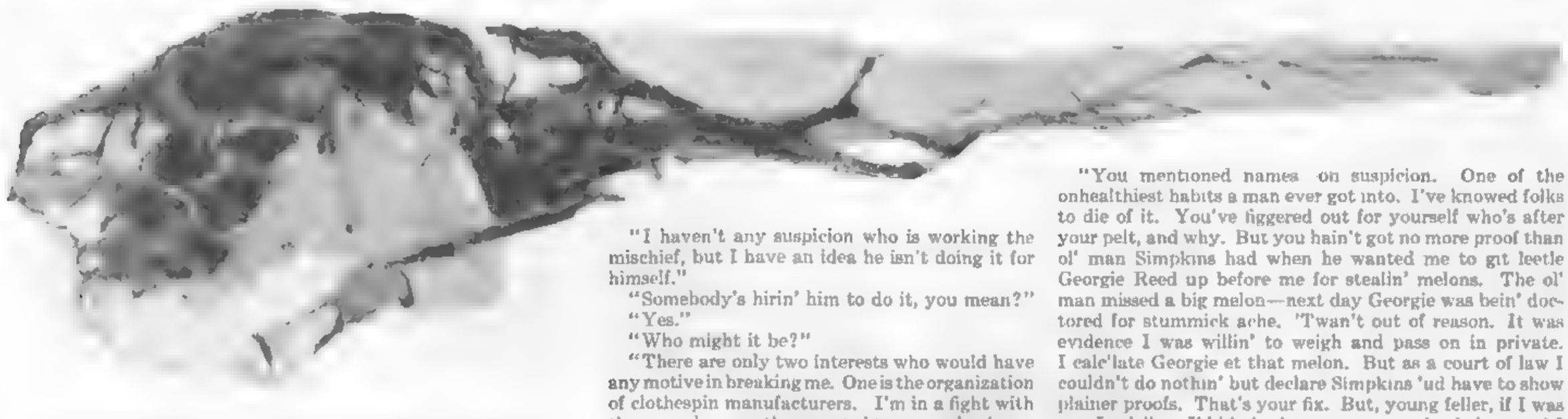
At the same time, however, these meetings were far from dull. The banker, who seldom missed a session, took care

(Continued on Page 40)

SUDDEN JIM

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN



The Admiration He Excited Was Chilled by the Rifle He Carried Under His Arm

IX

JIM rapped on the door of Zaanan Frame's office. At the last minute he had been of two minds whether he should go in or pass on about his business. The sound of his own knuckles on the panel decided him.

"Come in," called Zaanan's voice

Jim entered and saw the old justice sitting behind his desk, a sheep-bound volume propped up before him. Over the top of this a pair of sharp blue eyes shaded by bushy eyebrows, each of which would have gladdened the heart of an ambitious young man could he have had it for a mustache, peered at Jim.

"Huh!" snorted Zaanan.

"You've made it pretty evident," Jim said stiffly, "that you don't like me. I can't say I have felt any uncontrollable affection for you ——"

"Whoa there!" said Zaanan, closing his book, Tiffany's Justices' Guide, which he maintained to be the greatest contribution to human knowledge, especially of the law, since Moses received the tablets of stone. "Young feller, if you hain't too young to learn, lemme tell you it's possible to ketch more flies with maple sugar than you kin with stummick bitters. Jest smooth down the hair along your back and don't go walkin' round me stiff-legged like a dog lookin' for a fight." Zaanan's eyes twinkled. "Now, then, set and onbosom yourself."

"I've come to see you, Judge, because I have been assured that friend or enemy can trust you "

"The Widder Stickney's been flappin' her wings and cacklin'," observed Zaanan. "Um! I figgered you'd be to see me—or else you wouldn't. Gittin' ready to kick out, but you need a wall to lean against, eh?"

"Kick out? What makes you think I'm getting ready to kick out? And at whom?"

"'Whom,'" quoted Zaanan. "I've heard of that there word. It's grammar, hain't it, but I dunno's I ever expected to hear it spoke in Diversity. How's the meals to the widder's?"

"Very good, indeed," said Jim, nonplused.

"You hain't the only boarder, I hear tell."

"No. Miss Ducharme is there too."

"I want to know," said Zaanan, his eyes twinkling again. "Makes it pleasanter, I calc'late—you two young folks together."

"I think Miss Ducharme could bear up under the blow if I were to board some place else."

"Um!" said Zaanan. "Mill hain't runnin' very good, I hear."

"That's what I came to see you about—that and other things."

"Good mill, hain't it? New machines? Ought to run, hadn't it?"

"It ought to and it's going to. But, Judge, it looks a lot as if somebody didn't want it to."

"Um! That might mean consid'able and it might mean nothin'. Accordin' to my notion one of the easiest ways of givin' information is to think up words that mean what you want to tell and then to say 'em. Beatin round the bush may scare up a rabbit, but you hain't huntin' rabbits. Eh?"

"Well, then, somebody has been tampering with our machinery to make it break down. Somebody has been driving nails into our logs to dull our saws. Whoever it is has made us shut down five hours in the last three days."

"You figger somebody's doin' it deliberate."

"Yes."

"Got any proof?"

Jim laid before the old man such evidence as he had, but it was sufficient. Zaanan wagged his head.

"Calc'late there hain't no doubt of it. Suspect anybody special?"

"I haven't any suspicion who is working the mischief, but I have an idea he isn't doing it for himself."

"Somebody's hirin' him to do it, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Who might it be?"

"There are only two interests who would have any motive in breaking me. One is the organization of clothespin manufacturers. I'm in a fight with them now because they wanted to run my business. The other is the Diversity Hardwood Company."

"Hum. I figgered from what Welliver said a spell back that he wasn't tickled to death with you and your doin's. You hain't a bit afraid who you're suspicious of, be you?"

"I've got to be suspicious of everybody—and I'm going to be till I know who can be trusted."

"Kind of suspected me a mite, eh? Figgered I was tarred with the Welliver and Moran stick?"

"I got to thinking pretty hard when I saw you with them the morning after my row with Welliver. You seemed to be pretty good friends."

"Calc'late we be. Knowed 'em a long time."

"Judge, you don't need any more to show you I've a bad situation to deal with. I came to you—I don't just know why I came to you. On impulse I expect."

"Sudden Jim," said Zaanan with a chuckle.

"You've heard that, eh?"

"Yes. You was sayin' you come to me on impulse. Must 'a' figgered I'd be some use to you. Nobody'd climb a greased pole if 'twan't for the five-dollar bill tacked on top of it. Was you wantin' advice or money or the loan of my shotgun?"

"I think," said Jim slowly, "that what brought me here was a vague sort of hope of finding a friend. When a fellow's up against a fight he feels lonesome. He likes to know there's somebody beside himself to depend on. I had no reason to expect it—quite the contrary, perhaps. Anyhow, I believe you could help me with this particular problem if you wanted to."

"Young feller, a justice of the peace has a heap of duties, some set down in the statutes and some that jest come nat'ral. I've been justice more'n thirty year, and I calc'late them duties that no legislature ever thought up is the most important. F'r instance, I married Kitty Fox and Pliny Hearter. That was consid'able of a transaction; but it was consid'able more of one to git 'em back to lovin' and trustin' after they'd started runnin' round for a lawyer to git 'em a divorce. The law don't give me the right to do quite a stretch of the meddlin' I do; but it sort of appertains to this here office, and I do it. You don't want nothin' of me that's printed in law books. So far's bein' your friend why, I hain't makin' no sich agreements. Friends hain't made by writin' out contracts to that effect. I hain't seen enough of you to git to yearnin' over you. But I'll ease your mind some on one p'int—I hain't actively concerned to do you no harm. Also, I hain't got no prejudices agin you."

Jim shrugged his shoulders. "It was a ridiculous sort of notion for me to come like this, without any idea what I wanted. I need help, but what kind of help I don't know. Anyhow, I'm glad you're not with the enemy, whoever they are."

"You mentioned names on suspicion. One of the onhealthiest habits a man ever got into. I've knowed folks to die of it. You've figgered out for yourself who's after your pelt, and why. But you hain't got no more proof than ol' man Simpkins had when he wanted me to git leetle Georgie Reed up before me for stealin' melons. The ol' man missed a big melon—next day Georgie was bein' doctored for stummick ache. 'Twan't out of reason. It was evidence I was willin' to weigh and pass on in private. I calc'late Georgie et that melon. But as a court of law I couldn't do nothin' but declare Simpkins 'ud have to show plainer proofs. That's your fix. But, young feller, if I was you I calc'late I'd kinder keep my specs wiped clean and I wouldn't let my hair grow down over my ears to speak of. G'by."

Jim was astonished. Never had he been thus brusquely dismissed. He strode out of the office; but a sense of humor came to his rescue. He turned and bade the old justice good afternoon. Zaanan did not appear to hear.

Zaanan turned the pages of Tiffany's Justices' Guide for fifteen minutes after Jim's departure. Then he raised his voice in a call for Dolf Springer. Dolf, it happened, was whittling on Zaanan's doorstep. It was his custom to do so during Zaanan's office hours, for Dolf desired greatly to be useful to the dictator of Diversity County's politics. Dolf's ambition carried him so high as to make him covet the office of pathmaster. Therefore he lay in wait for opportunities to serve Zaanan.

"Perty busy, Dolf?" Zaanan asked. "Time all took up to-day?"

"Got a while to spare, Judge."

"Think of takin' a drive, Dolf? Eh? Was that what you was plannin' on?"

"I was goin' out for a spell."

"Um. What direction, Dolf? Didn't happen to be goin' out the River Road, did you?"

"That's exactly where I was goin'. Had a errant out that way."

"Take you far, Dolf? So far you couldn't git back to-night?"

"It might, Judge."

"Wa'n't goin' far's Gilders', was you—up back of the Company's Camp Three?"

"Goin' a leetle past there, Judge."

"Um. Know Gilders?"

"Calc'late to."

"If you was to see him, Dolf, d'you figger on stoppin' for a chat? And if you do, what be you goin' to talk about?"

"I'd mention I hadn't seen him for a long spell."

"To be sure."

"And I'd mention I seen you to-day."

"Uh-huh. S'pose it would occur to you to say somethin' to the effect that it looked like business was pickin' up and stirrin' times was comin'? Eh? And that fellers with an ax to grind had better git out the grindstone? Eh?"

"Come to think of it, I guess I'd make some sich observation."

"And would you kind of speak about the new clothespin mill? And allude to how the whistle's always tootin' for it to shut down on account of somethin' bustin'?"

"It 'ud be int'restin' news to Gilders."

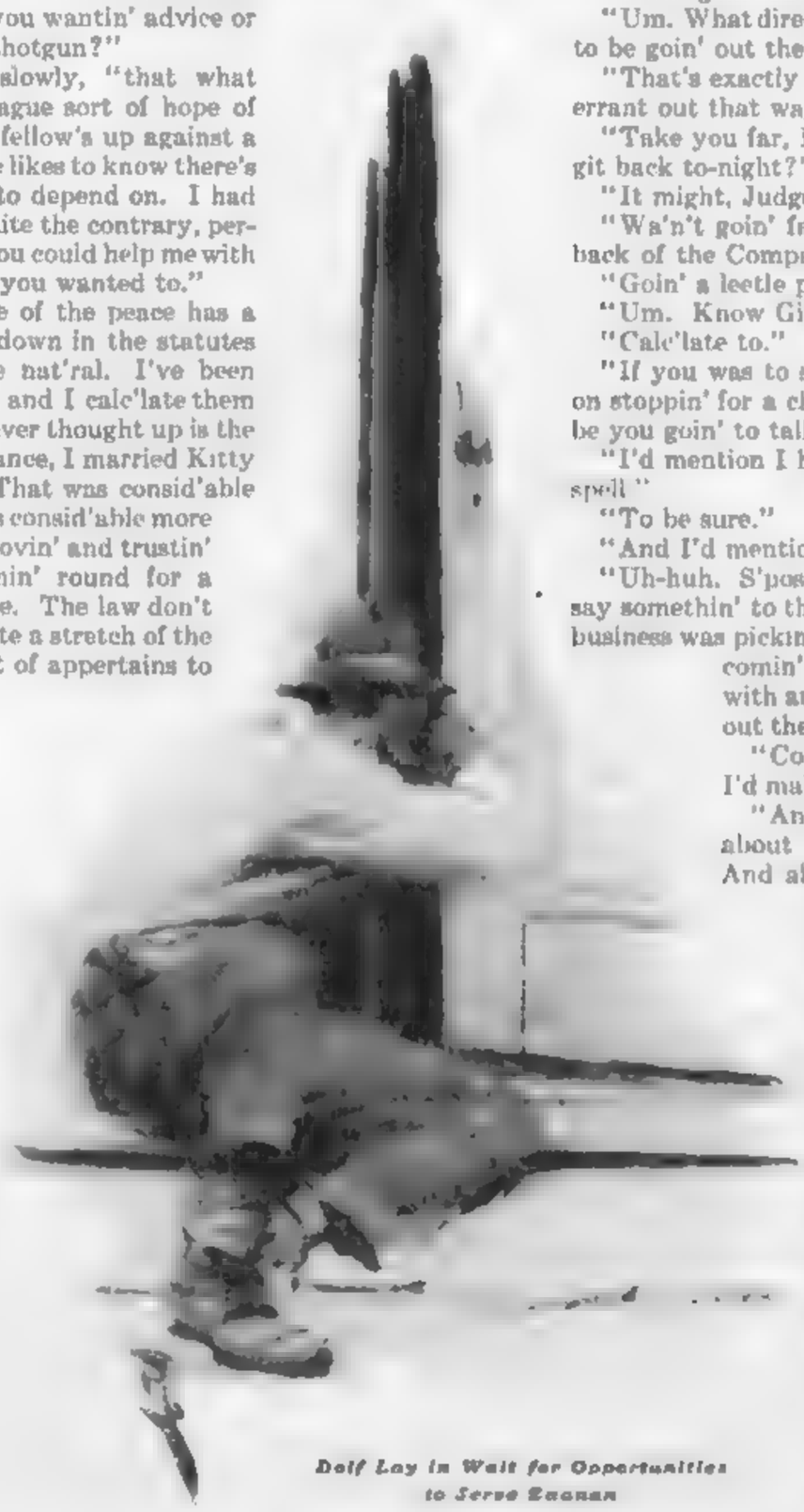
"'Twouldn't be any more'n nat'ral for you to wonder what was the cause of it? Eh? Might suggest that somebody up his way could explain it. 'Twouldn't be s'r-prisin', would it?"

"Likely to be so," said Dolf.

"G'by, Dolf," said Zaanan.

"G'by, Judge," said Dolf

In ten minutes Dolf was driving a livery rig



Dolf Lay in Wait for Opportunities to Serve Zaanan

out the River Road. A twelve-mile ride lay before him, and he did not lag. Some hours later he stopped, tied his horse to a tree by the roadside and plunged into the woods—jack pine, scrub oak, underbrush. Fifteen minutes' scrambling brought him to an insignificant clearing with a log shanty in the middle of it. He stopped cautiously and looked about. Then he called: "Steve! Hey, Steve Gilders!"

A man, perhaps forty-five years old, stood by the shanty door. A moment before the space had been empty. He did not seem to come to that spot from anywhere, but simply to be there all at once. He was what our grandmothers would have called a "fine figger" of a man. Upward of six feet two inches he was, and handsome of feature. The handsomeness was marred by a somberness, a sternness of demeanor.

The admiration he excited was chilled by the rifle he carried under his arm—and the manner in which he carried it. It explained why Dolf had taken the precaution to call before he ventured near.

"What's wanted?" inquired Gilders.

"Zaanan Frame sent me."

The man's face relaxed. "Then you're welcome. Come in."

Dolf followed him. "Zaanan sent a message, but I can't make head or tail to it," he said.

"If Zaanan Told These Farmers to Vote for His Horse for President, That Horse Would Come Close to Carrying the County Unanimously"

"Probably 'twa'n't intended you should," said Gilders.

"Anyhow," Dolf said, "Zaanan he told me to come a-drivin' out here and say to you that fellers with a ax to grind had better git their grindstone out; and that business was pickin' up and stirrin' times was ahead; and that the new clothespin mill was havin' trouble with its machinery and somebody up this here way might be able to explain what was the matter. Don't seem like much of a message to drive twelve miles to deliver."

"Huh! Goin' right back?"

"Zaanan acted like he wanted me to stay till mornin'."

"Git your hoss then. You kin sleep here."

Dolf went obediently after his animal. Steve Gilders shut his eyes and smiled. It was a peculiar thing to see. Somehow it was not reassuring, but exceedingly sinister. He had read Zaanan's message correctly. He knew what to do.

When Dolf came back Gilders was gone, nor did Dolf see his host again that night. But that worried Dolf very little. Indeed, it must be said he slept more comfortably for Gilders' absence.

At sunrise Gilders appeared out of the woods, strode lithely into the shanty, laboriously wrote a letter to Zaanan—which he sealed carefully—and delivered it to Dolf.

"I calc'late you'd better make tracks for town," he said.

Dolf did not argue the matter.

X

WHEN Jim Ashe returned to the mill after his conversation with Zaanan Frame he found the machinery idle, employees pouring out of the entrances. He walked past them and into the building in a frame of mind that would have rendered him undesirable as a dinner companion. Another breakdown!

He found Nelson and Beam standing below a couple of mechanics who were working over a pair of big gears. They only nodded curtly at his approach, for apparently their patience, like Jim's, was close to the fusing point.

"Now what?" Jim asked.

"Core gear. Stripped the wooden teeth out of it."

"How?"

Nelson shrugged his shoulders, but Beam replied. "Just got started after dinner," he said. "I was standin' not ten feet from here when I seen that solid gear lift up into the air, it looked like two foot, and come down smash onto the wooden teeth. 'Twouldn't be so bad if we had a spare set of teeth, but we hain't."

"Got to cut 'em out," supplemented Nelson.

"How long does that mean?"

"If we work all night we ought to get to runnin' by noon to-morrow—with luck."

"Who's to blame?" Jim demanded.

"Who drove the nails in the logs?" John Beam replied, a trifle sullenly. "Nelson went over those gears last night. I seen him. He says there wa'n't anythin' wrong then."

Jim set his teeth; the urge to action came over him that had earned him the name of Sudden Jim. He recognized it, expected himself to do something decisive—and was surprised that he did not. Instead he found himself reflecting coolly, choosing the better from the worse course of action.

"It can't be helped now, boys," he said. "Speed up and get her going again—and keep quiet about it."

He turned on his heel and went up to the office, where he found the noon mail on his desk. The first letter he opened was the resignation of his salesman for New York and New England, a man of exceptional ability, whose sales mounted to many carloads a year, and whose customers were his customers, not those of the Ashe Clothespin Company. Winkleman could take them with him to whatever firm he had sold his services. Jim knew well Winkleman had not abandoned the woodenware trade—he had gone over to Welliver or some other of the enemy. Here, Jim recognized, was the shrewdest blow of the war.

Jim went on opening his mail. Another letter was from Silvers, his Chicago representative. This man handled the product of Jim's mills as a part of his brokerage business. He was able; no week passed that did not see at least one carload consigned to him or to his customers.

"What's up?" the letter said. "Welliver wants me to drop you and come over to him. Says your goose is cooked and offers me an extra two and a half per cent commission. Says you started this clothespin rumpus. Had a contract ready for me to sign, and wanted me to drop you unsight and unseen. I wouldn't do it, but his offer is tempting."

There was more to the communication, but here we have the heart of it. One blow followed another. The attack had commenced in earnest and Jim was on the defensive. He had declared war, but had not struck a blow. Now he must act swiftly, intelligently, efficiently. First he wired Silvers:

Won't meet Welliver's offer. We're sound. If you can't stick by us in fight don't want you anyhow. Want men can depend on. Wire answer.

Next he called in Grierson.

"What percentage of our business is in New York and New England?" he asked.

"A quarter maybe."

"Who sells heaviest there?"

"Plum and Mannikin."

"One of them has hired away Winkleman."

Grierson made a crisp, crackling sound with his lips. It indicated dismay. Jim smiled grimly.

"We're going to increase our Eastern business," he said. "We haven't pushed it as we might, just as those Eastern factories haven't pushed for orders in the West. But we're going to. We're going after all we can get anywhere we can get it. It's three o'clock. I want you to catch the six o'clock train for Buffalo. Then New York and Boston. Go and pack. By the time you're back here I'll have your instructions ready for you."

"But, Mr. Ashe ——"

"Hustle," said Jim—it was Sudden Jim speaking now.

In an hour Grierson was back, dubious, flustered.

"Grierson," said Jim, "you know the personnel of the woodenware business better than I. Here's what I want you to do: Land the best woodenware broker in Buffalo to handle our line for the city and Western New York. Get him! Give him seven and a half commission, if necessary. Have him sign a contract like Levine's in Cleveland. Then hit for New York. There'll be soreness somewhere over this Winkleman business. It must have cut into somebody's territory. You know who to go to. We want the biggest—somebody with a sales organization. Offer them all New York and all New England outside of Boston. If they hang out for Boston give it to them too. If they don't insist on it go to Boston and repeat the dose. I want somebody who will sell our goods—and keep us hustling to fill orders. We'll put a dent in Plum and Mannikin. Now you'll want to bury your young man in directions for his guidance while you're gone. Get at it. And don't come back here unless you've got what I want."

Grierson was blinking. "Your father was a swift mover when he was r'iled," said he; "but for suddenness, and for landing a hard punch, I guess you are a little ahead of him. I'll do my best, Mr. Ashe."

Jim's next move was a wire to Philadelphia. Pennsylvania was the home ground of the Jenkins mills, and Jim was determined to hit as many heads as he could. Any woodenware man worthy of the name was familiar with the house of Sands & Stein, of the Quaker City. Jim's wire said:

If interested handling our whole line Pennsylvania exclusive territory wire.

These things accomplished, Jim entered upon the routine of his work, which occupied him until six o'clock was near. Just as he was leaving the office a telegram arrived from Silvers.

"I'm no quitter," it said tersely, and Jim knew that he had found at least one dependable man.

As Jim approached he saw a man seated on the Widow Stickney's porch. He wondered if the widow was entering on a campaign to conquer her "third," and had invited him to supper as an opening gun. Jim was not familiar enough with Diversity's citizens yet to identify an individual by his legs, and this one's face was concealed by the climbing vine. If Jim had been a native of the village he would have experienced no such difficulty, for Diversity's male inhabitants were as easy to distinguish by their pants as by their faces. We recognize a man by his face because that is the face he has always worn. The same rule held true of Diversity's trousers. Old Clem Beagle still went to church in the garments that covered him when he was married sixty years before.

When Jim climbed the porch he was convinced that the widow had nothing whatever to do with the visitor. It was Michael Moran, and Jim wondered just who in that house was responsible for his presence.

"How do you do, Mr. Ashe?" said Moran, rising and extending his hand. "I just learned you were boarding here. Glad to hear it. Makes it more interesting for Miss Ducharme, I imagine, and she needs cheering up considerable."

Jim responded to the greeting, experiencing at the same time a dubiety as to Moran's sincerity. Indeed, without any adequate reason for his belief he was of the opinion that Moran was not pleased with his presence.

"Sort of protégée of mine—Miss Ducharme. Father was walking boss for me. I always take supper with her when I'm in town, if I can manage it," Moran explained.

Jim nodded. He was remembering that it was on the morning following a visit of Michael Moran's to Diversity he had first encountered Marie, on the top of a knoll from which a view might be had of far countries. Her reckless mood, reckless words, were fresh in his mind, and he would have been glad to know if Moran had anything to do with the matter.

"Everything starting off well at the mill?"

"Very well, indeed," said Jim.

"I see you've started shipments. Hope you've been getting cars as you wanted them. If you ever have any difficulty, just let me know."

"Thank you," said Jim. His mind was only casually on what Moran was saying; it was striving to penetrate to what he was thinking. From the morning of his first sight of the man Jim had been repelled by him. That, of course, was to be laid to the fact that Moran was first seen in company with Welliver. But since then Jim had been led to suspect him as an active enemy. Stories—gossip, perhaps—that came to his ears led him to set Moran down as a shifty individual, a man who looked to the right and unexpectedly threw his brick to the left. Also he had heard from Tim Bennett and others hints regarding Moran's attitude toward women. But there was proof of nothing. Jim was fair enough to admit this. All was hint, rumor or deduction from flimsy bases.

"You know, of course, that I've taken over the control of the Diversity Hardwood Company?"

"I had heard it."

"That and my railroad will bring us in touch considerable. Before long we ought to hit on some sort of basis so we can work together for the benefit of both of us. We're in a position to help each other in a dozen ways."

"By driving nails in each other's logs," Jim thought, but he smiled and agreed that coöperation seemed advisable.

"Conditions in the county aren't what they ought to be," said Moran after puffing briefly on his cigar. "You and

I—with the influence we can exert ought to be able to do a lot to remedy matters."

"As how?" Jim asked, really curious to know what Moran was approaching.

"You and I represent practically the whole of the county's business interests. We ought to have more of a say in running things than we have. As it is now—well, we haven't much of anything to say. Zaanan Frame says it all, and he's a stiff-backed, hard-headed old scoundrel if there ever was one. Talk about your city political bosses! Zaanan could show them things they won't be finding out for another twenty years."

"Pretty strong politically, is he?"

"Just this strong, Mr. Ashe, that he appoints the officers in this county. Appoints 'em. Of course there are elections, but if Zaanan told these farmers and what-not to vote for his horse Tiffany for President of the United States, that horse would come close to carrying the county unanimously. That's how strong he is. The circuit judge is his; the sheriff is his; the prosecutor is his. What chance has money in such a nest? The worst of it is, the old man's pretty well off and you can't reach him."

"Never can tell till you try," said Jim.

"I'm in a position to tell, all right. It's no go. The only thing is to get rid of him. If he could be beaten out of his own job I guess he'd be done for. And I think I can manage it with your help."

"I'm not aching to meddle with politics any."

"You will be when he hands you a dose of his medicine. Look at us. Probably a dozen little suits in the justice court every week. Come before him. What protection have we?" Moran spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "Any Tom, Dick and Harry that wants to goes ahead and sues—and Zaanan sees to it we get the worst of it. Anywhere else we could appeal, but here the circuit court belongs to Zaanan, and it spends as much of its time playing to the gallery and coddling the poor downtrodden workingman at my expense as Zaanan does."

"Pretty tough," said Jim. He told himself that here was first-class evidence to support the Widow Stickney's praise of Zaanan Frame. It was being admitted he was honest, that influence did not subvert justice. He was a boss, perhaps, but his virtues seemed to stamp themselves on the men his power put in office. Theoretically a boss is bad, Jim thought, but this case seemed to demonstrate there might be exceptions. Suppose Zaanan were absolute monarch of Diversity, what had made him so and what kept him in his place? Apparently it was the fairness, the rugged squareness of the old man. Apparently he possessed the love and confidence of his people to the point that they were willing to delegate their powers to him in the belief that he would work better for them than they could for themselves.

"You bet," said Moran. "If we could get in a justice of the peace we could stop all these petty suits right there. Let a couple of dozen of these fellows find out they were going to get beaten, and the whole mess of them would quit. I hate to think how much money Frame costs me a year."

"Or how much he benefits the man who couldn't help himself without Zaanan's court," Jim thought. "It means much to the poor man to know that his court—the justice's court—is honest; that he can carry his wrong to it and see it righted! What's your idea?" he asked aloud.

"We'll have to get him in the caucus," said Moran. "Couldn't beat him at the election. I don't suppose there are a dozen votes cast against him in the whole county. But that's quite a while off. I just wanted to mention the matter to you and find out how you looked at it. I'm glad you agree with me."

"We can do more together than we could separately," Jim said jesuitically.

The widow appeared in the doorway and announced supper. Jim waved Moran to precede him, and walked to the table feeling more sure of his ground than he had been an hour before. His suspicions of Moran rested on a surer foundation—the man was not honest. He was the sort of business man who has brought stigma on his kind by bribery, by conniving at injustice, by seducing officers of justice. He was ruthless. The rights of others only represented something to be overridden. To Jim it seemed that the day when Michael Moran replaced Zaanan Frame as dictator of Diversity would be a black day indeed for the county.

Further, he made up his mind to win that friendship which Zaanan Frame had denied him. In his difficulty he felt a flood of gratitude to good fortune that such a man as Zaanan Frame was at hand and in power. When he took his seat at the table he was more cheerful than he had been for many a day; his face was lighter, his eyes brighter. The widow noticed his changed expression and was deeply curious to account for it. The widow was a motherly soul. Of late she had taken to coddling and worrying over Jim. Hers was a heart that could not be inactive—if man's persistent mortality discouraged her from taking another husband, she could, at least, secretly adopt a son.

XI

"YOUR school opens Monday, doesn't it, Marie?" asked Moran.

She turned her black eyes on him and allowed them to rest a moment before replying. Jim Ashe was aware of the somber glow of them.

"Yes," she said shortly.

Moran chuckled.

"You're tickled to death over it, aren't you?"

The glow of her eyes became a flame—such a flame as might eat its way through plates of steel. Jim Ashe would have drawn back from such a fire disconcerted; Moran was unable to meet it with his eyes, but he was not disconcerted. Instead, it seemed to give him satisfaction. He chuckled again

"Well," he said jovially, "you know you can leave it when you want to."

Jim was startled; looked quickly at Marie. The flame lay dead in her eyes; she seemed merely tired, very tired. Moran spoke again, this time to Ashe and the widow.

"I've offered her a place in my office back in town," he said. "I guess she don't hate Diversity as bad as she says she does, or she'd take it. But the offer holds good, Marie. Any time. Any time."

The widow ruffled her feathers.

"Marie's goin' to stay right where she is. Maybe Diversity hain't a suburb of heaven; maybe teachin' school's a long ways from strummin' a harp in Paradise; but Marie's got too much sense to go flutterin' off like a blind owl in the sunshine, not knowin' what she's like to bump her head against."

Marie turned slowly on the widow.

"When the time comes to choose I'll choose," she said, speaking, it seemed, not to the widow but to herself. The widow looked puzzled; even Moran seemed not to understand; but Jim understood. In the light of his first meeting with Marie on the knoll he comprehended the significance of her words, the rashness, the worldly wisdom of them. Hers would be no blindfold journey. If she spread her wings for flight it would be with eyes wide and seeing; it would be on a calculated course, and the cost would be itemized. He saw that she read Moran better than he had done, and in the light of her knowledge the page of Moran's soul became more legible to him. Before Moran had been an adversary—no chivalric adversary; now he felt a cold hatred for the man, a personal, throbbing hatred coupled with a stinging, physical aversion. From that moment Moran became a snake to be scotched.

"There's a lot less choosin' in this world than folks think there is," said the widow. "Folks spends a heap of time separatin' in their minds what they're goin' to do from what they hain't—gen'ally choosin' the pleasant and throwin' out the disagreeable. But when they git along toward the end of things and look back at the figgerin' they done, they mostly find that the good they chose wasn't the good they got, and the bad they chose not to have was the very thing that pestered them. Most folks meets up with about so much good and bad, about so much joy and so much trouble; but the joys hain't the ones they looked forward to and the troubles hain't the ones they feared."

Moran smiled and shook his head.

"I can't agree with you, Mrs. Stickney. We get what we plan for. Set your mind on a thing and then plan and wait and work toward it every chance you get. Don't give it up. Keep your mind on it. Don't let a chance slip to move nearer to it. What I want if I want it bad enough—that thing I get."

Suddenly Marie spoke—to Jim.

"What's your opinion, Mr. Ashe?" she said.

"I? As old Sir Roger de Coverley said: 'There's much to be said on both sides.'" Jim had no desire to be drawn into argument with Moran.

Her lip curled. "We used to have a congressman here who was called Mid-channel Charlie because his attitude toward every question was like yours now. He was never congressman but once."

"Well, then," said Jim, perceiving that for some reason she really desired his opinion, "I believe that if you don't choose and work to get the thing you have chosen, you miss one of life's finest games. I do agree with Mr Stickney that if you drift along and take what comes the chances are that good and ill will run a fairly even race. I agree with Mr. Moran that the man who visualizes his desire and sets it up before him as a lighthouse—and then rows his boat to it with all the strength of his oars—stands

(Continued on Page 65.

"What Business Have You to Discuss Me and My Affairs? I Have the Right to Order My Own Life"

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Indefeasible Title

IN A FATAL moment, and with a more or less futile intention of buttressing the legal rights of those newly created citizens who had recently been slaves, the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment wrote: "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." Upon that innocent-looking clause the courts have wrecked more legislation than upon any other clause in the Federal Constitution. In a general sort of way the tendency has been to hold that nothing could be "due process" unless it involved a lawsuit.

In two states courts have held that a Torrens certificate did not constitute indefeasible title, because if any person who laid claim to the title had not been duly notified or summoned he was entitled under the due-process clause to have his day in court—in other words, to have a lawsuit about it.

Indefeasible title is, of course, the backbone of the Torrens System; for if any claimant to title can go behind the Torrens certificate of registration you are back where you were under the abstract and title-guaranty plan. Opponents of the system hold this to be an insuperable obstacle.

But the original constitutional objection to the Torrens System in this country—that it empowered the county recorder, who is an administration officer, to pass upon the validity of a title offered for registration, which is a judicial function—was quite easily overcome by making the original registration a judicial proceeding; Massachusetts, for example, setting up a Land Court to handle the business. It is the opinion of persons who should be competent to speak on this legal phase that the due-process obstacle is by no means insuperable. Ohio and Pennsylvania have inserted clauses in their constitutions authorizing the recorder or registrar to perform such judicial functions.

It is immaterial to the landowner whether the process by which his title gets registered and transferred is technically called administrative or judicial. If people want the Torrens System the technical difficulties will be overcome.

Women Workers

FROM a nineteen-volume report on the subject by the Department of Labor one may deduce that the woman wage-earner is mostly a young, unmarried woman. In three important fields—Southern cotton, glass and Pennsylvania silk—over two-thirds of the female workers gave their age under twenty; and in all industries investigated, taken together, something like seven-eighths of the women were unmarried. Also, that she gets scanty pay. For those sixteen years of age and over, six dollars a week would appear to be rather above than below the average. Further, that a very large proportion of the women at work contribute a substantial part of their earnings to family support. The report indicates that industry for women is still predominantly a stop-gap of a rather pinching nature resorted to from necessity between grammar-school age and marriage.

Eight million females over ten years of age were gainfully employed at the last census—something less than one out of four of the total number of such females. That proportion may be considered high or low, as you choose to look at it. We have no doubt it will grow decidedly higher, and that the potential industrial labor power of women will be much more extensively developed.

Another Preparation

THE German merchant marine at the beginning of the war comprised something over four million and a half tons. The tally of a British shipping authority shows that, up to the middle of May, this year, a little over a million and a half tons—or about one-third of the total—had been captured or sunk by the Allies. But shipping circles in this country have begun to hear that, for more than a year, building of merchant ships has been going forward briskly in German yards, the amount of new tonnage turned out or building equaling quite half of that captured or sunk.

It is pointed out that Germany was a large exporter of steel before the war, and has since added to her resources in that line by capturing rich iron regions in Belgium and France. The export trade is cut off; and, in spite of the huge consumption of steel in war munitions, there is a big surplus which is said to have gone partly into new merchant ships.

As we turned out only two hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of steam vessels in 1914, the construction of seven or eight hundred thousand tons in German yards in two years, under war conditions, would obviously be a remarkable feat.

Farm-Mortgage Credit

ADVOCATES of direct or indirect Government aid to borrowers on farm mortgage usually talk as though all farmers would benefit from such aid; but that is a decidedly dubious assumption. The last census report shows that, of the four million farms embraced in the inquiry as to indebtedness, only one-third were mortgaged. In the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western states there has long been plenty of capital for investment in farm mortgages at reasonable rates. Mortgage concerns often find the demand for good farm loans exceeding the supply.

The May Bulletin of the Farm-Mortgage Bankers' Association says: "Farm-mortgage bankers are unable to supply the demands of their investors. An abundance of idle capital is awaiting investment in farm mortgages." And it proceeds to sound a warning, lest this condition tempt careless or inexperienced persons to place loans on properties that are not up to the standard. But in those states where there has long been plenty of capital for farm-mortgage investment, at reasonable rates, much more than half the farms are unmortgaged. This certainly indicates that more than half the farmers do not wish to borrow on mortgage, and so would not benefit—in any direct way at least—from Government aid to borrowers on mortgage.

About sixty per cent of all the farm mortgages reported by the census were in these Middle Western states, where mortgage borrowers need no Government aid, because they have long been able to borrow on reasonable terms. A little analysis will show that the real beneficiaries of Government aid to borrowers on farm mortgage would comprise a really small proportion of the total farming community.

Parties and Issues

A CURIOUS situation prevailed in the week preceding the National Republican Convention. It was certain that a Republican party and a Democratic party were going to bid against each other for the public's favor, but nobody could say, with any sort of definiteness, upon what grounds. There was no traditional line of division. Nobody, broadly speaking, was interested in the tariff as a party question.

The Democrats had promised a permanent nonpartisan commission, which was what nine people out of ten wanted. The Republicans could promise nothing better. People were thinking, politically, not about the tariff, or anything else that had ever been an issue between the two parties, but about Mexico, the extent to which the nation should prepare for war, and the vigor with which it should assert the rights of neutrals. Any one of half a dozen men as to whose ideas on those subjects the public had no definite knowledge might conceivably be the Republican nominee.

There would be a platform, of course; but it was fairly certain that the personal inclinations of the candidate would be much more important than the party declarations. What the chief lines of attack on the Democratic position would be might be said to depend on the flip of a coin. Which naturally suggests an extreme condition of bankruptcy in traditional party politics.

National Park Service

THE Kent Bill for a National Park Service has been favorably reported by the House Committee on Public Lands, and its passage through Congress should now be assured. It proposes to consolidate the management of the National Parks and Monuments in a single bureau, for the maintenance of which it appropriates a maximum of twenty thousand dollars a year.

The Yellowstone is now a National Park, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior; but the matchless Grand Cañon of the Colorado is merely a Monument, under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture—public enjoyment of it being obstructed by a lot of mining claims, which there is no good means of getting rid of under present conditions, as Mr. Van Loan recently explained in this weekly.

In 1914 but little over a hundred thousand persons visited all the National Parks—fewer than normally trot over to Switzerland to look at inferior scenery. Last year, thanks partly to the agitation of this subject of park management, the number of visitors about doubled. It ought to double again and again, for there is nothing in the world better worth seeing than these National Parks. They cannot possibly be managed and developed intelligently unless the management centers somewhere. The bill to accomplish that purpose should pass as a matter of course.

Our Shipping Policy

IT MAY be recalled that German shipping companies worked under an agreement which we would call an illegal combination in restraint of trade; that more than a year before the beginning of war—this agreement being about to expire—one of the biggest of the companies expressed dissatisfaction with its terms; that shipping circles the world over were excited by reports of impending wide-open competition between this big company and its greatest rival; that the German Government then intervened, virtually telling the two great companies to patch up their differences, drop their silly talk of unlimited competition, and get back into a combination.

Lately, it appears from apparently trustworthy reports that reach this country, German shipping companies have been moving toward closer coöperation than ever. A sort of general strategy board has been formed, including the chiefs of the two big companies that were talking of fighting three years ago or so. At the same time it is reported here that a great British shipping company is negotiating with several of its rivals for a big combine, and it is predicted that British shipping after the war will be consolidated to a degree never thought of before. Meantime our shipping policy, so far as we can be said to have one, rests pretty extensively on the obsolete theory of wide-open, unlimited competition. Our law still denounces that restriction of competition which nations that have built up great ocean-carrying trades find advisable. What finally wins will not be our academic theory, but the economic facts.

Cutting Out Deadwood

ONE reason for the astonishing industrial expansion of Germany in the last half of the nineteenth century was that it began, so to speak, with a clean slate, taking over from other countries the modern industrial system ready made; and thus was able to cut out much of the deadwood which every human institution accumulates in its evolution.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Germany was an agricultural and, industrially speaking, almost a medieval country. Serfdom and the legal obligation upon workmen to join guilds had but recently been abolished. Industrial workmen in Prussia were calculated at less than three per cent of the population and only twenty-eight per cent of the population lived in towns. The number of steam engines within the boundaries of the tariff union which preceded the empire was under five hundred. Total exports were estimated at a hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year. Production of coal was under six million tons. Of the small amount of iron consumed, over half was imported from England. The Prussian Post Office in the course of a year handled only a letter and a half for each inhabitant.

The advance from that state to antebellum Germany running neck and neck commercially with Great Britain and the United States comprises the most remarkable business expansion in history. In taking over the modern industrial system, Germany—and Japan was in the same case—could accept what she wanted and reject what she did not want. A nation that evolves a system on its own soil is not so advantageously situated. The deadwood accumulates as the live timber grows. To cut out the former and keep the latter is difficult. This applies to material things.

For example, a new open-hearth process of making steel may be superior to the old Bessemer process; but a great deal of capital is invested in the old process, so it will give place to the new and better process but slowly. This is even more true, perhaps, of immaterial things. Customs and laws that were useful in their day hang on after their day of real usefulness is past.

Some hopeful persons believe that this war will, to an extent, give Europe a clean slate and permit the cutting out of much deadwood which would have disappeared but slowly under normal conditions.

FEEDING THE FIGHTING MAN

By Granville Fortescue

"AN ARMY, like a serpent, goes on its belly" is as true of military conditions to-day as when the words first issued from the irascible lips of Frederick the Great. Victualing armies is the paramount problem in war. The decisions of the most subtle strategists and the maneuvers of the most adroit tacticians must always conform to the movement of the military food supply.

We have in this age of mechanical miracles, so to speak, slipped a few rollers under that part of the snake's anatomy which immediately follows his diaphragm, through the use of steamship, railroad and motor transport. But this vehicular development, though speeding up the military supply systems, has tended only to emphasize the basic fact that soldiers must eat before they can fight.

Feeding armies in the field is a double-headed difficulty. The first problem, and one needing most careful consideration, is that dealing with the quantity and kind of food to be furnished the fighting man. Having decided this vital matter, the next question is how to put his provender in the soldier's immediate vicinity.

Pass for the moment the perplexities of catering, and fix on the problem of distribution. As a parallel this proposition is similar to the one that confronts the head of a fancy conserve business in "getting the pickles from the plant to the plate." In its initial stages the difficulty is overcome just as it would be in commercial fields. A mechanically driven transport picks up a load at one point and discharges this load upon arrival at destination. Rations—a technical term meaning in plain English the articles that go to make the soldier's bill of fare—are shipped and transshipped to some convenient distributing depot in the rear of the operating army.

This first journey of the biscuit and beef tins is hazardous or secure according to circumstances. If the goods originate in the country of distribution or are readily assembled there, as is the case in France and Russia, getting them to the back of the front is a difficulty that should not tax the ingenuity of a fairly intelligent freight agent. On the other hand, when the shipments must pass a disputed area—as happens with the supplies sent to the English army, where the transports "enjoy" the prospect of being scuttled by submarines—on certain occasions the soldiers are liable to go to bed without their suppers. Our boys who make up General Pershing's brigade suffer a similar unhappy prospect.

You may have noted in the preceding paragraphs that I located the distributing depots "in the rear of the operating armies" and that I used the expression "back of the front." Kindly tuck away in your mind for future reference the implication therein contained.

No startling or revolutionizing innovation has taken place during the present war in the matter of the initial distribution of an army's food supplies. In some belligerent countries it is more efficiently carried out than in others, but this is due to personnel and system. When we ship hard-tack and bacon from Chicago and Kansas City to El Paso, to be ultimately consumed by General Pershing's brigade, we carry out in our small way the work going on in all the fighting countries of Europe. When the rations arrive at railhead, the last point to which your railroad lines run, you find a factor that has about turned the serpent of Frederick the Great's simile into a dragon. That factor is the automobile of commerce—not forgetting the many thousand commandeered motors of pleasure.

Mule-Wagons Make Way for Motor Trucks

TO-DAY the motor truck is supreme in solving the army supply problem. Railroad and steamship lines are in a sense adjuncts to the automobile trains. They feed the gas-engine transport. Following the fighting forces in their unregulated peregrinations to and from the enemy is beyond the sphere of the locomotive. For this work other types of transport are used. Of picturesque and romantic associations were the old American six-mule wagons. These vehicles might be called cousins-german to the Deadwood coach. We continue to use the green trucks with tarpaulin-covered load, pulled by half a dozen pride-of-Missouri mules. In the wake of some infantry regiment in Mexico to-day you will meet such wagons, with a tobacco-chewing genius presiding over reins and brake.

"Lean on it, Scipio! Good mule!"—this to the sleek, black wheel animal—or "Goldarnyegoodfurnothinsonofadogrobber, pull, will ye!" to the lazy off lead, and similar striking phrases, still echo behind the marching American columns—but not for long. Mule teams are being supplanted by motor trucks. Instead of the perversity of mule nature, it will be the slipping clutch or the balky carburetor that must supply the spring of future invective. But, to those of us who were brought up in the late Frederic Remington period of the United States Army, it is inconceivable that any mechanical-minded, grease-grimed motor driver will ever match the mule whacker in character interest or in the picturesque phraseology of vituperation.

Fifteen years ago, during the joint operations of the American and European armies against the Boxers in China, the mule-wagon transport of the United States Army was the subject of special laudatory reports by German, French, English and Japanese experts. American trains saved the supply situation in China. However, fifteen years may mark a cycle in transportation.

When the war wave broke that swept Europe into conflict every type of motor existing in the various belligerent countries was pressed into service behind the marching armies. I stood in the square at Furnes, in the shadow of King Albert's headquarters, one evening, watching the heterogeneous collection of automobiles piling out to the trench lines. I might have been witnessing a parade of every kind of motor hitherto used in Belgium. There were bumping beer trucks, still flaunting Liège brewery signs, delivery wagons, with gilt lettering proclaiming allegiance to some Brussels dry-goods firm, and all intermediate types, down to a two-seated Bébé Peugeot, each vehicle carrying some component of the food supply that, in the last result, means victory or defeat. Of all this collection the car that stands out clearest in memory is a limousine, bearing a baronial crest, with its plush interior hidden under squares of bread loaves.

Getting Rations to the Front of the Front

BELGIAN supply trains were nearly the limit of improvisation. More striking, and in a way symbolical, are the imposing convoys of the English Army Service Corps. The trucks are standardized. All are of the same make, color and capacity—one ton and a half. Twelve miles an hour is the required speed rate, and the trains are expected to be able to travel one hundred miles a day. Seeing a line of these mechanical Juggernauts winding in and out of the French landscape leaves no doubt that the English correctly estimate their own comestible capacity. The British are the biggest and best eaters in the world. As a corollary, it follows that the Englishmen, transposed from their farms and firesides to the trenches, are the champion trenchermen of the battling armies. So, to supply nurture in sufficient quantities to her fighting forces, England has evolved the finest motor-truck transport to be found in any of the theaters of operations.

The daily nourishment of a corps—roughly thirty-three thousand men—in the gross weighs one hundred and twenty-five tons. This is the supply unit. Pausing to make a mental calculation of the millions that must continue their masticating exercises each day, or perish more quickly than from the effects of enemy bullets, we comprehend the gigantic dimensions of wartime supply systems.

It is the habit of armies to dispose themselves about the landscape in obedience to certain well-defined military traditions. They must occupy commanding positions, fortify bridgeheads, seek suitable fields of fire, and betake themselves hither and yon over what the military writers call "the theater of operations." While moving about in this more or less regulated manner, armies must be fed. Even when they are semistationary, as is the present case along the European fronts, where the troops have trench residences, food must be forthcoming. Unfortunately only under special circumstances—as when a ridge shelters the communication road—does motor transport serve to carry the supplies to the actual fighting lines. In order to get the provender to the trenches armies continue to use horse transportation. Such a link of supply wagons is called a "combat train." It is well named.

The question of carrying rations to the back of the front is not a superserious one; but the question of getting the rations from the back of the front to the front of the front, or points immediately adjacent thereto, is both weighty and dangerous of solution. Wagons are obliged to move along well-defined lines called roads. Your enemy is inclined to take an inconsiderate advantage of this fundamental fact and sprinkle all roadways behind your position with shrapnel whenever he discerns any evidence of transport activity thereon. Said shrapnel showers give the personnel of the combat trains an uncomfortable taste of the perils of war.

Nevertheless, a high efficiency in trucking and unloading ability has developed under this incentive. The average man on duty with a supply train does not yearn for glory. He knows he is performing an important and highly hazardous operation; and, as he has no integral offensive or defensive function, he makes no bones about getting through his work as quickly as possible and departing from an insalubrious vicinity. As a rule, he is a night worker. Protective darkness shields his activities. If a star bomb reveals the positions of an oncoming combat train, however, it may expect the unpleasant attention of enemy artillery. When fighting lasts through several days, and continues throughout the nights, the commissariat problem is correspondingly complexed.

During the present European war of positions I have been with armies that put into practice a sort of gentleman's agreement not to shell supply trains except when fighting was actually in progress.

Often, when the death struggle is at its height and a condition approximating chaos exists in the immediate rear of the battling armies, the fighting man's waste of energy and strength is repaired through the medium of that unique vehicle, the field kitchen. No one who has not campaigned with troops enjoying the comforts of the field kitchen can appreciate how much it makes for gustatory satisfaction, and how it promotes that elusive and highly important fighting factor—morale.

One winter's night in Poland, after spending the day watching wave upon wave of gray-coated soldiers roll up and break against the Russian trenches and entanglements, I was making my way back to a field hospital where I was a guest when my eyes caught the twinkle of a long row of lights that wavered above the road. The lights were moving slowly but steadily toward the battle-front. Soon the grate and rattle of the iron boilers sounded clear in the frosty air, helping me to recognize a train of field kitchens bumping along the frozen road. The brazier chimneys flared and I whiffed a fragrance of potherbs and boiling meat.

I knew from personal observation that the enemy was deluging a particular turn of that road with six-inch and three-inch shells. At that very moment one could see them exploding in groups of four. On went the field kitchens, each with a driver muffled up to the eyes against the Russian cold, lumbering into the danger zone. Into the Valley of Death that train of field kitchens was most certainly riding. Cannons to left of them and cannons to right of them most assuredly thundered. All the rest of Tennyson's lyric eulogium might apply to the patient drivers.

Field Kitchens in the Valley of Death

I WATCHED in admiration as the kitchens rolled onward, speculating upon the thoughts of the men who thus went into battle. Such men were classed as noncombatants. Their function was to feed the fighters—essentially a noninspiring rôle. Theirs was none of the glory of battle; yet the character of their courage stood the severest tests. What the presence of these kitchens meant to the battle-beaten battalions cannot be measured in words. I am tempted to say that the resistance of a present-day fighting army is in direct proportion to the efficiency of its field-kitchen train.

Passing from our dissection of the supply problem, let us examine the actual field diet of the fighting man.

Naturally this varies with different armies. So far as I know, the only articles of ration common to all military forces are bread, meat and salt. And the bread varies in amount, ingredients and method of cooking. Though the difference in soldier diet is based upon obvious variations of food products and preferences, yet all the commissariat departments are confronted with identical problems. Soldiers must have food that is portable and nourishing in a high degree. At the same time it must conform, as far as possible, to the fighting man's gastronomic crotchets. Finally, it must be reasonably cheap.

What comestibles best meet all these specifications has been the subject of experiment in every country that boasts an army. All the theorists, from doctors of dietetics to pure-food cranks, have been allowed to practice their pet plans upon the soldiery. Of course these experiments were carried out before the tocsin of war sounded, at a time when the soldier was more available for scientific demonstration.

At the beginning of any test to ascertain the effects of specified foods the trooper would be weighed, stethoscoped and otherwise physiologically analyzed. Then groups of soldiers would be jointly worked and marched, but severally fed. From the reports of the experimenters a computation was usually forthcoming that proved to the satisfaction of the scientists just what proportion of nitrogenous and carbonaceous compounds was best suited to support the soldier in time of war.

The exact weight of proteins, fats and hydrocarbons necessary to sustain said soldier was determined, and the energetic value of the compound was computed in calories. After which the ration table was composed. As the exact purport of the calorie still befuddles my mind, I dare not criticize the scientists.

(Concluded on Page 29)

THE DRUGGIST AT BOCATOWN

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

Although He Stared Seaward, He Was Really Absorbed With an Inner Business

THE mail boat a thirty-foot cabinless tug having left an hour before, three porpoises had the small bay to themselves. They were not very likely to be disturbed until the mail boat put in again, north bound, on Wednesday.

The bay was shaped like a half moon. Its flat banks, rising a foot above high tide, bore a dense undergrowth and a jungle of cabbage palms, which stood so close together and were so tattered that in looking at them one might have thought of an army of giants, with torn and dusty banners, suddenly petrified in a rout. All round the shore line the bright blue water was divided from the vivid green undergrowth by a narrow ribbon of white sand—rather pretty, only the glare from the mirror surface of the bay made one wink after a moment of looking. The season had advanced only to the first week in April, but the shallow water in the bay already felt tepid.

There was not the least cloud. The lazy breeze, now and then strengthening for a minute, scarcely ruffled the bay. The picture seaward was empty and still, with a kind of prolonged intensity. Half a dozen buzzards floated high in the brilliant sky. The porpoises shouldered smoothly up, showing their arched backs, and disappeared with hardly a ripple. Nothing else stirred.

The short and shallow stream known as Ceiga River, abruptly broadening at the mouth, emptied into the bay—only "emptied" is too active a word. River and bay mingled with no clear point of distinction between the two. Salt water drifted up there with the tide; fresh water drifted down.

At a point where the water perceptibly freshened a long, dilapidated dock projected into it, with a weather-beaten shed at the water end.

Except this shed and the structure that supported it, the dock consisted, in fact, of a plank walk three feet wide, supported above the water on slim posts, several of which had rotted off at the water line.

Leaving this elevated walk at the shore end, one stepped into hot, loose sand instep deep. For a little space thereabout vegetation had been trampled out. Beyond this space ran the village street, parallel with the river—sandy also and with buildings only on the side facing the water. The largest, one story high, was of cement block. The others were of wood, one story high, and either paintless or with paint faded and freckled. There were five of them in all. Back from the street, scattered in the cabbage palms, stood eight small frame dwellings.

This was Bocatown.

It was the dull season. A meager yield of winter vegetables from the truck farms over west had been shipped. Winter tourists, whose fishing parties occasionally put in there, had migrated north. The local commercial-fishing industry persisted; but there really wouldn't be much doing until January. To-day Bocatown was unusually quiet even for that season. The mail boat had carried off nearly the whole population to the fair at Bonita.

The shop next the cement-block structure bore the sign "S. A. Indermill, Drugs & Notions"—originally white on a blue field, but now so faded and sand-pecked that one must look twice to read it. Beneath this sign a pine board bore the legend "U. S. Post Office"—evidently the work of an unpracticed hand, as the rough lettering showed. The shop was twenty feet by thirty. A warped wooden awning, supported at the outer corners by two-by-four timbers, projected over the sidewalk in front of the store.

The proprietor sat under the awning in a stout wooden chair, which was tilted back against the shop wall. His feet, in rusty low shoes, were hooked up on the rung of the chair, and his hands were clasped round his upthrust knees. He wore shapeless trousers, a limp shirt, and an alpaca jacket with a good many stains on it and one pocket half torn out.

He was fifty that week, and looked rather older, for his short hair was nearly white and his face quite wrinkled. He had not taken tan handsomely. It had turned his face the color of sole leather. He wore a short, stubbly, iron-gray mustache. His lightish-blue eyes had a dim look in them, as, possibly, from much staring into the sun; and the eyebrows were so scant that they only faintly marked the base of his high forehead. His figure was dumpy, but he seemed once to have been heavier and to have shrunk in that lean climate—hence, one thought, the wrinkles about the lower part of his face.

Although he stared seaward, he was really absorbed with an inner business. Indeed, all the seven years of his residence in Bocatown, while he might have been taken for a figure of idleness, he had been inwardly very busy—formerly with a deep and racking activity in which his mind tossed as these palms did when a gulf gale swept them. Thus he did not notice a boat coming in until it had been in sight for some time. After watching it steadily a quarter of an hour he went inside and returned with a pair of field glasses. Through them he studied the boat. Then he went inside again and for some minutes stood staring at the floor.

He sighed deeply; absently worried his stubbly mustache; again stepped outside and looked at the boat through the glasses. He appeared very unhappy, as though bad news had mysteriously reached him. Once more returning to the shop he moved slowly, his dumpy shoulders humped forward—a picture of regret. Sighing, he took out a sheet of note paper, upon which he wrote:

The Tarpon King is putting in here. Seems to be disabled. S. A. INDERMILL, P. M.

He put that in an envelope, which he superscribed "Postmaster, Bonita," and went down to the dock with it in his hand. Some fifteen minutes later there was further sign of life in the bay—namely, a little sailboat lazily beating out to sea. Just beyond the mouth of the river it passed the Tarpon King limping in, evidently disabled, for its engine spat furiously, then died away in faint coughs, and stopped altogether until another fit took it.

It was considerably bigger than the mail boat, with a cabin, and broad in the stern, so it looked like the front half of a ship that had been cut in two in the middle. Watching it from his upturned chair, the druggist saw a man and a woman sitting in the stern under a canvas awning. It made the dock, and the shed hid it from his view. The little sailboat was still creeping out, snail-like, bearing young Eph Green and the note to the postmaster at Bonita. Young Eph was only thirteen, yet his absence was a factor; for, so far as the druggist knew, there was only one able-bodied man in town besides himself. Lon Swift—of Swift Brothers, proprietors of the general store in the cement-block structure—was lame and slight.

A quarter of an hour after the boat made the dock three persons emerged from the dilapidated shed, coming shoreward. They were a white man, a white woman and a big darky—a quadroon or octoroon, the druggist judged him to be as the party came nearer; a tall and powerful man in greasy overalls, his shirt open at the neck, its sleeves rolled above his elbows. Under his arm he carried a large bundle wrapped in greasy cloth.

They stopped at the shore end of the elevated walk, surveying what Bocatown had to offer in the way of business enterprises. The white man pointed to the sign above Swift Brothers' general store, and they made toward it, tramping by the druggist with no more notice than a vaguely curious glance from the woman's eyes—a fair woman, dressed all in white, with little white shoes and white silk stockings—as Indermill could see easily enough; for although her skirt was not long she held it up in crossing the loose sand, through which she stepped gingerly, frowning slightly as though reproaching Bocatown for offering her silk-clad feet so inappropriate a welcome.

Fifteen or twenty minutes went by after the three entered Swift Brothers' establishment. Then the druggist sauntered in there. The white man, the quadroon, Lon Swift and "Wash"—general handy man about the store—were debating. Something about the engine had gone wrong. Several pieces of metal which the quadroon had unfolded from his greasy bundle were spread out on the tinner's bench at the rear of the store. The quadroon thought it would be impossible to make Bonita, fifteen miles down the coast; but with appropriate tools he could repair the trouble himself. They rummaged the place to see what it contained in the way of tools. Finally he set to work, "Wash" helping him. So much the druggist made out, lounging at the front of the store. He gathered that the repairs would take several hours.

He Seemed Once to Have Been Heavier and to Have Shrunk in That Lean Climate

The white man was of only medium height, but stocky, with great square shoulders and a deep chest. There was a cleft in the middle of his solid chin. His eyes were deep blue, with thick, dark thatches. His dark hair, thick and stubborn, jutted out over his brow sculpturesquely—a handsome man of forty with decisive movements and brusque speech. His face was evenly bronzed except for a slightly paler patch on his upper lip, as though a heavy mustache had recently been shaved off. His linen trousers and coat hung loosely upon him, and this seemed to be lest his energy might burst through them if they held tightly to his body. Since coming into the store he had thrust his hat on the back of his head.

The woman had blue eyes and yellow hair. Her fair

skin was delicately tanned. Smiling she showed even white teeth. Even in Bocatown's general store she subtly introduced a tropic atmosphere, as though she still drew from far distances the desiring eyes of myriad men and their stifled sighs floated after her. A golden woman—or once golden; for to the druggist, covertly studying her, it seemed the pearly bloom had begun to fade a bit. In certain lights a hollowness hinted at its coming in her cheeks. As she loitered about the store, peering at its wares in a kind of bored curiosity, her eyes and the druggist's met twice or thrice.

He fancied that in their depths he saw something he knew—as though she, too, might be innerly very busy. He felt tremendously sorry for her.

Noon came and Indermill went to his dinner at Mrs. Brunt's. Through the afternoon he waited, mostly in his uptilted chair in front of the awning. Three times he drifted into Swift Brothers' to get an idea how the repairs were progressing. He went to supper and returned to his chair. The sun set and twilight thickened. Stepping in front of Swift Brothers' and looking through the window he could see the quadroon and "Wash" still at work by the light of a big kerosene lamp with a tin reflector behind it; but what he saw made him surmise the work must be about finished.

He looked unhappy, depressed as by bad news; but he set the chair inside his dark shop, locked the door and drew a long envelope from his hip pocket. With that in his pudgy hand he went slowly down to the dock, like a man moving reluctantly to disagreeable business.

Passing through the ruinous shed, he saw that the man and woman were sitting in the stern of the boat. A small table, of the sort that can be folded, stood between them. There was a white cloth on it, some dishes, apples and nuts and coffee cups. The man had lighted a long cigar. Apparently they were admiring the evening. Save the one light in Swift Brothers' store, nothing would have shown of Bocatown even if the shed had not been in the way. The scene seemed remote from humanity.

In the jungle across the river a wildcat screeched obscene defiances. A monstrous moon—inflamed, swollen, fitting to light some Plutonic orgy—stood half above the tree tops over there. Fish leaped high in the bay—shapes of gleaming white fire, shedding phosphorescent water in showers of diamonds. Where they came down little silver ripples spread. A porpoise shouldered up, all pure and glistening silver. Even up there by the dock gentle tidal undulations of water broke in silvery gleams. The prodigious moon above a low, dark shore; the screeching cat; the leaping fish in a phosphorescent sea; even the breeze—now long and soft and coming from incalculable distance—suggested a primordial world. The man and woman were absorbed in watching it over their dessert and coffee.

The boat was close to the dock. A third chair stood in the stern. Indermill stepped over the rail and sat himself down in the chair, long envelope in hand. With the other hand he removed his faded straw hat and smoothed down his white hair, as though sprucing himself for this well-dressed company. By that time the two figures at the table were staring at him in outraged astonishment.

"I am the postmaster here," he explained mildly. "You are under arrest."

They did not even frown. Sheer, incredulous amazement held them.

He tapped the long envelope deprecatingly and continued his apology:

"I have a letter here that came to me in this morning's mail. It's a sort of circular letter from the United States marshal at Tampa, addressed to all the postmasters along the coast. It says secret-service men have discovered that J. Wesley Hampton, wanted for a five-hundred-thousand-dollar get-rich-quick swindle, purchased a boat named Tarpon King at Tampa and put to sea, presumably intending to escape to the West Indies or South America. It gives a description of the boat and the man. Postmasters are instructed to send warning if they see the Tarpon King, and to detain Mr. Hampton if he comes within reach. You can read it if you like."

Bending forward a little apologetically, he laid the long envelope on the table at the man's right hand, then smoothed down his white hair. His manner suggested the friendly but somewhat embarrassed stranger who wishes to break the ice and get on a sociable footing.

The woman leaned back a little in her chair, as though relaxing tense muscles. The man moved only to take the long cigar from his lips very deliberately and puff out a mouthful of smoke. He was contemplating the postmaster steadily.

The postmaster smiled slightly, as though he would accuse them a bit.

"That was Friday," he said; "this is Monday and you're only this far." Apparently he was mildly reproaching them for not having got far beyond Bocatown.

The suggestion conveyed so simple a friendliness that the man replied:

"We stopped a day to fish; then the engine went wrong."

Indermill laughed with a kind of rueful sympathy, saying:

"I'd hardly have stopped to fish if I had been trying to get away from Uncle Sam."

The reproof was benevolent.

The ice, so to speak, rather formed again. Deliberately smoking, the man contemplated his captor; the woman's fair face looked white in the pale dusk under the canvas awning. Indermill fingered his stubby mustache and smoothed down his hair.

"I think I would have known you anyway," he observed amiably. "I used to see you once in a while some years ago. I lived in Newark then"

It was quite likely that whoever lived in Newark some years ago had seen J. Wesley Hampton, for he had been conspicuous enough there as a young Napoleon of finance—before the scandalous failure of the trust company.

"Newark, eh?" said Mr. Hampton, and it gave him an odd sensation—the notion that this shabby postmaster of Bocatown should have witnessed him in his effulgence; that among the numberless obscure beings who gaped and gossiped about him there should somewhere have been just this pudgy figure which now sat in the stern of his boat. There was a sort of fateful suggestion in that.

The fair woman's eyes shone at Indermill through the half light. She felt a queer little shiver. She was wondering whether he could identify her by that name which she had once borne and then made stale in the mouths of newsboys; whether he knew all about her divorce and remarriage.

"Yes, Newark," said the druggist sociably. "Possibly you remember the drug store with the white-and-green tile front. I remember your stopping in there a couple of times to buy cigars."

Mr. Hampton did not say whether he recalled it. He smoked a moment, contemplating the druggist and ruminating; but it seemed fitting to say something to so obviously friendly a person.

"What brought you down here?" he inquired therefore.

The druggist glanced down at the deck and answered mildly:

"It was drink. I was a fearful drunkard. I struggled with it for years and always failed." He said it in the same simple friendliness, only with downcast eyes and in a slightly lower voice. "I had a very good business there, a wife and three children. A hundred times I said that would be the last time. I even resolved to kill myself if I failed again. But it was always the same—drink again. I would have had drink though I died for it the next minute and my family went in rags." He smiled up at them a little. "No doubt you've heard dipsomania described often enough.

"My children were growing up, you see. In time they had to share it with their mother—always dreading; calling up the store if I didn't get home just on the hour; hearing I'd disappeared; then searching for me. Sometimes my

"We Decided We'd Save Up All Our Remorse for Old Age. We've Got No Time to Spend in Jail"

wife would find me locked in a room in a cheap hotel with whisky bottles; sometimes in a hospital. Latterly it always ended in a hospital. Of course I knew it was killing me. Sometimes they'd see me brought home—not a man, not even a hog—something indescribable.

"You see I'd be perfectly sober for weeks and weeks, not drinking a drop. That made it all the worse for them—keeping them hoping and breaking their hearts over and over. It kept them attached to me in a way—seeing me about, clean and sober and industrious, like a man; then suddenly turning into a hog. It would be impossible for a man to be more cruel than I was to them.

"More and more my wife stayed at the store, trying to keep watch of me. They tried to be very kind—even my brother-in-law. There was once a great affection between him and me. He used to stand over me and curse me; ask me why I didn't jump in the sea or go away where they'd never see me again. Yet, after all, maybe Jim was the kindest of them."

He paused a moment, his slightly dim eyes looking through and beyond them to the phosphorescent sea.

"Well, there came a real last time. You see my wife, from long staying at the store, could run the business as well as I could. My oldest daughter was eighteen. Jim—my son Jim—was fifteen. Nell was ten."

His eyes came back to their faces then and he smiled a little.

"She was somehow the hardest of all—Nell. Someway I clung hardest to her. Maybe it was because drink had got my very soul when she was born and I knew it. I used to think she was a sign to me of the boundless mercy of God—a sweet babe given to me in my monstrous vice."

He gave them a small, deprecatory laugh with the statement.

"This last time I took five hundred dollars and went away, leaving a letter for my wife. I told her I'd never come back unless I could come a man. I landed here finally and set up a little drug store. That was seven years ago."

The woman had bent forward slightly, her lips apart. The man was staring and had forgotten to smoke.

"The booze—you still drink?" he asked.

"Not for two years," the druggist replied. "You see I had a notion that by coming down here I could run away from it. I kept no liquor in the store. There wasn't any nearer than Bonita—fifteen miles. That seemed a safeguard. But a man can't run away from himself. That's the great thing. A man finally gets his own. He's bound to. You see the vice, the craving for liquor, was still in my mind, and I got it. Pretty soon everybody knew all about it and I became down here just what I had been up there—the drunkard. I'd go to Bonita, Tampa, anywhere, but I'd get liquor because the craving for it was still in me. A man must get his own.

"It went for five years. Then two years ago this winter a young woman with a little girl came down here—a young widow, a niece of Mrs Brunt's, where I board. She came down from Jacksonville for a visit. She was a Christian Scientist. Through her I was cured.

"It was so simple, so easy, so complete when it was finally done, that I can't help marveling over the years of torment that went before. Now—occasionally I see liquor, smell it, even taste it; but it's no more temptation to me than so much castor oil would be. I'd no more drink it than I would drink a kettle of soft soap. The desire has utterly gone—so easy and simple and complete that it's just as though somebody had reached out a hand and turned on an electric-light switch. I marvel at the years I suffered. But, you see, I wasn't ready for it then. The vice was still in me. A man gets his own. Now I'm free."

The woman spoke for the first time:

"But why do you stay on here then?"

The druggist folded his pudgy hands in his lap and contemplated them a moment.

"Of course, when I came away I expected to go back again if ever I was cured. After I was cured I said to myself, 'At the end of a month I will write'; then, 'At the end of two months.' It seemed to me I should wait until some time had elapsed; until I could say, 'For so many weeks or months I haven't had the desire to drink.' So I put it off and put it off until—well, until it seemed I should n't write at all.

"You see I know I'm absolutely cured; but I couldn't expect them to know it. For a long time the old dread would be over them again. When I look back at it now I see plainly how, for many years, I was just a burden and a shame to them—the humiliation they suffered, you know; the constant dread; the whole neighborhood knowing the head of the house was a drunkard; even on my wife's part some worries about business, for my vice did that no good. I don't see how I could have been anything but an object of fear and secret disgust. I think the love they had for me must have died. I don't see how it could be otherwise when I kept on hurting them so fearfully.

"My wife is a capable woman. Her brother Jim is a capable man. He'd give her whatever help she might need. I know they have got on well. Now that I've taken the burden off their backs I know they've made their lives good. What right have I to go back? It's their own. They made it. Of course by this time the neighbors have fairly forgotten me. For them I'm dead and buried. To go back would rake up all the old stuff again—bring in the old image of dread and shame. I know I've no right to do it. You see it was I myself that put myself here. I've made my life exactly what it is. I ought to accept it. A man can't get away from his own!"

"But isn't it dreadfully—lonesome?" the woman suggested uncertainly.

"Yes, lonesome," he replied simply. "In a way I live with them too. I try to imagine what they're doing as I sit in my shop—my wife going down to the store, coming home, the children coming from school. Only they're getting beyond school age now. Jane is twenty-five. Even little Nell is seventeen. That seems very strange to me. Only yesterday, as you might say, she was learning to toddle; and now she's seventeen—a big girl—quite a young lady. That seems very strange to me." His voice, sinking, trailed off into silence; his eyes stared out at the track the rising moon was beginning to make across the bay. They waited, but he said no more.

That evidently was all the story. Hampton relighted his cigar. Then the druggist addressed them again deprecatingly:

"I was very willing to tell you this. I'd rather you understood. I was very sorry when I saw you putting in here. I even hesitated a while over what I should do about it—or whether I should do anything. I don't believe in arresting people. That seems a poor, foolish business to me, because no man can really get away. Whatever he does makes his life. His own must come to him. Nobody ever sentenced me, you see, yet for seven years I've lived here—where it's very lonesome, as you say. All that stuff of courts and prisons seems clumsy, useless business to me."

The woman had folded her hands on the table. Jewels glistened on her fingers. An effect of the shadowy moonlight under the awning made her face look marble-white, her great eyes shining in it.

"You think a man will get his own anyway," she murmured.

"Oh, yes; he must," the druggist replied cheerfully. "So if I were the Government"—he laughed mildly over the notion—"I'd just say, 'Go where you please; the life you make goes with you.' But I'm not the Government. Being postmaster here, I must consider myself its servant and follow instructions. So I took this as a thing to be done regardless of my opinion. But I'm very sorry I had to do it."

Mr. Hampton picked up his cigar, contemplating the shabby figure with an odd astonishment.

"Well," he said at length deliberately, "you've done your duty like a little man. I hope you'll be as polite and reasonable about the rest of it. This is a pretty good boat. I've got forty thousand dollars in gold certificates and provisions for a month. I've got a brassy engineer and a couple of other colored brothers who are tolerably handy men. As soon as Pierre gets that engine fixed I'm going. Maybe you saw him come aboard ten minutes ago and can hear him tinkering down below."

Indermill had not seen the quadroon come aboard, his back being turned, but for some minutes he had heard sounds in the engine pit. He laughed with mild indulgence.

"I'm afraid it's no use, Mr Hampton," he replied. "I sent a message to Bonita by a sailboat as you were coming in. Even in this wind it should have reached there some time ago. Of course they'll be watching for you."

"Let 'em watch," said Hampton, brushing the ashes from his cigar. "If they get me they'll know they've had a run for their money. You see your renunciation and penitence business don't suit me. Men are very different about that. My principal remorse right now is that I didn't get more while I was about it. This lady and I decided some time ago that we'd save up all our remorsing for old age—when we're rheumatic and dyspeptic and nervous and have nothing else in particular to do. We have another engagement now. We've got a lot of rich food to eat, and deleterious wine to drink, and frolics to frolic in the next ten years. We've got no time to spend in jail. Having a good time is my own, you see; I've got to go and get it."

Again the druggist laughed indulgently.

"Well, I wish you might if you want it." He turned with a little smile to the woman, whose gold seemed in the moonlight to have gone pale. "The lady, too, if she wishes it. But I'm afraid you can't get away."

"The question is," said Mr. Hampton, "can you? I have a friendly feeling for you, but I noticed some firearms in that store. I suppose the six or seven male inhabitants of your city, with the moral support of the United States Government behind 'em, might turn out and take a shot at the boat. I don't want that. I've just been thinking I could have Pierre tie that skiff on behind. Then after we're fifteen or twenty miles out you can paddle back in it." He put his hand up to his lip, as though a mustache were there, and added, lowering his voice a bit: "But I must ask you for the present to keep strictly quiet. Otherwise—it will be unpleasant."

The woman unclasped her hands and moved one of them a little way along the table—as though she might have been prompted to lay it restrainingly upon the man's arm. There was silence for a minute, then Indermill, nodding seaward, inquired:

"Have you noticed the light?"

The man and woman turned in their chairs to look. A whiter, more powerful glow cut across the pale moonlight, sweeping into the bay. It struck the vegetation along the northern shore, bringing out the details of cabbage palms, undergrowth and white sand ribbon with theatrical vividness. For a full minute the three watched it.

"I think it must be the revenue cutter from Tampa," the druggist commented under his breath regretfully. "It must have been lying at Bonita when my message got there. I don't know any other boat along the coast that it could be."

The woman stretched out her hand and laid it on the man's arm, but not by way of restraint now. The other hand, on which diamonds glittered, she put up to her lips.

They watched, and the line of light crept little by little southward toward them, down the bay shore. It seemed the boat was heading in.

"Yes," said the druggist presently, and sighed, "there's her smoke." A long, dark smudge was visible against the opalescent sky out beyond the tops of the palms on the horn of land. Meanwhile the tinkering went on down below. Indermill was aware of the woman's slim, white hand clutching the man's brawny arm. Suddenly she turned to the druggist with an appeal—a kind of stifled cry in a tremulous voice:

"Are you sure it's a Government boat?" It questioned and at the same time accused him.

"I'm sorry," he said humbly; "but I'm quite sure it is."

That pitiless edge of daylight, revealing all in its path, moved slowly down the shore toward them. A minute passed—two or three. The druggist gently cleared his throat.

"I think," he said softly, "the light will strike us in a couple of minutes. Once it hits us they can see every move here. . . . H'm . . . possibly the lady would like to come ashore. She could take the mail boat Wednesday."

"Yes!" said Mr. Hampton, and sprang up. "No use your getting mixed up in it here, Billie," he added brusquely to the woman.

Even in that poor light the druggist could see her face draw and her lips tremble as she looked up at her husband.

"You'll only have a minute," he observed apologetically. "I'll step into the shed here. Mr. Hampton, it wouldn't be advisable to try to remove much of anything from the boat."

"No," said the fugitive; and the druggist, turning his back upon them, stepped over the rail and went into the ruinous shed. He thought they were prolonging their minute perilously. Then the woman, in a long, dark raincoat, sped by him, her arms laden. He returned to the boat. Hampton was standing in the stern, watching the light, now a rod away.

"What did she take, Mr. Hampton?" the druggist asked mildly.

Looking him in the eye, Hampton replied:

"I gave her seven thousand dollars that I had in a belt round my waist. It's all she's got besides the clothes she carried. There's over thirty thousand dollars on the boat. They'll be satisfied with that—and me. You can see for yourself when they search us."

"I think they should be satisfied," said the druggist; and as he said it the light struck them in the face, blinding them. The cutter, with a glaring eye, was headed into the bay.

Three-quarters of an hour later the druggist went ashore again. The moon still shone, but after the electric blaze of the last forty-five minutes the little street, with its background of palms, seemed very dark. It was only after peering round a moment that he made out a blur clinging to the side of his drug store halfway back. He stepped toward it. Muffled in her raincoat, the fair woman leaned against the wall of the small shop, gazing seaward, a white hand up to her lips, as though to keep them from trembling. He heard a low sob. Standing silently beside her he, too, looked seaward.

The revenue cutter was steaming out. Before it went the Tarpon King. They could see three men in the stern. One of them, a burly figure in a linen coat and Panama hat, was seated, smoking. The other two seemed to be questioning him. He turned his head for a long backward look at Bocatown. Then the boat veered to follow the curving line of buoys, and the revenue cutter shut off their sight of him. The woman bent her head to her hands, her shoulders shaking. The druggist took off his faded straw hat and bowed his head.

"I thought when I came down here," he said mournfully, "that I'd never again in my life make a woman cry."

"Oh, not you!" she moaned. "It's not you! You are good!"

She left on the mail boat Wednesday. Again Bocatown was a hot little world apart—unknown of the big bustling world.

But not quite that. Tampa and Jacksonville papers had mentioned it as the scene of the dramatic capture of J. Wesley Hampton, notorious get-rich-quick swindler. One Jacksonville paper even gave first credit for the capture to Postmaster S. A. Indermill, of Bocatown.

Innocent of his momentary celebrity, the postmaster sat under the awning of his drug store in a stout, tilted chair, his feet hooked up on its rung, his pudgy hands clasped round his elevated knees. Friday's mail boat was coming in and he was watching it mechanically—for his mind was really busy with a deep, inner business. Little Nell—miraculously become a tall young lady—would be starting home from the high school about then, he thought. He was picturing how she would be dressed.

He got up presently with deliberation; moved deliberately down to the dock to receive the emaciated bag of mail. He stepped out of the ruinous shed as the boat was making fast, and an instant later stopped, petrified.

Just across the gunwale of the tug stood a man and a woman looking him in the face. The man was tall and ruddy, with a big iron-gray mustache. Before the druggist's paralyzed eyes this man's face suddenly contorted and tears ran down his cheeks. In a kind of sob and groan and oath all run together he blurted, "Sam! You blamed old rascal!" and leaped up on the dock. With a sort of blubbering and blustering he reached his hand down to the woman.

She was rather under medium height, with a full, matronly figure. She was gray and wore gold-bowed spectacles. No one could say more than that she looked sweet and plain and elderly. But to Indermill she looked wife, children, home, resurrection—all that his heart hungered for in this world or another. The ruddy man jerked her up to the dock and, so to speak, flung her at the druggist.

"Sam! Sam!" she cried, weeping and clinging to him. "We've looked for you so! We've searched for you so! We were at Daytona this winter; then, going home, we saw your name in the paper! I knew we would some day! I knew it!"

It was not very coherent, but it sufficed. Some way or other a man must get his own.

"The Spirit of 1916"

Better living. Better health. Always an appetizing menu at the least expense—

That is the spirit of today. That is the new independence which *Campbell's Soups* have brought into American homes.

These wholesome, nourishing, always-ready soups do away with no end of needless drudgery.

They help to turn house-keeping into "home-keeping."

They simplify the whole problem of good living at moderate cost.

You can enjoy a different Campbell's soup every day in the week if you want to. And then you have only started on the inviting list of Campbell "kinds."

Treat yourself often to *Campbell's* famous *Tomato Soup*—recognized by the most critical as unsurpassed for tempting quality and flavor.

Enjoy *Campbell's Vegetable Soup* with its fifteen different and delicious vegetables blended with a rich stock made from selected beef.

Try *Campbell's Ox Tail Soup* with its meaty, marrowy sliced joints and savory tomato purée. And do not forget *Campbell's Clam Chowder* made from tender juicy clams and as invigorating as an ocean breeze.

You can always select a Campbell "kind" which exactly fits into your menu, a soup which just suits the weather and the occasion and which the whole family will enjoy.

A good soup every day is among the most important promoters of good digestion and sturdy health. All physicians agree on this.

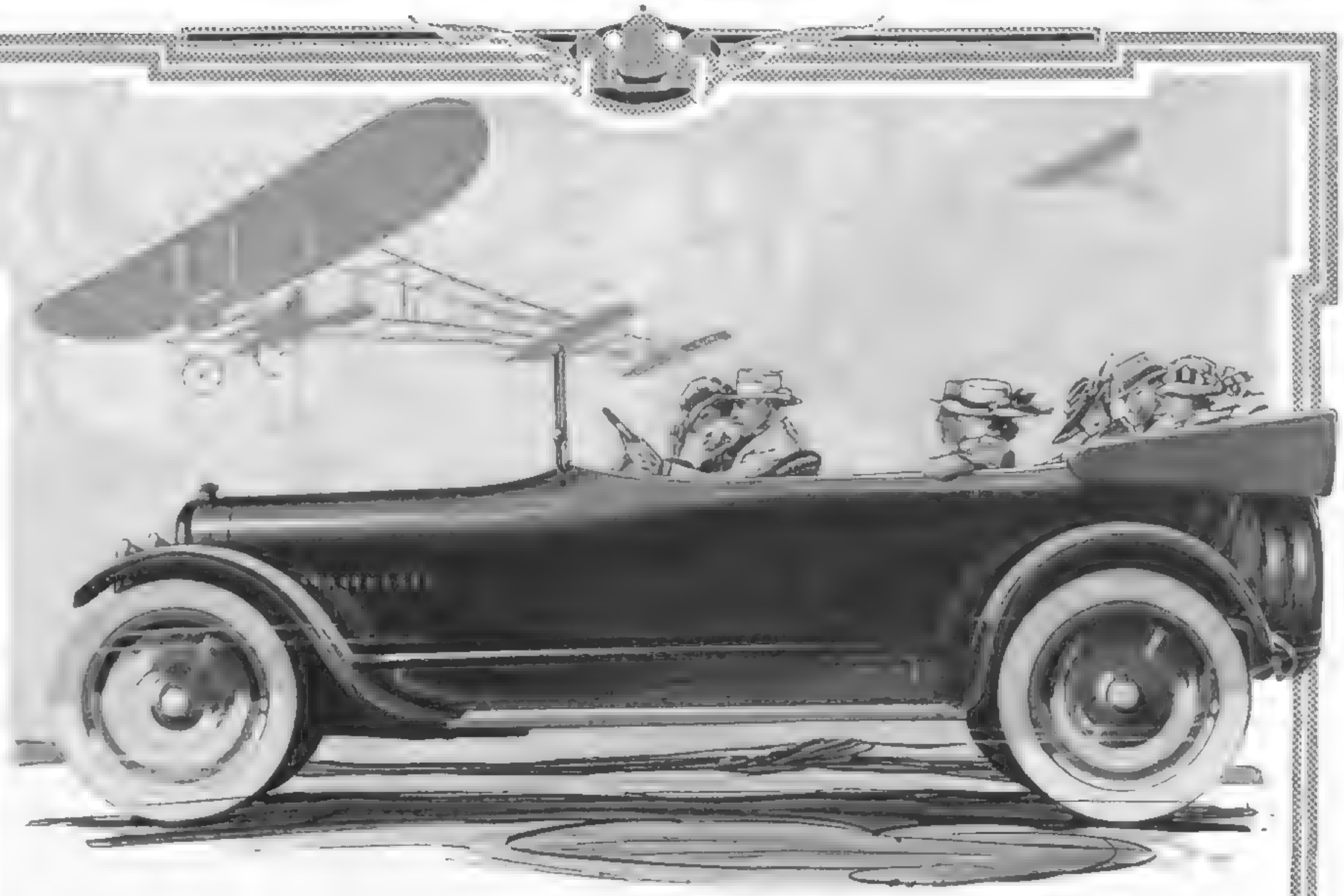
In summer time good soup helps to equalize the circulation and fortify the system against depressing heat.

These delightful *Campbell's Soups* are already cooked and perfectly flavored. They require only three minutes' time, very little fuel, and no trouble whatever to prepare them for your table. Why ever be without them?

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



And *now* comes—the ROADAPLANE!

The Apperson Roadaplane is the newest self-propelled sensation.

It is to road travel what the Aëroplane is to the sky and the Hydroplane to water.

It smooths out all roads, banishes for all time all mechanical troubles, and shatters to a hundred fragments all former motor car limitations.

To ride in this marvel gives you the buoyancy of air support, and when at the wheel you unconsciously feel the satisfaction of being the master of seventy, mile-a-minute wings.

You get all the aëroplane thrills and sense of limitless freedom on ***safe Mother Earth.***

Man, during all his time on earth, has never experienced the riding sensations equal to the Roadaplane.

Here is an absolutely frictionless car—the Roadaplane fairly floats along the road—it is so free from all friction.

Here is a piece of mechanism so perfectly attuned that you are unconscious of any mechanical effort whatever. It is in this important respect that the Roadaplane rivals air craft.

Here is a motor that challenges the most acute ear—it is so silent, so noiseless, so free from the slightest vibration—truly the work of mastermen.

Here is a car so exact in weight, so carefully balanced, that it is not a matter of mere pounds but ***ounces.*** The Roadaplane is so exacting in proportions that it is necessary to reduce its weight to pounds and ounces to fit it to the new standard required.

Here is a car so ***miserly*** in the use of gasoline that mileage records surpass all previous performances.

Here is a car so light on its feet that tire-life is prolonged to a time heretofore thought impossible.

Truly, the Apperson Roadaplane creates a new style of horseless travel.

And, it is not only because of a new mechanical standard that the Roadaplane now is separated from all types of automobiles.

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Downy cushions give each passenger a feeling of complete relaxation and nerve repose. Fatigue is unknown here. The long ***hammock-like*** springs gently absorb all road shocks. Patented cushion springs make riding enjoyable for hours and hours.

The Roadaplane represents the last word in body construction and is most complete in its accessory equipment and in the adoption of every comfort and labor-saving device imaginable.

The Apperson Roadaplane opens a new chapter in the history of motor travel. Find out what we have done by writing for "The Roadaplane Book," which gives complete details of these epoch-making cars.

The Roadaplane is made in six and eight-cylinder models. The seven-passenger touring and the famous four-passenger Chummy roadster bodies are mounted on either chassis. The eight-cylinder model (either touring car or Chummy roadster) is $2000. The six-cylinder model (touring car or Chummy roadster) is $1750. All prices f. o. b. Kokomo, Ind.

We have a most unusual proposition to offer responsible dealers in unoccupied territory. Better wire today for Roadaplane particulars.

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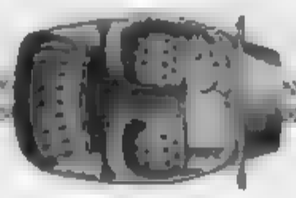
KOKOMO, INDIANA



Time and the Elements Cannot Destroy or Mar

this matchless monumental stone—Barre Granite. It is too sturdy—too free from flaws or imperfections of any kind—to suffer in appearance or condition from the ravages of time. Barre Granite may be seen in many forms—in the most majestic mausoleums and monuments or the most modest markers—in practically every American cemetery. (The monument shown here was erected in Newton Cemetery, Newton, Mass., to the late B. F. Keith, proprietor of the Keith Theatre Circuit.)

Whether it be the light or dark Barre Granite—whether it be highly polished or finished in rough form—you will see, as you stand before a Barre Granite monument, a memorial that is *worthy* in every way.

To avoid substitution specify that every part of your memorial be of

BARRE GRANITE

See your own monument dealer—whether you contemplate erecting a large monument or an inexpensive one. It is ideal for columns and other ornamental building purposes, and is sold by the best dealers everywhere. Write for illustrated booklet, "Memorial Masterpieces," showing monuments of prominent people throughout the United States.

BARRE QUARRIERS AND MANUFACTURERS ASS'N
DEPT. 4, BARRE, VERMONT
"The Granite Center of the World"

FEEDING THE FIGHTING MAN

(Concluded from Page 23)

However, it seems possible that any woman who has had to keep a husband and three or four working sons in health and humor has probably made conclusive and valuable tests bearing on food questions. If she happened to be the sort of woman who has not substituted the synonym "domestic science" for housekeeping, she could have told the scientists that unless they considered the whims of the menfolk all their elaborate experimentation was as nought. Said homely truth has been emphasized by war.

Like the American workingman, the American soldier is better fed than his European contemporary. His bill of fare names a greater variety of viands and breadstuffs than is included in the menus of any foreign force; and his peculiar whims are indulged as if he were the family pet.

The President, as the commander in chief of the United States Army, by an act of Congress is authorized to prescribe the kinds and quantities of the component articles of the army ration, and to direct the issue of substitutive equivalent articles in the place of any such components whenever, in his opinion, economy and a due regard to the health and comfort of the troops may so require.

Captains as Caterers

I call your attention to the clause divided by the three words, "in his opinion." Is it not odd to find such a human touch in the middle of a dry-as-dust army order? Fine scorn for the scientists who would feed the boys on a chemically correct regimen is expressed in that clause. If in his opinion—opinion, mind you—"the health and comfort of the troops" in Mexico should require a bang-up Fourth of July banquet when they come back to God's country, President Wilson could so "prescribe" it. Should it please the fancy of the Chief Executive, and a due regard to the health and comfort of the troops so require, our army could be subsisted upon anything included in Delmonico's *carte de jour*, from caviar to canvasback duck. I should like to know the chief of subsistence who composed that order. Gastronomically he is a gentleman of large vision.

Rations in the United States Army fall under five heads: Garrison—served, as the name indicates, in permanent quarters; Travel—for troops traveling otherwise than by marching and separated from cooking facilities; Reserve—the haversack ration; Field—supplied to forces in the field; and the Emergency ration. The staples and the daily allowance to each man of the garrison are: Fresh beef, twenty ounces; flour, eighteen ounces; beans, two ounces and four-tenths; potatoes, twenty ounces; prunes, one ounce and twenty-eight hundredths; coffee, roasted and ground, one ounce and twelve-hundredths; sugar, three ounces and two-tenths; salt, sixty-four hundredths of an ounce.

As a necessary part of this ration, the army man is given: Baking powder, one ounce and eight-hundredths; milk, evaporated and unsweetened, one ounce and five-tenths; vinegar, sixteen-hundredths of a gill; pepper, four-hundredths of an ounce; cinnamon, fourteen-thousandths of an ounce; sirup, thirty-hundredths of a gill; flavoring extract—lemon—fourteen-thousandths of an ounce.

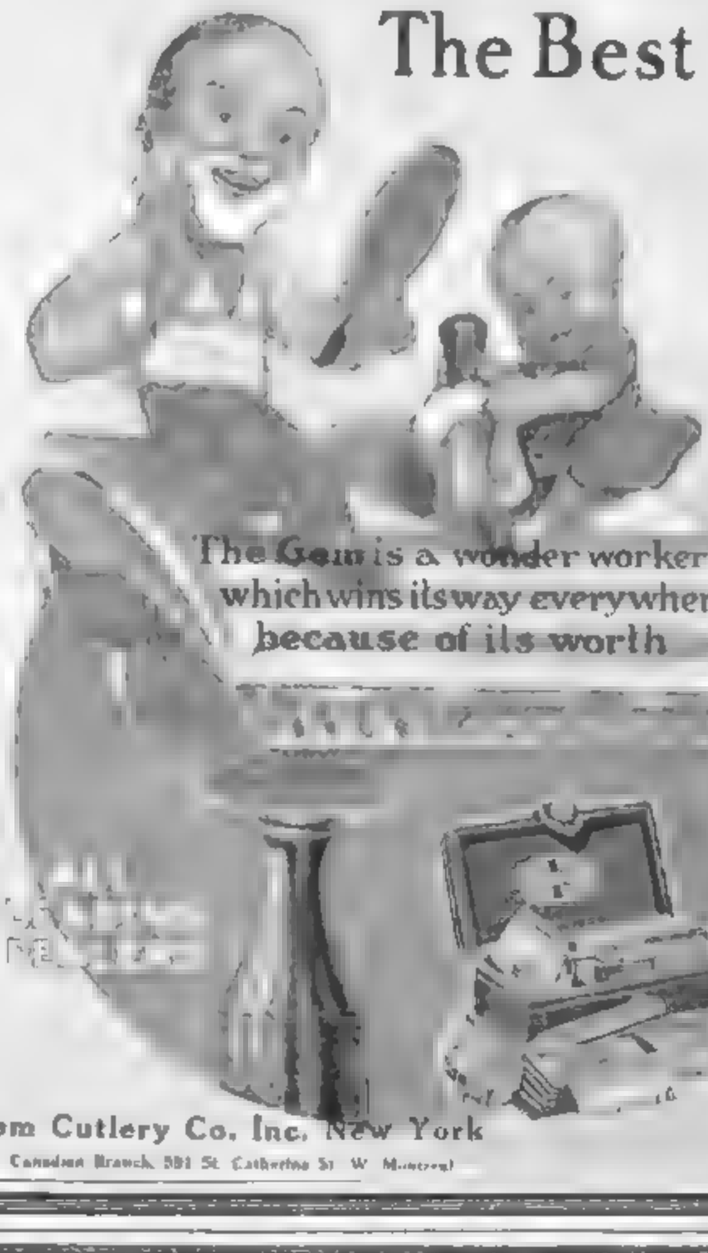
Such is the foundation of the soldier's bill of fare. It is scientifically proportioned to give the necessary nutritive fuel to stoke up one man while performing a day's work. In order that our soldier-boy's palate may not become jaded, substitutes are allowed when available.

From this list of comestibles and condiments it is simple enough to cater to the creature comforts. The list is further increased by a peculiar system of savings, whereby the company commanders may take the cash value of undrawn rations and do some of the soldiers' marketing in local markets. This feature allows captains the chance to exercise their housekeeping talents and adds many dainties to the soldiers' larder. Take it all in all, in time of peace the army fares far better than the denizen of the average boarding house.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Fortescue. The second will appear in an early number.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The Best Safety



The Gem Damaskeene Razor outfit includes razor complete with 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, shaving and stropping handles, all in handsome leather case

The Gem is a wonder worker which wins its way everywhere because of its worth

$1.00

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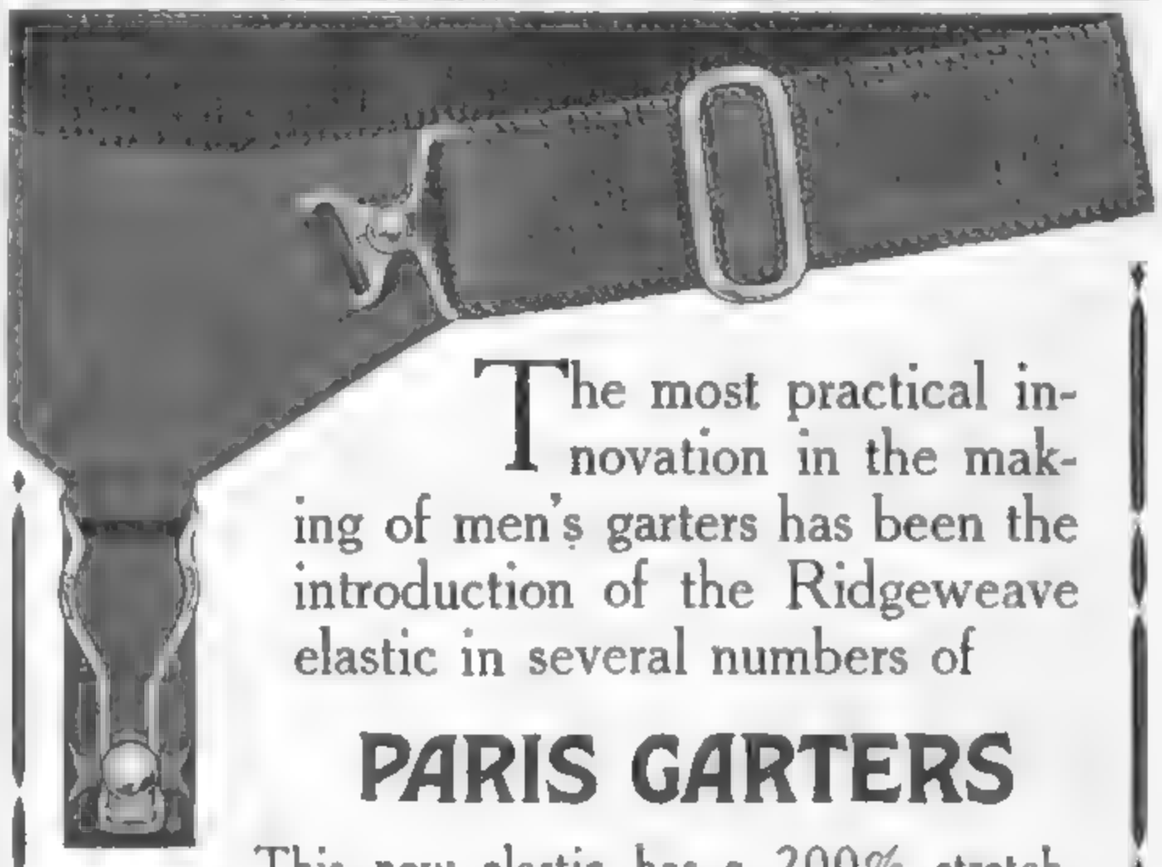

The most practical innovation in the making of men's garters has been the introduction of the Ridgeweave elastic in several numbers of

PARIS GARTERS

This new elastic has a 200%-stretch. Although it stretches around the largest leg comfortably, it also fits the thinnest leg securely.

25 and 50 cents

Like all other PARIS GARTERS the name is on the shield for your identification

A. Stein & Co.
Makers
Children's Hickory Garters
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PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

BATHE IN SUMMER BREEZES

Keep mind and body alert—avoid stuffy woolens—Palm Beach is ideal for these hot days. Its patented structure is porous and featherlight—yet shape retaining

A well made suit of Palm Beach has all the elegance of worsted and none of its discomforts—Palm Beach comes in many shades and patterns—but be careful to look for the trade-marked label—there is only one cloth that bears the name Palm Beach—the peculiar weave and finish cannot be copied

Avoid substitutes—good dealers everywhere can show you the Genuine.

Ask your dealer or write us direct for our beautiful little Palm Beach folder

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
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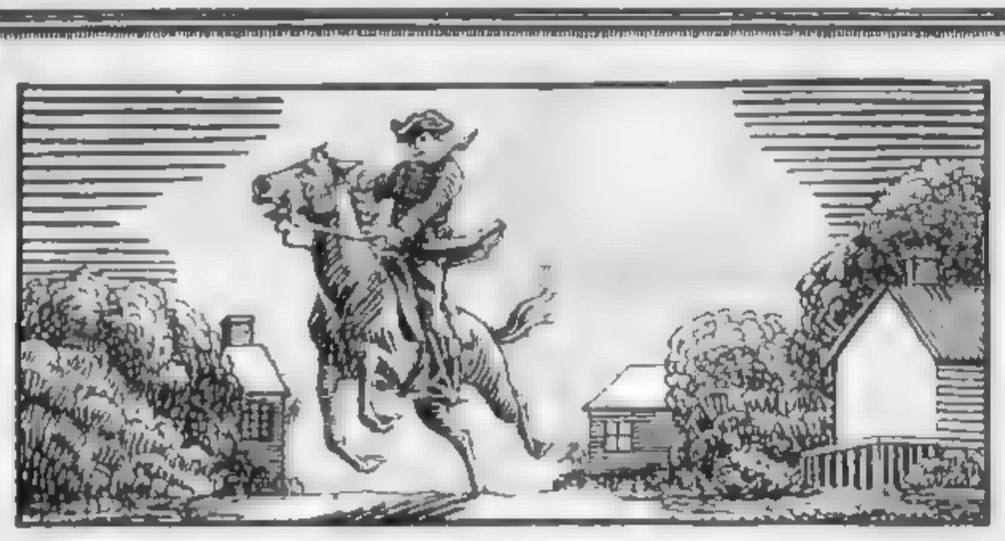

"A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark."

REVERE

Many a time during the Summer evenings you will want to use your car—to enjoy your moonlight rides to the utmost—to feel that you are in no danger of skidding.

Revere 'R' Tread Tires are remarkably efficient anti-skids and cost but little more than the average plain tread casing. That is why we want to urge that your next tire be a Revere 'R' Tread.

REVERE RUBBER COMPANY
1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THIS IS THE LIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

This group represented some of Mrs. Cuttle's most intimate friends. Multiply this by the dozen other groups included at the big affairs and you get the essence of the society with whom my duties were concerned.

The next morning at eight my breakfast was brought to me in my white-and-gold sitting room by the trig little parlor maid. Almost immediately afterward the butler I had engaged the day before entered with Mrs. Cuttle's morning mail. Compared with New York and Newport, where invitations and letters and regrets and appeals used to come down in cataracts of forty and fifty, this mail at The Torrents was very light. This morning, for instance, there were only five or six letters and some bills, and these I took immediately to Mrs. Cuttle's bedroom.

Before I went, however, the butler handed me the menus for the day's luncheon and dinner which had been submitted by the chef.

"Please have Mrs. Cuttle O. K. it," said Parrins.

I was grateful for the suggestion. Had he not given it I should probably still be holding those menus in my hand.

It was Mrs. Cuttle's habit to eat breakfast at half past seven. No matter how late she had been up the night before, her maid always brought coffee and rolls to her room at that hour. Consequently she had long since finished when I entered the beautiful bedroom she occupied.

It had woodwork of dove gray; the furniture was of the same tone; the canopy over the bed, the curtains and the upholstery were of the softest rose, through which just whispered a note of silver. From this ambush of roses and dew now looked forth the morning face of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle. Her bold eyes still showed traces of the sooty make-up, and she wore a pink kimono that was slightly soiled.

"Good morning," said she curtly.

At the same moment a Mexican spaniel, the size of a penwiper, which was lying at the foot of her bed, gave a dry, sandy little bark.

"Shut up, Popocatepetl!" cried Mrs. Cuttle angrily; and then, as the tiny cur shrank back, she cried: "I hate that dog—it's so cringing. It has the soul of a slave."

I said nothing, but my hand shook a little as I gave her the chef's menus and the morning's mail. I felt a certain bond between Popocatepetl and myself.

"All right," said she gruffly, handing over the menus. Then, like an angry November gale tearing about through dry leaves, she rustled through those notes and bills.

"Accept," commanded she, tossing me an invitation to attend a luncheon at a neighboring country place.

With trembling fingers I marked down her instructions in pencil at the top of the invitation.

"Regret," said she, tossing over the next, an invitation to a house party in Delaware.

"Any reason?" asked I.

"No," she snapped; "I'm not going to tell them why I don't do things."

The House Party Wakes Up

After we had thus finished with the letters Mrs. Cuttle told me to get a blank book out of the stationery cupboard in my sitting room.

"You are to keep a record of my engagements," said she; "and I keep one too. That way we don't get mixed up."

As I went out she handed me a check book.

"I suppose Miss Venaturra told you all about this. As I O. K. a bill you write the check. I just sign 'em, you see."

I took the check book and edged toward the door.

"There's ten thousand deposited in bank to my account," she called after me.

After I returned to my sitting room I summoned the new butler, the new chef, the new parlor maid and the chambermaid. When these, the four chief servants of the household, appeared before me, I sat back judicially.

"You all know your duties," said I, addressing them collectively; "and I'm not going to interfere so long as things are going the way I think they ought to go. I'm sure we shall get along all right."

"Yes, madam," said the butler, the parlor maid, the chef and the chambermaid, clinging to each syllable as though it had mucilage attached.

I don't think they suspected that I had studied this part carefully with Mrs. Dearborn.

After this I went to work answering the notes which had come that morning. For these communications I used, not the gold-crested stationery of Newport and New York, but simple note paper inscribed with merely the name and address of the country place. Next I started to write checks for such monthly bills as Mrs. Cuttle had O. K'd. And such bills! Before that morning was over I had used up three thousand dollars of the ten thousand which awaited disposal.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning the house party commenced to unfold reluctant petals. A few of the more restless spirits descended from the hands of their respective valets and maids. Traps were ordered for those who wished to drive, and by noon the whole hive had swarmed from the house into the acres upon acres of beautiful country that comprised this country estate.

Advice From Tommy Ogle

It was about twelve o'clock and I had just finished writing those tremendous checks when Tommy Ogle entered my sitting room. He was dressed in knickers and Norfolk jacket, which is the inevitable morning attire of gentlemen at a country house party; and his manner was benign.

"Hello, Lady from the South!" he greeted me in his high falsetto voice. "How are you getting along?"

There was something about Tommy Ogle that was like cold cream. You could be all chapped and frostbitten from the wintry winds of society intercourse, and the moment you saw him it was all right. It was this easy kindliness of his that, apart from the gift for fun making, made him the delight of dowagers and of shy schoolgirls.

"Covered with goose flesh," replied I to his question.

"Sh!" said he. "Don't let her know it. She hates people who are afraid of her."

"What shall I do?" I asked.

"Just sit tight," said he, swinging himself up on my desk and smiling down on me. "You'll soon learn the ropes. And you can pick up an awful lot from the servants, you know. A well-trained butler can correct the habits of the most impossible master. Of course you'll probably have heaps of trouble with the lists just at first—but you'll get to know who's who. Don't worry. And don't think of minding Miss Sadie"—calling Mrs. Cuttle by the name used by many of her intimates. "She doesn't mean half the things she says. Just you let her bark. Every time she barks she wags, you know. And she'll probably wag a new dress every time after she's had a tantrum. But remember what I say—keep your eye on the butler."

That afternoon the house party dispersed and I was left alone in the great house with Mr. and Mrs. Cuttle. During those next few days I became somewhat used to my duties. At the same time Mrs. Cuttle became altogether used to me. Gradually the "Good morning" sloughed from her greeting and she would blow in my eyes every day like a dust storm. She threw letters into my lap with a gruff monosyllable of directions; she complained about the bills; and she would send word by me to the cook that if he couldn't think up something new for the menus he had better take to cobbling.

"Tell him that if he hasn't got anything in his head except that sauce hollandaise and that mousse parfait, he can get it out of Gaston's book," she would say. "What does he think I paid twenty-five dollars for a recipe book for if he won't use it? Now just go for him!"

This message I was wont to convey to the kitchen with the same tremors that overtook me when I received it.

"Gaston—bah!" would reply the sultan of the kitchen, standing there with his arms akimbo and his white cap pulled down over one stormy eyebrow. "What is it zat he knows zat I do not, madam? I make ze better sauces, ze better *pâtés*, ze better everysing. Gaston! Bah! Poof!"

In this way the social secretary must stand as a dike between the affronted mistress and the affronted household. As a

(Continued on Page 33)

LIBERTY

THE LIBERTY CAR

An American Achievement

The Liberty is a response to a universal demand for a high-grade small car at a reasonable price, combining the distinction, comfort and ability which usually mark much more costly productions.

THE Liberty has been built as a step in advance, and with an exact knowledge of every other car, by men who have been for years associated with the manufacture of large and expensive automobiles here and abroad. It is brought into the small car field by its size and price only, thus meeting the approval not only of owners of costly cars, but of the buyer combining economy with discrimination.

The Owner's Interest

This car has been built with the owner always in mind, as is convincingly evident in every detail of comfort and performance.

Many of the well thought out details are exclusive in the Liberty construction. There is that additional room in the driver's seat which you have always wanted; more comfort in the rear seat; the steering post in exactly the right position; a clutch so light in operation that your finger can move it; powerful but light operating brakes; a windshield that protects from wind and rain; curtains that fit; wide doors; a spare tire solidly put on. You sit *in* the Liberty, not *on* it, and you ride in perfect comfort.

A very beautiful car, the Liberty is graceful and dignified in design, modeled along chaste Colonial lines.

The engineering genius of Liberty designers, aided by the resources of automobile makers of recognized standing, has produced in the Liberty a car of remarkable ability and rare smoothness of motion. It is powerful, easy riding, sturdy, and characterized in its performance by that sense of dependability usually associated only with the largest cars.

The Liberty Company

Of vital importance to owners is the soundness of the Company behind the car. This Company is composed of men with many years' automobile experience, who have invested in it to build up an enduring and permanent business.

We should be glad to hear from dealers who take pride in the car they represent, and who wish to connect themselves with a product which is destined to be closely identified with the best American life.

Deliveries are being made now. A complete description will be mailed on request.

Liberty Specifications Are a Guarantee of Reliability and Strength:

Wheel Base, 115 inches; six cylinder motor, $3\frac{1}{8}$x$4\frac{1}{2}$; electric starting, lighting and ignition system; single dry plate clutch—exceptionally light in action; gasoline tank of special design with reserve tank incorporated; vacuum feed; powerful brakes, extremely light operating, emergency brake on transmission; frame section, five inches; tires, 32 x 4; full 47-inch rear seat; front seat, 42 inches; colors, Royal Blue with Azure Blue panels; complete equipment.

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111 Lycaste Ave., Detroit.

Distributors also in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

$1095

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for the hot weather

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is the national antidote for that hot weather thirst. It makes thirst a pleasure.

Because Clicquot Club is popular don't get the impression that it is "pop." It is sold in every one of the 48 states, which is proof enough that it is a beverage of character and excellence.

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The water from which it is made is slightly laxative, the ginger is the best Jamaica, the flavor comes from pure juices of lemons and limes. Exceptional care and cleanliness attend its manufacture.

Buy it by the case. Drink it foaming, sparkling and cold. Sold by the best grocers and druggists. Other Clicquot Club beverages are: Birch Beer, Lemon Sour, Sarsaparilla, Orange Phosphate and Root Beer.

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GINGER ALE

Clicquot Club was Winner of Medal of Honor, Panama-Pacific Exposition

(Continued from Page 30)

matter of fact, Mrs. Cuttle never had any communication with any of the nineteen servants except the butler. Many of them she did not know even by name. Parrins and I interpreted the royal word.

Good old Parrins! I took Tommy Ogle's hint and clung to the whistling mane of this English dignitary with a fervor that could be disturbed by no roadside scenery. There, for instance, was the claret cup upon which Mrs. Dearborn had laid so much stress. One day I found Parrins in the butler's pantry standing before a lake of red wine which threatened to overflow its banks of punch bowl.

"Hello, Parrins! What are you up to?" asked I casually.

"Just finishing the claret cup," explained he.

"Oh, let me taste it!" cried I, hovering over him.

He filled me a glass and handed it to me with great solemnity.

"This is simply fine!" said I; and I don't think that Parrins ever realized that this specimen of claret cup was the dividing line between empiricism and mere speculation.

"It is Lord Wearyton's own recipe," responded he, planting a grave little smile between the beds of whisker.

"Madam" was, by the way, the form of address that was used by all the servants in speaking to either Mrs. Cuttle or me. And how Mrs. Cuttle abhorred it!

"Madam!" she would repeat scornfully after the obsequious footman. "Madam!" And she fairly rinsed her mouth of the objectionable syllables. I really think, too, that she would have been much more pleased if one of those handsome red-granite servitors had rushed boldly up to her and cried: "Here, Cuttle! Here's your wrap."

By the end of the first week I had used up eight thousand of the ten thousand dollars which Mrs. Cuttle had told me awaited my disposal. With hands trembling I told her of this enormous inundation upon her resources.

"Well," retorted she angrily, "what of it? Haven't you paid nearly all of the month's bills?"

"Ye-es," murmured I.

"Well, then?" cried she impatiently.

"But," stammered I, "I thought it would have to do for some months. It would last us several years in the South."

"Mrs. Pemberton, you are a fool!" said she. "I am satisfied if my bills don't go over that in a month." And she angrily affixed her signature to the seven-hundred-dollar check which was the recompense to the butcher for the month of September.

As she did this she looked up at me suddenly.

"Your hand is too big for a check," complained she. "Can't you file it down a little?"

Nobody Loves a Week-End Party

I may say right here that penmanship is one of the essentials for a social secretary. In order to find favor her hand must pay equal tribute to legibility and to the mode. To any other society woman Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's act of engaging me without ever having seen my penmanship would have seemed as wildly impulsive as buying a house without looking at the interior.

After I had slipped into my little groove, life at The Torrents passed very quietly. October and November waved their torch of crimson over our heads and the only social conflagration they started was the weekly house party. To this dire event were shaped my chief activities all the time that Mrs. Cuttle remained at her country place.

From some time in September, when the wealthy leave their villas at Newport and Bar Harbor, until some time after the Horse Show, when they come up to town, fashionable society is about evenly divided between those who are bored by entertaining at house parties and those who are bored by being entertained. From the Saturday afternoon when the guests arrive until the Monday morning when they depart you seldom see a happy face. Everybody sits round and glares at everybody else, as much as to say: "Here's the house—where's the party?" Yet the whole Social Register lies dumbly under the grim enchantment.

About the middle of the week Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle used to feel the nudge of Social Destiny.

"Call up So-and-so," she would say to me, "and see whether they can come down over the week-end."

As a rule, we had the same set I have already described. Now and then, however, we made some alterations. Mr. and Mrs. George Silver or Mr. and Mrs. Hambledon Chucks would be substituted for Mr. and Mrs. Armington Squibbs. Miss Veronica Grey would be supplanted by some of the crispest and most tender of the season's débutantes. That nonshrinkable bachelor, Jules Cambartin, would be let out in favor of some rich young man whose proximity the mother of the crisp and tender débutante felt to be particularly desirable. And there were times when we succeeded in ensnaring a wandering baron wild.

With the married people I did not have much trouble. Their spirits had long since been broken by the yoke of the house party, and they walked in meekly enough. When, however, it came to eligible men, or even single men, I felt the thorns of my position. There were so many places to go and there were so few of them that their position was impregnable. If at any time, in fact, somebody starts a bureau where the hostess may rent presentable young men for the week-end, I am sure the society women will provide the uniforms.

Angling for Desirable Guests

"Get Monteith Robbins," would command Mrs. Cuttle on Wednesday; and thereupon I would start angling for this bright fish.

"Oh, Mr. Robbins," I would plead over the phone, "can't you come down to us this Saturday?"

I would hear a shy, wild note through the receiver:

"Awfully sorry, you know; but I really can't. I'm going to the Milcent Gambles this week."

When I had reported this conversation to Mrs. Cuttle her face would steam in sudden rage.

"Going to the Milcent Gambles, is he? I guess we know what for. Everybody knows that Monteith Robbins couldn't support himself without his week-end gambling. Well, we're not opening up offices for poor young men yet a while."

And to her credit be it said that the great social leader never encouraged the gambling for which some of her associates' parties were so notorious. If there were any stakes at all they were small, and the impecunious young man—or woman—found at her home little chance for supplementing a meager income.

After Monteith had eluded me, I would next try Quentin Van Feder Nest, the wealthy young man for whom all the mammas were then angling.

"Call up Quentin," commanded Mrs. Cuttle savagely. "Miriam Grey is crazy to get him for Veronica, and she asked me to have him. Funny how these people think I ought to run a matrimonial agency! Well, I've worked hard over Veronica Grey. I've had her on house parties until I'm sick of seeing her. And what good does it do? She wouldn't accept anything except a knight in armor."

Her tone in speaking of Veronica always declared: "Heavens! What a fool that girl is to make such a fuss about a little thing like marriage!" Whereupon she would take the occasion to tell her intimates how her own matrimonial decision had been reached.

"I was a poor girl, living up in the country," she would say; "and I got tired of dusting and making beds. I had two rich beaus, and one day I just said to myself: 'I'm going to get married.' So I sent a note to both of my young men and made up my mind to take the one that got there first." And she would throw back her head and laugh uproariously at this solution of a problem that has entangled the footsteps of so many maidens.

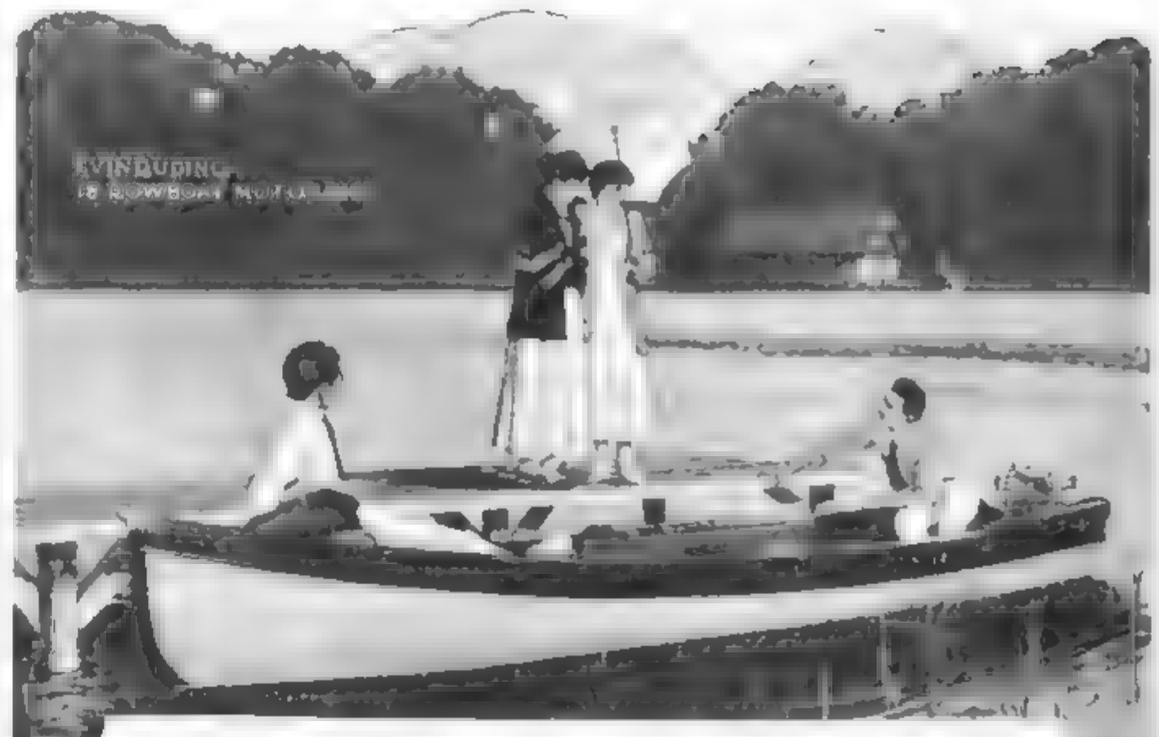
Mr. Quentin Van Feder Nest was one of those young gentlemen who never say anything except "Yah!" and "Jolly little party, don't you know!" When I got him over the phone he was wont to give something that sounded like a cross between a gargle and a bleat.

"Who's going to be there—yah?" he would ask cautiously.

"Oh, Veronica Grey, and Mr. and Mrs. George Silver, and ——"

"Well—yah—I'm awfully sorry—yah—but the governor has a kind of hunting party on this week. Awfully sorry—yah!"

(Continued on Page 36)



"Not Rowing—Evinruding"

JUST say "Evinruding" and your friends will jump at the chance to go along. There's no work for anybody—fun for all—more real enjoyment than you ever dreamed of—Evinruding. To thousands of campers and summer resorters the

EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS

is an indispensable part of their equipment. For those trips across-lake after groceries—for those weekly dances at the hotel—for meeting your friends on their week end visits—there are dozens of places where the Evinrude just fits into summer-resort life. You can "explore" all the bays, inlets and creeks around the lake—Evinrude 'way over to those holes where the "big fellows" lurk—troll all the way if you like. No need to ask "What shall we do today?" if you have an Evinrude

Write today for the 1916 catalog, telling all about the new Evinrude Four-cycle Twin and the new improvements in the Single Cylinder Models.

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The 300-H. P., self-propelled, McKeen gasoline rail cars are used for most difficult service in Australia, Mexico and the United States. The high efficiency of these great gasoline cars is another testimonial for the

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUG

With the Green Hexagonal Jacket

Ninety per cent of all engine troubles is due to faulty ignition. Seventy-five per cent of them can be remedied at once and forever by the use of Splitdorf Plugs.

These plugs are practically indestructible, positively gas and oil tight. They are as near 100 per cent proof as a plug can be. Dozens of times they have run 25,000 to 30,000 miles without ever having been cleaned.

Make sure that your next set of plugs are Splitdorfs. Your dealer can supply you. Write for Splitdorf Directory which tells you the right plug to use in your motor.

Splitdorf Plugs sell at one dollar everywhere. If you can't get them from your dealer, send to us for them.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.

Newark, New Jersey

Yes, during Hotpoint Week you actually *do* save money. You save $5.50.

This is why—

—We originated this plan of having an annual, Nation-wide sale to introduce a new appliance.

—To make it worth your while, both distributers and manufacturer sacrifice profits on the week's business.

—And for six years now, you have certified your approval of our plan so emphatically that the demand for the Hotpoint Week appliance is always several times normal.

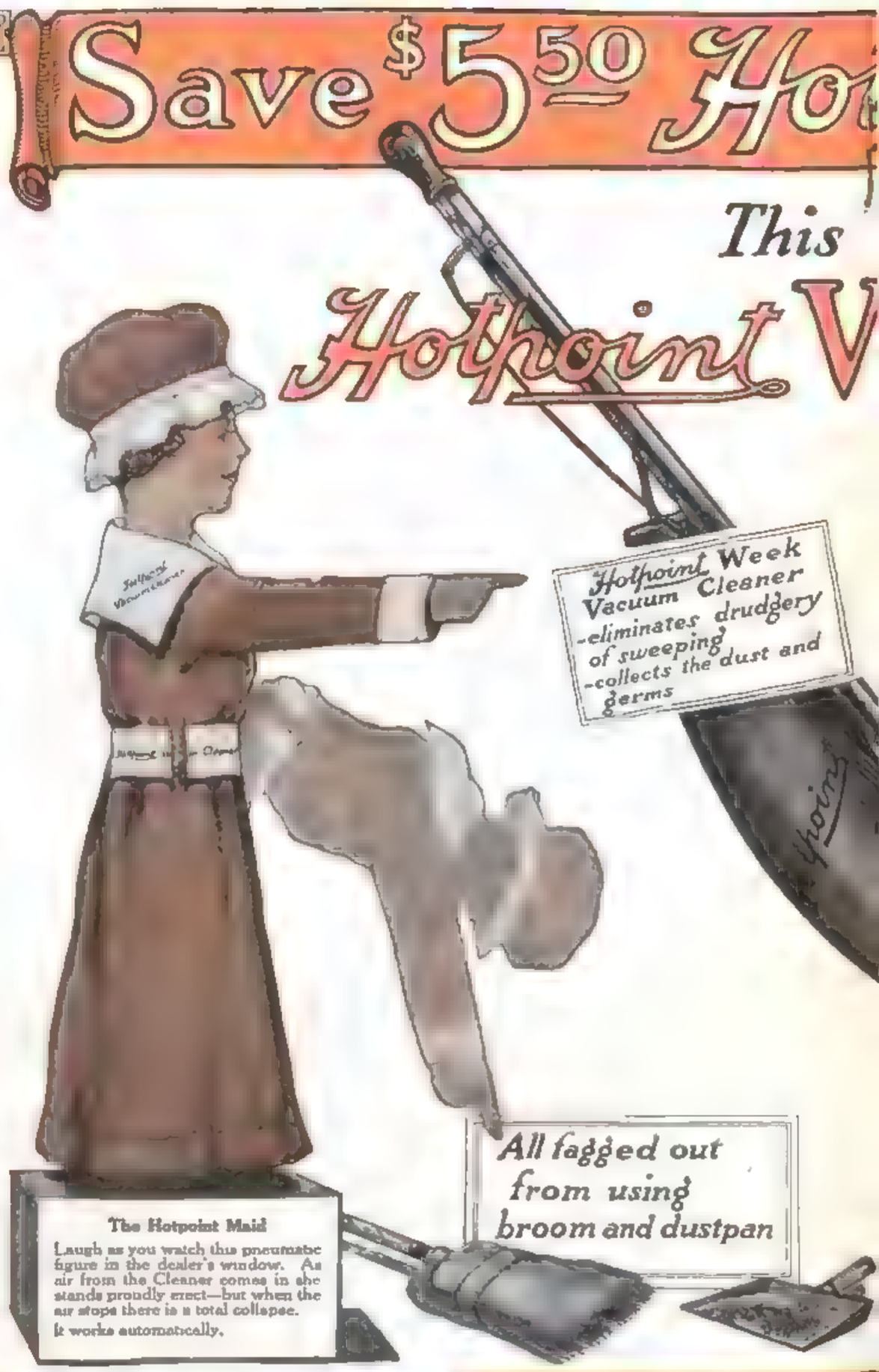
Thus the cycle is completed—you make your saving—the dealer secures new customers—we introduce a new appliance.

This year our campaign is for the "always clean" house.

It is time to banish the bugaboo of house cleaning. It is time that our homes be dust free and germ free every month-every week-every day-instead of occasionally—that the dust be collected and removed instead of stirred up, to settle elsewhere.

It is time that every electric-lighted home have its Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner—and for one week only, July 3-8, you can buy it at a saving of $5.50. Go look it over—test it.

And remember—average cost of operation only two cents per hour.


Save $5.50 Ho
This
Hotpoint V
Hotpoint Week
Vacuum Cleaner
-eliminates drudgery of sweeping
-collects the dust and germs
All fagged out from using broom and dustpan
The Hotpoint Maid
Laugh as you watch this pneumatic figure in the dealer's window. As air from the Cleaner comes in she stands proudly erect—but when the air stops there is a total collapse.
It works automatically.

Germ-free air on sweeping day
You'll be forever free from the annual "house cleaning bugbear" and your house will be "always clean" without the trouble and expense of extra help.

A wide range of uses
The handy attachments make it easy to keep everything clean—hangings, ceiling and walls, clothing and tufting. A simple daily task that you do yourself.

Hotpoint Reflex Burner Range

Six Lamp Socket

This new Hotpoint Electric Range sweeps away the lingering objections to electric cooking because our Reflex Burner gives a quick, snappy heat and is far more economical than former types. It provides the cleanest, most sanitary and attractive method of cooking and, where the Lighting Company is able to make a cooking rate, it is economical.

Model E. Next to largest model with three burner stove, baker and broiler in oven (16½ inches wide) Warming oven. White enamel doors and splasher. Plug receptacle for portable appliances. Thermometer.
Price $75.00, Canada $95.00.

Just think of the pleasure of using your Hotpoint Range when
—each burner can be instantly snapped to high, medium or simmering heat and kept there as long as wanted.

—scarcely any heat escapes into the room
—there is no food contamination
—it is the acme of cleanliness
—insulated ovens conserve heat
—full food values are retained
—the fire risk is lessened.

Glass doors, (optional) thermometer, porcelain splashers and all other latest Range improvements.

There are five models, only two being illustrated.

Model D. Largest model. Four burner stove; baker and broiler in oven. Oven 18½ inches. Thermometer in door. Warming oven. White enamel doors. White splasher. $90.00. Canada $110.00.

Model E. Pictured at left.

Model F. Cabinet Model with baking oven over stove. No warming oven. Three burner stove. Baker and broiler in oven which is 16½ inches. $65.00. Canada $85.00

Model G. Pictured at right.

Model H. Two surface burners and two oven burners. Made of pressed steel. Has high back and shelf. $40.00. Canada $55.00.

Model G. Three burner stove and baker and broiler in oven, same as model E. Oven is 18½ inches wide with white enamel door. No warming oven. Sturdy cast iron construction. Detachable shelf at each end. Plug receptacle for any portable appliance.
Price $55.00, Canada $75.00.

Attach these appliances to any lamp-socket. T
bother. Our guarantee insures complete satisfa
but there are other types of irons, air heaters, chafing
If what you need is not shown, w
Several thousand dealers are read
convenient, order from nearest offi

Hotpoint Toaster
Hot, crispy toast—two slices at a time—right on the table. Nickel plated. $3.75. Canada $4.75.

Valveless Percolator
Aluminum, no floats, traps or valves. Operates in less than a minute. Ready to pour in 10 min. 6 cup, $6.00. Canada $7.50.

Hotpoint Electric Cooker
Thick insulated walls retain the heat which is controlled by switch.
All the flavors and juices are retained. Cooks to perfection.
Inside is seamless aluminum. Outside planished steel with nickel trimmings.
$30.00. Canada $40.00.

HOTPOINT ELECTRIC H
Ontario, Calif. Chicago
CANADIAN HOTPOINT ELECTRIC
Toronto, Ca

thpoint Week

new all-steel Vacuum Cleaner

Regular Price $25.00

Introductory Price $19.50

—only during Hotpoint Week

July 3-8

In Canada
Regular Price $33.00
Hotpoint Week $27.50

Several thousand distributers are ready to give you this saving of $5.50.

And they have put the Hotpoint Maid in their windows to attract attention and identify them with Hotpoint Week.

Study the detailed illustration below and learn the many advantages of the new, all-steel Hotpoint Cleaner.

—Vibration-free motor (1) which means long life. Cooled by fan. (2). Bronze bearings (3) in oil reservoir. Parts (5) easily accessible.

—Highly polished, nickel finished steel dome (4).

—Handle locks (6) vertical or in any position. Ball Knob that fits naturally in palm of your hand. Switch right under your fingers.

—Extra powerful suction fan (7). Arrows show direction air moves.

—Double-lined dust bag (8) with trap. Emptied through top.

—First quality bristle brush (9), leaves the nap of carpet standing.

—Light weight, highly polished, nickel-plated suction chamber (10) with 12 inch opening (larger than most). Inside (11) is smooth.

—Rubber-tired steel wheels (12) on oilless bearings (no oil to drip on floor); the rear wheel is swiveled so that Cleaner runs easily in any direction. Instantly adjusted for floor or rug.

—Licensed under the Kenney Patents.

Regular price $25.00. Hotpoint Week $19.50. Canada $33.00, Hotpoint Week $27.50. Complete set of attachments $7.50, Canada $10.00.

It's So Easy to Use
Attaches to any lamp-socket. Working radius of 30 feet. Just run lightly over the floor. Not necessary to cover the furniture beforehand or to dust it afterwards.

Study this Sectional View
It shows why our new Cleaner is better. Shows how the air suction takes up the dust and forces it along into bag. Note the numbers and see reference above.

Appliances

The famous Hotpoint Iron

The Hotpoint Iron has always stood for leadership—during more than twelve years it has been first in improvements and refinements, the result being that it is the standard by which other Irons are judged. Little wonder, then, that more than two and a half million women all over the world, now iron the Hotpoint way—in comfort.

It is so simple and easy—

—just put in the plug, with the cord connected to any lamp-socket. In a couple of minutes it's hot—no waiting—no walking back and forth—no wax or holder. You just iron—that's all. Right out on the porch, if it's cooler there.

For the Hotpoint Iron is the Iron—

- —**with the attached stand**—no lifting, no banging onto stand and scratching—just tip it on end and it stands
- —**with the cool handle**—no holder or cloth. We deflect the heat into the ironing surface
- —**with the hot point**—since the point is shoved into the cool, damp goods, it loses heat much faster than balance of iron, so we put extra heat into the point
- —**with the steel clad switch**—which gives long service and is interchangeable on most Hotpoint appliances
- —**with the ten year guarantee**—and every likelihood it will last your lifetime
- —**with high nickel finish**—perfect balance—beveled edge and sharp point.

Has Set the Standard for over Eleven Years

Although extensively imitated, the Hotpoint Iron still leads and it is being refined wherever our skilled specialists find it possible to improve appearance or efficiency. It is the model by which others are judged.

...e heater is immediately aglow—no fuss or ...ction in their use. We show only six here, ... dishes, coffee machines and stoves.
...rite for particulars.
...y to serve you, but if more ...e and we will ship prepaid.

Radiant Grill
Two operations at once—above and below glowing coils. Use right on table. Polished nickel, $5.00. Canada $6.50.

Hotpoint Ovenette
...ed over Radiant stove as shown above, ...ll bake anything up to its capacity, as well ...any oven.
...thout the center ring it bakes pie or bis... it to perfection. With the ring it is high ...ough for a chicken. Polished nickel. ...50. Canada $4.50.
...diant stove $4.00. Canada $5.25.

Immersion Heater
Plunge into any liquid—begins to heat instantly. Fine for baby's milk, shaving. Boudoir size, $3.50. Can. $4.50. Kitchen size $4.50. Can. $5.50.

...EATING COMPANY
New York London
...EATING COMPANY, LIMITED
...da

Madame Cuisine Advises:

Buy Your Fresh Grated Coconut in Cans

Oh, yes, you can! You may think you can't get *fresh grated coconut in cans*, but I happen to know better.

Only, you must be sure you get Baker's — because that is the only canned *fresh* coconut to be had. The manufacturers guarantee their coconut to be sweet when the can is opened; to be pure coconut and coconut milk — nothing else; to comply with all Pure Food Laws.

Buy a can and you'll find the contents deliciously tender, grated ready to use, packed in its own rich coconut milk, and tasting for all the world as though taken straight from the freshly cracked shell.

No trouble — just the opening of a can. When your recipe calls for it, you use the half cup of coconut milk; when it does not, you press the meat *thoroughly dry* before using. Their Recipe Book tells you just how to use it.

Madame Cuisine

BAKER'S FRESH GRATED COCONUT
WITH THE MILK

***10 cents** East of Missouri River*

Ask at your grocer's and read the label

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET ON REQUEST

Franklin Baker Company, Dept. J, Phila., Pa.

To Grocers. — Remember that Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut will not only replace the package coconut, but it is going to take the whole fresh nut market, too. We recommend that you order through your jobber at once.

WASHINGTON'S fearless, kindly honesty made him great. The Revolution only made him famous. VELVET is a great tobacco even without its nation-wide fame.

Velvet Joe

A NATURALLY mild tobacco with its mildness *naturally* improved. A *naturally* good flavored tobacco made smoother, mellower by *natural* ageing. Isn't that *your* idea of a great tobacco?

Well, that's VELVET. Try it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

(Continued from Page 33)

"Fool!" would rage Mrs. Cuttle when I reported this response. "Hunting party—yes, I guess so! The Weekly Gadfly knows all about his little parties. They had a whole lot about him and little Miss Kalcie Mine in this number. They say his mother is worried to death for fear he is going to marry her. I should think her mother would be worried for fear she would marry him!"

During the course of a morning's phone hunt for single men I would probably exhaust the ranks of the wealthy, the titled or the amusing before I came away with a single trophy. And by the time I got through I had sunk to a plane of consciousness where I muttered: "We'll take you if you own evening clothes."

Having completed the sunny task of enrolling victims, Mrs. Cuttle and I would then confer upon the subject of how best to alleviate their sufferings.

"What shall I do with the devils?" would ask Mrs. Cuttle. "They're tired of driving; they're tired of dancing; they're tired of looking at each other."

It was, indeed, a hard problem. Sometimes we met the spiritual and intellectual needs of our guests by a man who took bunnies from his top hat and canaries from his stocking feet. Sometimes we had a musical-comedy star come down and sing the latest wink at life's poor vices. Nearly always we had an orchestra from town for the Saturday night's dancing. All the practical details of engaging these entertainers fell, of course, upon me, and I soon got a complete insight into the amount of money the wealthy will pay in order to be thoroughly bored.

These house parties were, indeed, a very costly calamity. The musicians were paid about forty dollars an evening. The magician, who often came down, received fifty dollars. A singer was paid the same amount or more. And the expense of providing food for these affairs may be guessed from the fact that the party of from fourteen to twenty guests brought down, as a rule, a corresponding number of servants. Think of those forty servants in the house at one time, and do not wonder that the provisions which were sent to us on Saturday morning, to last over Saturday, Sunday and Monday, generally amounted to four hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars. It is safe to say that not one of these house parties ever cost less than four hundred and fifty dollars; and if you multiply this by the four weeks in the month you will see one of the inlets that swept in upon my ten-thousand-dollar allowance.

Social Lions in Captivity

The guests at our parties were generally bidden to come down on the four o'clock train on Saturday, and great were the preparations for their reception. They were met at the station by traps and victorias—later, of course, supplanted by motors—and a huge yellow brake carried the valets and maids of the visitors to their transplanted duties. Then, when they reached the house, the guests were assigned to their quarters at the same time that their attendants were assigned to theirs. In connection with these guest rooms it is interesting to note that each door had a metal slip, like that on a ship cabin, through which the butler passed a card bearing the name of the occupant. These cards I myself, of course, filled out just as soon as we had arranged the list of guests.

A few moments after their arrival everybody came trooping down for tea. In the great living room everything was in readiness. A footman had placed the tea things on a table opposite one of the big, glowing fireplaces. The divans in front of the two mantels were heaped high with cushions. Some one of the women—often Miss Juanita Douglas—started making the tea. Everybody took a cup and grabbed a sandwich, and then sat round looking as though he were staying away from a party because grandma had the erysipelas.

"Nice afternoon," commented Mr. Skiley Lark, who represented one of the captive bachelors of the assemblage.

"Awfully!" drawled Mrs. Stephen Harcourt, who had had her flirtation with Mr. Skiley Lark two years before and who felt no interest in putting flowers in the cemetery.

Upstairs, Celeste, Mrs. Harcourt's maid, now unpacking the boxes in Mrs. Harcourt's room, probably found more to say to Hawkins, Mr. Skiley Lark's valet, now laying out the sacrificial evening garments of this well-known offering on the altar of high society.

"Saw Ethel Barrymore's new play th' other night," contributed Mrs. George Silver from the midst of her little group in one corner of the room.

"Oh, I hear her gowns are simply beautiful!" replied Mrs. Armington Squibbs, a little gleam of interest lighting from the ashes of complete boredom.

"Oh, ripping!" spoke up Tommy Ogle, who always knew exactly how the seams should run.

"Guess whom I saw at the first night of that show," said Mrs. Norman Digly.

"Who?" asked everybody together in a voice tense with sandwich, and with one of the few emotions through which they could flee the dreary burden of the ego.

"Why, Eliza Burnett and that dreadful artist she picked up in Rome."

"No!" was the solid chorus of these people, never too calloused to feel the outrage of somebody else's actions.

"Should think Tom would be awfully jealous," drawled Mr. Skiley Lark.

"Oh, he is! She's commencing to be talked about frightfully. And—why, the Gadfly had a nasty little thing in about her only a few weeks ago," said Mrs. Stephen Harcourt.

Lights That Were Well Hidden

I was nearly always present at the house-party teatimes, and I can honestly say that this is a specimen of conversation which might have been extracted from any dinner party, any luncheon or any house party that took place in Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's set. Personal topics, dress, reducing, a popular novel or a popular play—below this meringue our guests never penetrated.

This was particularly strange in view of the fact that some of these people had a highly galvanized interest in other things. Mrs. Norman Digly, for instance, was a connoisseur, and her home in New York represented her own personal taste in fine old furniture, rugs and etchings. As for Jules Cambartin, it was not until I had been with Mrs. Cuttle for several years that I discovered he had one of the most noted collections of first editions in the country, and that a book of his on old china was an authoritative work of its kind.

I confronted Mrs. Cuttle with this discovery one day.

"What!" said she. "Jules write a book! Never!"

The next time she saw him, however, she took him aside and questioned him.

"Say, look here, Jules," said she; "Mrs. Pemberton tells me that you wrote a book."

He looked very conscious of his infirmity.

"I—well, I kind of did," said he.

"Well, I never!" commented Mrs. Cuttle.

I am not surprised that she was overcome. In the several years since I first met him I had never heard him betray by a single word that he had any interest separated from the number of new frocks worn by Mrs. Carlton Vandalstrode, or the amount it was costing somebody to get into society, or the way Mrs. Paul Armweak was taking her débutante daughter from the reach of some impecunious young man. He, like Mrs. Norman Digly, took off his mental shoes before crossing our threshold and never disturbed by a single intellectual footprint the shining level of his companions' conversation.

When tea was over the house party marked time until about seven o'clock. After that it went up and solemnly arrayed itself in the clothes which had been laid out by the Celestes and Hawkinses of the assemblage. At half past eight dinner was served; and when this meal was concluded they all resigned themselves to dancing, cards and a professional entertainer.

Breakfast was always an imposing ceremonial at our house parties and was ordered the night before. Sometime during the evening you would see the Roycroft figure of Parrina making way through the respective groups of martyrs. He had a notebook in hand, and he was taking down what each guest desired for the morning meal and at what hour he wished it.

"Toast and coffee and a poached egg, please—half past eleven," would murmur Tommy Ogle from the thicket of ladies who surrounded him.

"Rolls and coffee and a three-minute egg. And—oh, yes—just a tiny piece of bacon on the side," would languish Mrs. Stephen Harcourt, as if she were lisping: "Moonlight kisses dew."

All these breakfasts were, of course, served in the various bedrooms; and they were served at an hour when most of us have dictated twenty letters or finished the week's ironing. I have seen talented sleepers in my life. I have watched the wilted forms on the tilted chairs that line Main Street on an August day. But I have never beheld such single-hearted devotion to a cause as that which inspired the guests at our parties to stay in bed until almost noon. No ill-bred wakefulness must threaten the prestige of a professional house partyist. And if you are not born to that sort of thing you just lie there and crunch your teeth, and mutter "I'll stay here till eleven if it kills me!"

While the house party trailed its gloomy pinions over the Cuttle household Parrins had a busy time, for Parrins arranged all the breakfast trays—sometimes twenty-four in number; and Parrins arranged them with a skill and an eye for color that generally go into some imperishable work of art. Each tray was of white papier-mâché, covered with a cloth the lace edge of which showed silk of the color of the room for which it was destined. The china observed the same consideration for the room, and the flowers, which invariably accompanied a breakfast, intruded no alien note upon draperies and wall paper.

Let us be concrete. One of our guest rooms at The Torrents was done in draperies of pale green, shot with silver. For this chamber the silk that peeped from the lace edge of the tray cover was green, and the flowers were nearly always lilies of the valley or gardenias. The china was of the most exquisite sea-foam tint, and the only colorless things were the napkin and the toast napkin. For our mauve room we generally sent orchids; and both silk and china adopted some suggestion of lavender. Our pink rooms were accorded pink roses or sweet peas; and our blue room, forget-me-nots or blue hyacinths. Flowers for the breakfast tray were the subject of great anxiety to Parrins and he always ordered what he wanted from the gardener the night before serving. As a rule, these breakfast flowers were arranged in vases; but sometimes a single bloom—as, for example, one perfect rose—was laid across the napkin.

The breakfast trays were all furnished in the butler's pantry, and as soon as each was completed it was taken from Parrins by one of the footmen to the room for which it was destined. At the door of the bedchamber the footman was met by the maid or valet of the guest occupying the room, and the ceremony of the morning meal was completed.

The Solitary Early Bird

There was one person who did not share in the pomp of the late breakfast tray. This was the husband of my employer. At half past seven, exactly the time when his indefatigable wife was having her morning rolls and coffee, and exactly four hours before Tommy Ogle lifted languid eyes to the dew-drenched rose beside his dainty toast rack, Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle was down in the dining room wending his way through a breakfast of ham and eggs. Now and then there would be some man in the house sufficiently lost to the responsibilities of his position to get down at the same time; but, as a rule, the massive figure sat there alone in the great dining room with its white fluted chairs and its paneled paintings.

Right after breakfast Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle would go out on his estate, and perhaps the house party would never catch even a feather from that fleeing form. At lunch he was generally two courses behind time; and, as he arrived at the table in trousers covered with mud about the edges, he looked, among the jaunty Norfolks and knickers of his men guests, like a heavy old freight sloop among so many brisk little naphtha launches.

Sunday luncheon was always the great climax to one of our house parties at The Torrents; for to this meal we would often bid the parties gathered together at the houses of several of our neighbors on the Hudson. Carriages, traps and motors, all laden with fresh victims, would come from all directions; and, as forty people sat down to luncheon upstairs, at least that number of visiting maids, valets and chauffeurs gathered about the dining table downstairs. The problem of feeding and lodging so many alien servants was indeed a tremendous one. To this end a number of extra beds for men servitors had been placed in the upper story of the handsome coach house at The Torrents. And the musicians for the Saturday night's dancing were generally accommodated at the lodging house which Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle maintained for the men employed on his estate.

Before I leave the subject of country house parties I must not omit to mention the idiosyncrasies of some of our guests. These were sometimes as lurid as those of Prince Kaunitz. As against the toothbrush which the great prime minister of Maria Theresa insisted upon taking with him to dinner parties I place, for instance, the bed linen which Mrs. Roland Deland, that beautiful evergreen widow who was so often bidden to our congregations of gloom, invariably brought along with her.

The first time I encountered this strange bit of caution was once when, in passing through the halls, I found the maid of Mrs. Deland tearing off the sheets of the bed in the room assigned to the widow.

"Why, what does all this mean?" asked I of our chambermaid.

The maid shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, she always brings everything with her, madam—sheets, pillow cases and towels."

In great excitement I reported this incident to Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle. She also shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked she. "It isn't only here that she brings 'em. She does it every place. She wouldn't any more come to a house without her own linen than an elephant would come to a circus without its trunk."

Strange Habits of Fashionables

For a long time I pondered upon this theme. Mrs. Deland's linen was fine; but so was ours. Mrs. Deland's linen was lace-trimmed and monogrammed and crested; but so, too, was ours. Mrs. Deland's linen was germless; but ours was equally so. The habit was, in fact, as unreasonable as a wart.

A side panel of Mrs. Deland was Mrs. B. C. Traymore. If you are born in that humble rank of life where you disguise your own feelings of discomfort out of a delicate consideration for your hostess, you don't move the furniture in the guest room. You lie about the granite mattress on which you have tossed fretfully the whole night through. You dress meekly before a mirror placed in a covert unpenetrated by the single shy gas jet that flickers at the other side of the room. And you do not once mention the fact that the ink on your desk long since passed into the glacial period. If, however, you are Mrs. B. C. Traymore, you are bound by no such paltry sentiments.

Every time, in fact, that widely known matron came to The Torrents you would have thought the room had been suddenly occupied by a piano tuner and a professional furniture mover. Things tossed and squeaked and rolled. The dressing table was moved out into the room. The chairs were tossed about like your steamer trunk on a bad night at sea. By morning not a single article of furniture in the room occupied the position it had the night before. Yet this, like Mrs. Deland's bed linen, was tolerated—not only by Mrs. Cuttle but by all the other hostesses in society.

One last word about the strange habits of the fashionable house party. Nobody is ever introduced to anybody else. The whole thing is conducted on the assumption that the elect all know one another; that the highly finished soul leaps to instant recognition of another highly finished soul. This omission, however, sometimes led to very amusing complications.

Once, for example, Miss Juanita Douglas came up to me at the end of a long, rainy Sunday.

"Who is that dark man over there?" said she—"that man with the interesting, foreign-looking face. I've been talking to him ever since yesterday. I've flirted with him and I've compared English country houses with him. I've sounded him on salads and road engines and second cousins. I've done everything but promise to marry him, and—— Find out what his name is."

After the Horse Show Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle came up to town; and, although all through the winter we kept taking week-end parties down to The Torrents, this particular form of entertainment was slurred over in favor of the dinners and dances, to which I, as social secretary, now contributed such an intimate part.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles giving the autobiography of a social secretary. The second will appear in an early number.

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"After I rang my last at midnight, back of the old freight shed, I walked up the spur track and there he was under the shipping platform touching a match to a pile of excelsior. I covered him with my COLT and made him come along. He's a tough character—the police have him now—and if it had not been for my COLT, this place would have gone up in smoke last night."
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SALT LAKE CITY UTAH
SAN FRANCISCO CAL
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Like a Blanket

Oil Folly

How gasoline dollars blow through the exhaust

Gasoline is higher this year.

Motorists will now see more than ever the folly of using incorrect oils. The apparent saving in low-priced oil is lost time and again in gasoline-waste.

Correct lubrication is a controlling factor in low gasoline consumption.

With an oil of high lubricating efficiency and correct *body* the motorist is assured an oil film which thoroughly seals the piston rings.

Gas cannot then escape past the piston rings on the compression stroke.

Nor can the force of the exploding gas blow past the piston rings on each power stroke.

The power of the exploding fuel charge therefore acts with full force on the piston head. Full power results with consequent gasoline economy.

Gas wastage through oil of incorrect body is more common than most motorists realize.

True, the loss per piston stroke is small. But piston strokes quickly mount up into the millions. Then the gasoline waste is measured not by the thimbleful but by the gallon.

The grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Chart at the right represents our professional advice.

A year's supply will probably cost you less than a year's supply of the cheapest oil on the market. The higher per gallon price is usually more than offset by the greater mileage, to say nothing of the saving in gasoline.

If your car is not listed in the partial Chart at the right, a copy of our complete Lubrication Chart will be sent you on request.

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below the recommendations for each car indicate the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil best suited to the motor. A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic." The recommendations are for both summer and winter driving, under ordinary conditions.

MODEL OF CARS	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
8 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Apperson	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
	A	A								
Auburn 4 cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Avery	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Model A-6 and C-1 Tow	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar				
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar				
	A	A								
Buick	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac					Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar
Army	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Chalmers	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
Model 6-40	A	Arc								
Model 6-30	A	A								
Chandler 6	Ar	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Commerce	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Cole	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
8 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Cunningham			Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dan Patch Bellefontaine			B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Dart Jupiter	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
6 cyl			Ar	Ar						
Dodge	A	Arc	B	B						
Elcar			Ar	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	A
Elmore	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar
Empire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Enger	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
Essex			Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	A	A
Fiat	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Franklin	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Gaylord			B	A	B	A	B	A		
Gearless	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Gramm-Bernstein	A	Ar								
Hal			A	Arc	A	A	A	E	A	E
Hanson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Harroun	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Hatfield	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
Haynes	A	A								
Hudson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A								
Jackson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Jeffery	A	A								
Kelly-Springfield	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	A				
King	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	E	A	E
Kissel			Ar	Ar						
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Knox	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Lafayette	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lozier	F	F	F	F	F	F	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marion	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Ar
Marmon	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A
Mercer	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	Arc	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
22-70, 5-passenger			Arc	Arc						
5-passenger	A	A								
Metz	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
22 cyl	A	A								
Michell							A	Arc	A	Arc
8 cyl	A	A								
Moline Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Moon 6 cyl			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
National	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
12 cyl	A	A								
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
8 cyl	A	A								
Oldsmobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc
8 cyl	A	A								
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Packard			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	Ar
12 cyl	A	A								
Com'l	A	A	A	A						
Paige			A	Arc	A	A	A	E	A	E
6-66	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
6-55 & 6A	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Parbfinder 12 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
	A	A								
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
6 cyl	A	A								
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	A	Arc
Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	E
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8 cyl	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Renault	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	Arc
Richmond	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Saxon	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc		
Scripps-Booth	E	E	E	E	E	E				
Selden	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	A	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	Ar
Sterling Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
8 cyl	B	A								
Stevens-Duryea			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	Ar
4 cyl			A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A				
White	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
White-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A				
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc

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TWENTY LITTLE THRIFTERS

(Continued from Page 18)

of that. He told the members of both committees that, just as soon as it was evident to him that they had developed enough practical knowledge of securities of a general character, where there was a chance for larger returns, but where wide information and good judgment were imperative, he should advise branching out a bit and buying some stocks. But this was not safe until after they had shown him that they knew something about values in securities.

At every meeting lists of securities were discussed and analyzed as thoroughly as if actual investments were to be made; in fact, the Executive Committee made selections as authorized investments and kept accounts on them precisely as if they had really been bought. In making the decisions on these "play purchases" the committee acted without advice from the official counselor, who gave his opinion on each transaction after the members had exercised their independent judgment. This helped immensely to keep up a healthy interest in the meetings.

A little later, when the official counselor indicated that he did not believe the day was far off when the fledgling financiers would be justified in trying their wings with real stock investments, there was a fresh influx of interest in the discussions, owing to the necessity of formulating a buying policy that would give a clear and sharp line to which they could hew. The banker impressed them with the importance of this piece of committee legislation, which involved the danger of allowing too much leeway on one hand or too little on the other. The details of this policy were debated in one committee meeting after another. Several times the Research Committee was called into joint session with the Executive Committee to give information regarding certain lines of securities that were investigated "on request."

Finally the whole matter, as unanimously approved by the Executive Committee, was reported to the monthly meeting of the entire syndicate and there debated with a wealth of detail that necessitated an adjourned session. After it was all over the banker confided to Sandy:

"I never saw a group of young men learn more about securities in the same length of time; but don't spoil all the work that has been done by letting them suspect this. They're about ready now to get some experience of their own. Sometimes I'm inclined to think it might develop them more if they had to go it alone, on their own responsibility, from now on without any advice or restraint from me. On the other hand, one bad mistake might wreck the whole thing and discourage most of the members for life, so far as any real initiative is concerned. Besides, I've given my word that I would see the thing through, so far as advice goes. I've never undertaken anything outside of a strictly selfish enterprise that interested me so much."

The A B C of the Money Market

The main plank in the policy platform which was officially approved by the entire membership of the syndicate provided that no stock should be invested in which had not paid a regular dividend for at least seven years. There were some liberals in the club who considered this too restrictive, and they submitted a list of highly desirable stocks that would be eliminated by this policy. The Research Committee also brought forward an array of interesting examples of stocks that had gone wrong after paying substantial dividends for seven years.

However, the restriction was adopted, and the Research Committee was asked to make another report showing why each of these stocks had hit the downward path after careers of steady and substantial performance. The report which was brought in as a result of this request pleased the banker so much that he asked the privilege of having it printed, at his own expense, for circulation. Months later Sandy discovered that several of the directors of the big corporation by which all the Thrifters were employed had been handed a copy of this report by the banker himself.

Another provision of the policy code was that all the eggs of the syndicate should not be carried in one basket, or one kind of basket. At least one-third of the funds must be invested in the securities of a going business. Also, it was made clear that good financiering forbade confining the major part of the remaining two-thirds of the funds in the stocks of either railroads, public-service corporations or industrial concerns. The advisability of scattering the investments was emphasized so plainly that no plunge could ever be justified by the Executive Committee.

Before the financial counselor would give the word permitting the Thrifters to branch out and go into this line of general investments, he insisted that the two committees should give a month to the intensive study of money and the money market. He gave repeated talks to the entire membership on the principles and the details of bank loans; and before that special course in bank borrowing was over there was not a man among his hearers who had not clearly grasped the idea that the rock-bottom requirement of every security must be its acceptability as a security at the bank. Another idea was equally definite: that successful financiering generally consists in using other people's money at a profit; in borrowing money when money is cheap, investing it in securities that are not dear, and in selling those securities when money itself becomes dear. This was the line of action the syndicate proposed to follow.

Trial Flights in Finance

It was a big day in the history of the Thrifters' syndicate—along toward the end of its first year of existence—when the financial counselor suggested that he believed the time was ripe to begin the investment business in earnest. Money was comparatively cheap, and, in his opinion, so were several very desirable securities that came within the buying policy of the organization. He refused, however, to name the stocks he had in mind. This was up to the Executive Committee. All suggestions must originate with the committee—this for many reasons, but mainly because he might have inside knowledge regarding certain corporations, and he could not properly use that knowledge for the benefit of his friends. His advisory work, he pointed out, must be mainly confined to eliminating securities proposed for investment; he could not be placed under suspicion of having tipped off information that had come to him through confidential banking relationships.

By the time the list of securities had been sifted and revised by the financial counselor the Compulsory Savings Club had finished its first year of existence, and the annual report showed its resources to be $7358.24. Not a cent had been lost through poor investment; neither had there been any brilliant feats in profit taking. The banker's terse comment was:

"That's a very good showing on commercial paper—all things considered—on an investment of six hundred dollars a month. I'd like to see any banker do better!"

The meeting of the Executive Committee at which all the necessary steps were taken to put the new plan of investment into operation was a memorable one. Even Jimmy looked serious and the others were positively solemn. Sandy, as chairman of the committee, went to the bank where Mary's uncle officiated as vice president. The transaction consisted in putting up the syndicate's assets, signing a note for the same amount and receiving securities in the amount of fifteen thousand dollars. These stocks were accepted by the bank as collateral for the loan of a little more than half that amount.

Under the arrangement the interest rate was decidedly low. Each monthly deposit of savings was to apply on the loan. This would operate to liberate a certain part of the securities held as collateral, so that the committee should not be forced to keep all the holdings of the syndicate to the end of the year, or until the entire loan was paid, regardless of whether or not a very favorable opportunity for sale might occur. As the banker stated the case to the committee:

"From this time forward, when to sell and what to sell are just as important questions to you as what to buy and when to buy. In other words, you are full-fledged traders in securities, and if you are going to make a showing it will be up to you to be on the job every minute with your eyes and ears open. You are buying now with a view to profiting from the sale or increase in

1917 Chalmers "5-15"—5 Passengers, 115-inch Wheelbase, $1090 Detroit

A New 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—Built for the family of 2, 3, 4 or 5

We call her the "5-15" because she carries five passengers and has a wheelbase of 115 inches.

She's here, and perfectly ready for a tour from Jacksonville to Seattle or from St. Johns to San Diego. Simply put in gasoline, oil and water, and keep your foot near the brake.

Of course, she is a 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers. Her engine we could not improve upon, though, if any different, it is just a shade better than the 3400 r. p. m. engine introduced last November. That motor has been driven 1,000 to 10,000 miles in seven months by more than 18,000 owners, on every negotiable road in the United States. And our service records show a percentage of 99.21% perfect.

So the odds in favor of the 3400 r. p. m. motor in this "5-15" are 100 to 1.

Note her body lines, please, and her size.

The "5-15" is a family car. In designing her we had in mind the family of 2, 3, 4, or 5. We made room for five adults, then added a few inches on all sides—comfort insurance.

But it's impossible for us to depict her comfort to you by word of mouth. You can't hear comfort. You've got to experience it through the sense of touch.

Moreover the impression made on your mind by seeing and feeling a thing is 40% stronger and more accurate than the impression made by hearing.

So we invite you to see and feel and enjoy the thrill of this 1917 "5-15" Chalmers.

The price is $1090. When you see the car and take your first short ride in her, you'll ask: "Why didn't they say something about tremendous value in that ad?"

The answer is, we want you first to know the car as we know it, and as 1293 Chalmers dealers know it. And once you do, the price will clinch the sale.

"5-15" Chalmers is furnished in either of these two striking colors: Oriford maroon or Meteor blue; wheels, standard dark, primrose yellow or red.

"5-15"	Five-Passenger Touring Car,	$1090 Detroit; $1475 in Canada
"7-22"	Seven-Passenger Touring Car,	$1280 Detroit; $1775 in Canada
	Six-Passenger Sedan,	$1780 Detroit; $2475 in Canada
	Two-Passenger Roadster,	$1070 Detroit; $1475 in Canada
	Three-Passenger Cabriolet,	$1440 Detroit; $1900 in Canada

Chalmers Motor Company - - - Detroit

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IN THE competition for car manufacturers' tire contracts—where price is the paramount factor—you will *not* find Pennsylvania Oilproof

VACUUM CUP TIRES

So you will *not* find them on *new* cars—except where the experienced motorist, buying his second or third car, *demands* the tires that he knows are worth more than the price he pays.

You will find Vacuum Cup Tires on the big cars—where their *extra quality* produces *extra mileage* in the most severe actual service.

And to this supreme *quality* is added—*at no extra cost*—the *guaranteed* non-skid effectiveness of Vacuum Cups on slippery pavements, else tires returnable, after reasonable trial.

As to *service*, Vacuum Cup Tires are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag on each casing—for

6,000 Miles

You will find *quality* accessories at the stores of dealers who display the Yellow and Blue Vacuum Cup Sign.

As makers of the famous Vacuum Cup Tires, we confidently place our name and reputation behind the new Pennsylvania Oilproof

EBONY TREAD

A quality casing with black, ribbed tread, at a moderate price. *Guaranteed*—per tag attached—for

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PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct factory Branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

NON SKID

market value as well as from dividends or earnings. Of course a big advantage of borrowing, aside from any profit margin between the loan rate and the dividend rate, is the fact that it provides an automatic method of keeping your money invested and at work all the time."

From the day when the first stocks were bought until the entire transaction was liquidated there was not a dull meeting of any committee or of the club itself. Most of the members confessed they had found the enterprise to be "the king of indoor sports" and altogether the best fun of anything that had ever crossed their paths.

Perhaps nothing indicated how intense and sustained was the interest of the Thrifters in their enterprise quite so vividly as the fact that almost every member carried a "red book" in his pocket, in which was kept a complete record of every transaction made by the Executive Committee with the net results of all deals as they were closed. Whenever a few Thrifters chanced to meet outside the office these books would spring from the pockets of their holders and an informal debate would immediately open.

A group of golf enthusiasts and bridge fiends comparing scores and debating each play could not have shown more ardor than these amateur investment fans. Some of the hottest debates developed over the question as to whether certain securities should be sold at a quick but small profit or held for a larger advance, or as practically a permanent investment. At the end of one of these impromptu debates at a beanery luncheon table Sandy remarked with a touch of pride in his voice:

"I don't believe all the discount clerks in New York could find an angle of this particular problem that has not been covered by the figures made right here at this table. There isn't a single element of any consequence which hasn't been considered in this discussion—I'm satisfied of that. A year ago we should not have known how to make the calculations that have been offered here. If we should fail to clean up a cent of net profit out of this adventure we shall have learned a lot about how to figure all the angles of an investment; and that is worth more than most of us realize."

In general the tendency of the Executive Committee was toward quick sales and small profits. Perhaps this was largely due to the influence of the financial counselor of the club, who seldom lost a chance to impress his young financial protégés with the fact that it seldom pays any man to try to hog all the profits of a natural advance in the price of anything.

To Buy, or Not to Buy

But this theory, offered by a man of the standing and experience of the banker, was not accepted without debate; in fact, nothing was so accepted, and in this instance the Research Committee came forward with a table of deals furnished by a broker, without the names of the customers involved. This interesting table of investment transactions went far toward establishing the contention that, if its results were typical of common experience, the investors who held their securities for a long time had rather the advantage in new results over those who followed the policy of taking quick profits, no matter how small they might be.

Possibly this curious scrap of investment history may have played no small part in moving the Executive Committee to make the most important and profitable investment of all in its entire list. This was a certain industrial that was hotly championed by the young Sharpshooter, who made a specialty of studying the personality problem in the financial control and active management of the big corporations. He was able to convince not only the members of the Executive Committee but also the banker that the shares in this company were cheap; that it was dominated by strong men who had been identified with several other highly successful enterprises they had stuck to through periods of adversity in which both their loyalty and their administrative ability had been severely tested.

The investment in this stock was decidedly heavy in comparison with the total resources of the Thrifters; in fact, several very satisfactory securities were closed out in order to enable the syndicate to make its investment a very substantial one. For reasons not entirely clear to me I am not permitted to disclose either the name of the security or the amount the Thrifters invested in it. However, it was bought at 169 and it yielded an annual dividend of ten per cent. In addition to this it also distributed a stock dividend of fifty per cent. Naturally a record of this sort made it a high favorite on the market and its price advanced steadily, and also rapidly.

Repeatedly in the course of the advances the Sharpshooter had to put up a fierce fight to prevent the conservatives from closing out the holdings, on the theory that the possible pinnacle of value was about to be reached. On these occasions he started in with almost the whole membership against him—and concluded with a solid backing behind him. After one of these sharp demonstrations of leadership the banker confided to Sandy:

"There's big stuff in that boy. He's not only sharp and sound but he has a whole lot of courage. If he keeps going the way he has started something very interesting is going to happen to the young man."

When Thrifters Hit Hard Times

Events fully justified the judgment of the Sharpshooter, as his associates called him. This stock continued to climb until it reached 325—an advance of 156 points. Then its champion became as strong for selling as he had before been for holding; and, oddly enough, he still found substantial opposition by a little group that had evidently been converted, at the eleventh hour, to the idea that there was no limit to the possibilities of this stock. For a time, after the holdings in the company had been cleaned out, this contingent seemed to have the best of the argument; for the stock continued to advance. But at 350 it touched the zenith and then began to decline. The good fortune that attended this investment made the Sharpshooter a marked man among his fellows, and his fame even filtered into the directors' room of the big corporation.

Of course there were lean investments, and even disastrous ones too. When one of these came to a finish there was invariably a critical outburst, on the part of the members who had not backed the unfortunate investment, that could be heard for days. One member of the Executive Committee retorted:

"When we lose a few hundred you make a bigger noise than you made when we cleared several thousand for you."

"Sure!" was the response of his loudest critic. "Of course we do! You were elected on the supposition that you had judgment enough at least to keep your principal intact—to say nothing of making it pay a good percentage. If that wasn't the expected thing our money should have been planted in a savings bank."

About the end of the second year of the Thrifters' activities Sandy began to realize very substantially on the investment of forethought he had made in the organization. The promotion of a man higher up on the executive staff left a vacancy that Sandy was called upon to fill at a decided increase of salary—and he had already received a slight raise, as had many of his associates. He celebrated this event by marrying. His example was promptly followed by Jimmy, and later by several more of his fellow Thrifters.

The vice president of the corporation made it plain to Sandy that the attention of the heads of the corporation had been called to his work in connection with the Compulsory Savings Club syndicate, and that it had made a most favorable impression upon the official mind—both by reason of its fundamental purpose of thrift and its incidental value as a training in finance.

In the third year, also, an incident occurred which centered official attention upon another phase of the educational work that the Thrifters were securing for themselves. One morning Tom Shelby did not appear at his desk, and shortly Sandy passed the word along that Tom had been stricken with paralysis, from which there was practically no hope of recovery. His mind was as clear as ever, but his body was inert and helpless. That night a special session of the Executive Committee was called to take action on this emergency case.

Less than a year before Tom had married a stenographer in the office—a girl who had no parents or near relatives. Until the organization of the Compulsory Savings Club, Tom had been a free spender; consequently all his savings were in the hands of the club. Sandy put the situation:

"The fact that Tom cannot continue his payments into the savings fund is not his

fault. If he had died instead of having a stroke his wife would have had ten thousand dollars of life-insurance money; and if he had suffered an accident she would have been well provided for. Instead, she must keep up the payments on his life policy. If she were not in need of what Tom has saved we might arrange to carry her interest in the savings fund—but she must realize on her holdings at once.

"Now we've been doing a whole lot better than four per cent with our money—which is what she would get, in addition to the principal, if we were to let her out on the basis of a voluntary withdrawal. However, this would seem to me considerably like a freeze-out, under the circumstances.

"In view of all this I make the offer that I will buy Tom's share in this club on any basis which the rest of you decide is fair and businesslike. I have enough surplus capital to do this and by being a bit more economical I can keep up double payments."

After much discussion one of the members offered this suggestion:

"Why not take Tom's savings agreement to our banker and see what he would pay for it as it stands to-day? He ought to know what it is worth as a straight discount proposition."

This was satisfactory to all concerned; so Tom's savings agreement was taken to the banker. Its discount value was figured by him and amounted to practically six per cent in excess of the principal.

A few months later the wife of a member whose entire savings were in the hands of the club was taken ill, and physicians told her husband that she must at once be removed to a locality where the climate was more favorable. Therefore, it was necessary for this member to realize at once on his share in the club. Instantly a thrifty and farsighted member was on his feet with an offer to take over this member's share on substantially the same basis upon which the other emergency transfer had been made. This was met with an immediate objection from several members, indicating that considerable thinking had been done since the other transfer, and that the financial education of the group had been progressing.

"I suggest," said one of the objectors, "that this share be carried by the club as a whole. I'm satisfied that when our five years are up we are going to cut quite a melon, and the benefits of this thing should be spread just as evenly as possible. I move that we acquire this share jointly and divide its proceeds equally when we come to liquidate." This motion carried.

If this article were fictional instead of the account of an actual enterprise, the net results of the five years of saving and investment by the Thrifters would be stated at a much lower figure than the facts demand. The rules of the game demand that good fiction must be held to the level of "average human probabilities," while actual experience knows no handicap of this sort and may be as eccentric as the whims of spring.

Thrift That Brings Promotion

The fact is that each of the Thrifters who stuck steadfastly to the end received his principal and forty-five per cent additional. It is admitted that this ratio of gain is altogether unreasonable, and that the forces and influences which conspired to secure this phenomenal return are not likely to be again combined or to repeat their almost unbelievable performance. This result is not announced because there is any likelihood that the Thrifters, who have organized another five-year campaign, will be able to make an equally fortunate series of investments in the coming five years, even with the benefit of all their experience, but simply because it happens to be the truth.

However, Sandy had the right idea of the results as he held out his check and declared:

"That's a fat profit, all right; but I tell you that it's the least I've got out of the experience—and every Thrifter who went through to the end can say the same. And I'm talking about financial benefits—not something indefinite and up in the air."

At the outset of this narrative it was suggested that exceptions are quite as interesting and instructive as results which follow the rule, and that Sandy had some illuminating surprises along this line in store for him. For one thing he had counted upon the cohesive power of his savings syndicate to hold a following of nineteen "live ones" together on the pay roll of the corporation and at his back, where they could be used to "make things hum" when he was advanced to a position of authority where they could be effectively used. His calculation that starting this thrift organization and turning it into an intensive training school for investors would help to win him promotion was without a flaw; but when he finally reached the position to which he aspired he discovered that he was not without competition, and that the training school had brought official notice to several young financiers besides himself. The Sharpshooter, for example, was offered a position quite as good as his own with another corporation in which the financial counselor happened to be deeply interested. When Sandy protested the banker remarked:

"I claim the Sharpshooter as my share of the spoils. If he doesn't develop into a big man I'll miss my guess. Besides, if your corporation is anxious to keep him it will have a chance to compete for his services and pay what they are worth. I'm interested in a company that needs just that peculiar kind of financial talent which he has developed, and can pay for it."

The result was that the Sharpshooter left Sandy's organization. But there was still another inroad upon the ranks of his followers that was even more unexpected—for it removed a man who had not served for even a single year upon the Executive Committee of the Thrifters. Almost immediately upon Sandy's big promotion Tip Holden came to him and explained that an express company had offered him a position, at more than double the salary he was then drawing, to take charge of its extension department—in which a scheme for the development of new business and new kinds of business would occupy his attention exclusively. Sandy made no effort to retain him, but sent him away with the comment:

Holding Men With a Club

"Go to it, Tip! It's a fine job. I shall always think of your position as a by-product of the Compulsory Savings Club. That's just what it is too. You have found your own work and made your own place in an effort to meet your savings payments. And I think something of the same sort is developing with two or three other Thrifters. This is something I did not foresee at any stage of the game. I thought that this club was a very clever scheme to tie an able bunch of young men right here, where we could all work together; but I've about made up my mind that it has been educating them away from here—into good positions with other companies."

"This company," was the quick response, "needs talent just as much as any other and is as able to pay for it. You started this training school for young financiers and it has gone beyond your expectations in developing me. They have rewarded your foresight and organizing ability by putting you in a position of real authority and inviting you to show them how far and how fast you can go; but that doesn't cover the other boys. They are in position to get solid recognition for the strides they have made under your scheme of training. It's simply a question of quick action and money, whether they get it from the old company or from another."

But this shrewd comment was only half true, as results later showed; for two men on the Executive Committee stuck with Sandy at salaries lower than they were offered by other companies that were sound and responsible. And the same thing was true of several who were not on the Executive Committee.

So it was demonstrated that Sandy's faith that the Compulsory Savings Club would operate to tie men to him and to the company was not entirely misplaced.

The story of the Thrifters cannot be dismissed without two points the banker made to Sandy in a confidential chat the night following the liquidation of the syndicate.

"It is a great thing, Sandy," he commented; "but you young men haven't secured all the benefits. I've grown under the training almost as much as any of you. And it's been recognized by the bank directors too. They have all seen it. If I wanted to put a young bank officer through a course of training that is sure to broaden him and bring out all there is in him, I should put him through just such a course as that which you have put me through.

"Another thing: There is not a young man who has served on the Executive Committee of the syndicate who has not fitted himself to sit on the board of directors of a corporation and to feel at home."

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

"The Play's The Thing"

JANE ADDAMS, of Hull House, Chicago, wrote a book which she entitled "A New Conscience and An Ancient Evil." In it she mentioned the incident of a sweet young girl who sold herself *for a pair of shoes*. Her lazy father spent his time reading trashy novels and wouldn't support his family. With her ragged shoes she suffered the pangs of shame, ridicule and physical discomfort until she *could bear it no longer*. Then she got a pair of new shoes in the best way she could think of.

Stella Wynne Herron developed the incident into a wonderful short story for Collier's Weekly. Mrs. Phillips Smalley (Lois Weber) produced from the story the photo play of "SHOES," and it was so powerful that we made it a BLUEBIRD. And by the term "BLUEBIRD" we mean the *best photo play that it is possible to produce.*

"Shoes"

is an *all-woman play*. The foundational episode was discovered by a woman. The story was written by a woman. A woman produced it in photo play and a woman designed the posters to advertise it. The leading rôle was enacted by a woman and, strange to relate, while her work was signally impressive, *she was utterly unknown to fame.* She was *not* a star. Mrs. Smalley picked this young girl because she was the one *best fitted* to portray the character, and therein lies one of the big secrets of BLUEBIRD success.

To be a BLUEBIRD the play itself has *got* to be strong. It must be coherent, logical and well sustained throughout. The actors are secondary in importance, because we believe "The play's the thing" and the actors must fit the play and not the play the actors. If the play is good and absorbing, *you won't care who the actors are.* It takes more than the actors to make a play absorbing. We want the plays first and the actors last. So a play to be a BLUEBIRD has *got* to be good.

TO THE PUBLIC—You can see these artistic BLUEBIRD Productions by simply asking the Manager of your favorite Theatre to show them. The Manager is keen to learn what his patrons want most, thus you confer a favor on him and gratify your own wishes at the same time. Ask for BLUEBIRD Photo Plays today.

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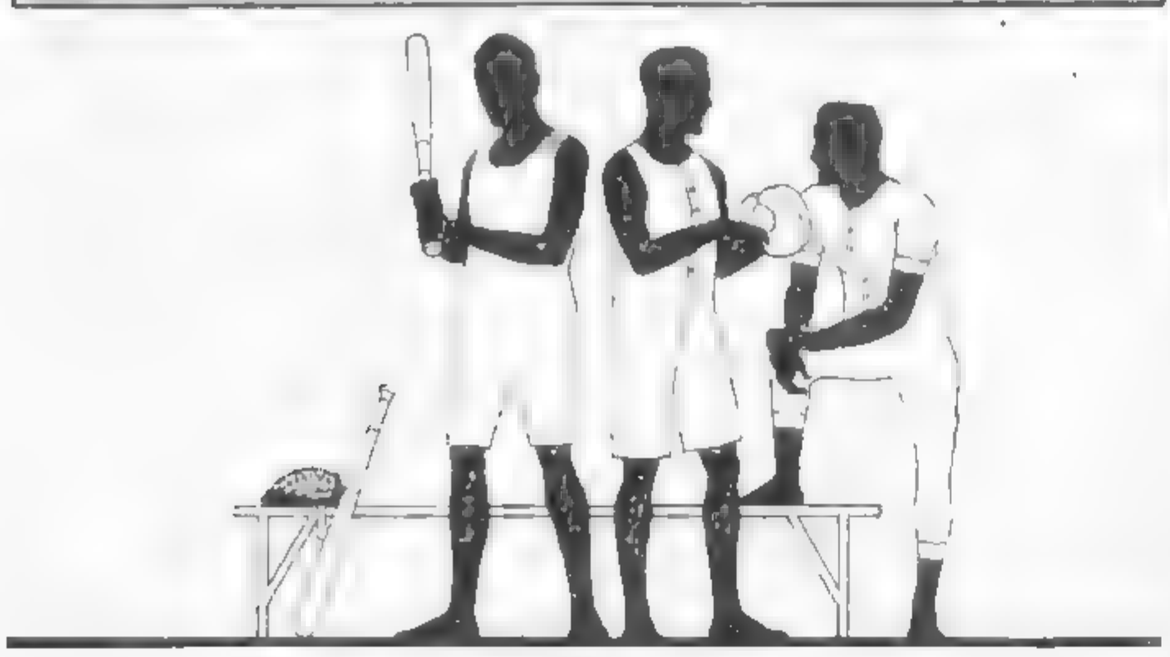

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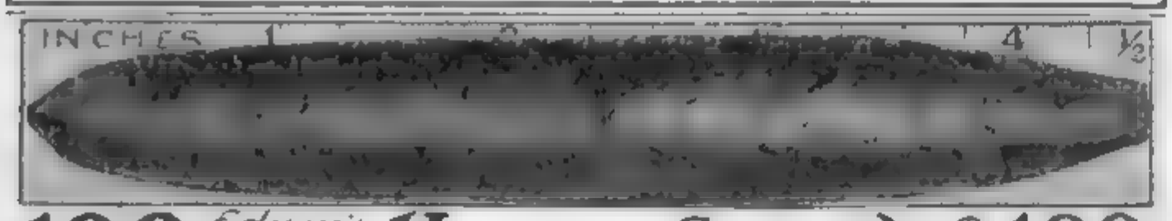

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EFFICIENCY EDGAR AND THE SECOND GENERATION

(Continued from Page 11)

When Edgar reached the age of three months, at which time, according to my schedule, he should sleep only sixteen hours and a half out of the twenty-four, a singular thing happened. In some inexplicable manner the child became obsessed with the mistaken idea that the hours when it is light are the time for sleep, and the dark hours the time for staying awake. Not only that, but when he was awake he preferred—yes, insisted on—society. The result of this was that Mary and I—especially myself—went almost wholly without sleep.

"This cannot go on," I said to Mary.

"If it does," she said tearfully, "I shall be in a sanitarium in a month."

"It shall not go on," said I.

Mary sniffed, something after the fashion of her mother.

"I shall correct this distressing error of Edgar's," I said emphatically.

"Don't hold off on my account," Mary said snappishly.

"Very well," said I; "now is the time to begin."

I went to Edgar's room. It was then about eight o'clock in the evening and he was just beginning to become thoroughly wakeful and somewhat boisterous.

I sat down by his bedside and considered briefly. First, I determined to show him the difference between darkness and light; then to teach him the purpose of each. I turned on the electricity.

"Light," said I firmly. "Light; daytime. Light; daytime." This I repeated several times to impress it on him.

I then turned off the electricity.

"Darkness," said I. "Night; darkness." And so on for a time.

I did this several times, so there could be no mistake in his mind as to which was darkness and which was light. It seemed to interest him; indeed, I am safe in saying that it fascinated him. I have never had so eager an observer and listener.

Next I proceeded a step forward. I turned the lights on fully. Sitting where he could see me clearly, I pretended to sleep. Suddenly I made as though I had awakened, and frowned.

"No, no!" said I. "Light; no sleep. Light; stay awake. Laugh; play."

I laughed aloud to illustrate and skipped about the room in a lively manner. Edgar Junior followed my movements with an intelligence that surprised even me, who expected so much of him. I turned off the light.

"Dark," said I. "Night; sleep. Not awake." I leaned back in my chair and pretended to snore. "Asleep," said I.

"Guggle-oo-oo-wuzzle-oggie-oo-oo-upp-upp," said Edgar Junior, in a determined attempt, I verily believe, at coherent speech.

"Do you understand?" I asked.

He repeated the same sounds, which I took to be an affirmative answer.

"Very well, then," said I; "go to sleep. At once!"

I bade him good night and left the room. I had proceeded no farther than the head of the stairs when a prolonged and startling cry followed me. I rushed back in alarm and turned on the light. The cry ceased and the boy began to utter ingratiating sounds. Since then I have come to believe he enjoyed my elucidation of night and day, and wished me to repeat it.

The long and the short of the matter was that Edgar Junior refused to permit me to leave his side all night. I could not make certain whether he kept me because of a vein of stubbornness, doubtless inherited from Mrs. Pierce, or because there was some point in my explanations which had evaded him and which he wished to have made clear.

But your true efficiency expert is not to be defeated by obstacles. I was not long in discovering an expedient.

"My dear," said I to Mary, "will you keep the child awake to-day as much as you can?"

"Short of sticking pins into him, I'll do my best," said she.

"To-night, then," said I, "he shall sleep. I will put an end to this situation."

Mary looked somewhat weary when I came home, but reported that baby had been kept awake, at least for a considerable part of the time.

"Now," said I, "come and see."

Mary followed me to Edgar Junior's room. It was dark and Edgar was wakeful. I began gradually introducing light, to counterfeit the dawning of day. First I opened the door to the hall, where the electricity was lighted; then I lighted one bulb in the room, but covered it with a cloth. In this manner I brought the room from darkness to light in a gradual and natural manner. The plan was a success. Quite evidently Edgar Junior had *not* understood my explanations of the previous night; for no sooner was the room brightly lighted than he went peacefully to sleep.

As I have intimated, the child's maternal grandfather was more to be dreaded than an epidemic.

I am sure he grew to have an active dislike for me because I would not let him dandle baby every minute he was in the house but insisted, according to the best authorities, that Edgar Junior should never be lifted from bed or carriage except to feed, or in other cases of actual necessity, such as bathing. Mrs. Pierce, also, was somewhat unfriendly and spoke acidly of the rights of grandparents.

"But," said I to her, "which would you choose—to maul the baby and play with him and excite him, and that sort of thing, just for your own pleasure to-day, or to follow my directions and see him grow up to be the exceptional man he is sure to become?"

"Bosh!" said Mrs. Pierce. "I never recall your finding much fault with Mary, especially when you were driving my husband and me almost wild with your weird efforts to marry her. You seem to think highly of her as she is, mentally, morally and physically. Would you be satisfied if your son turned out to be as generally satisfactory a man as Mary is a woman?"

"Indeed I should," said I.

She fixed me with her eye and sniffed.

"Well," she snapped, "I raised Mary, and her father helped! As near as I can remember, we raised her on the things you won't let us do with Edgar Junior. We did 'em all to her—every one—and she thrived on 'em; yes, sir—thrived! . . . Doesn't that give you something to think about?"

"It does," said I. "In spite of your crude—I will not say reprehensible—methods, Mary has grown to be a remarkable woman. I can only think, with regret, on what a very marvel she would have been if I could have raised her myself!"

In due course Mrs. Pierce bowed to the inevitable and we had comparatively little trouble with her; but not so Mr. Pierce. He manifested indulgent grandparenthood in its most obnoxious form, and no command or entreaty stayed him in the least. One day I found him actually permitting Edgar Junior to lick the varnish off the wheels of his cab. I nearly forgot myself. His only defense was:

"The leetle cuss was having such a good time I hated to interrupt him!"

Can hygienic ignorance present a depth more profound than that?

The best authorities maintain that the child should have at least one feeding daily from a bottle. This is in preparation for an emergency when the baby's mother may be required to stay away from it for a considerable time, and is to accustom the child to taking nourishment in that manner if it should become necessary.

Of course I saw to it that Mary followed the plan with Edgar Junior, though the boy did not appear greatly to enjoy it. Indeed, the bottle feeding was daily a half hour of turmoil and strife. But I persisted and we finally met with success. I hope no one will censure me for admitting that I regret this success—in the light of subsequent unfortunate and humiliating events.

It was perhaps a week later than the varnish-licking episode that Mary found it necessary to be absent from home from noon until eight o'clock in the evening. It was a Saturday and I volunteered to remain at home in full and exclusive charge of Edgar Junior. I welcomed the opportunity, for it would enable me to put into experimental practice a few ideas that had come to me. Mary was a bit anxious, but I assured her she need not give Edgar Junior and me so much as a thought. We would do as well as if she were there—perhaps better; though I did not think it wise to add this aloud.

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Mary left the house at noon. Edgar was asleep. The schedule at that stage of his growth demanded a feeding at two-fifteen; and I, with my own hands, prepared the food, seeing to it that it contained the correct formula of fats, sugar, proteids and salts.

With the bottle, I returned to Edgar Junior and, watch in hand, waited for two-fifteen to arrive. The baby was sleeping soundly. Precisely on the second I called him. He did not awaken. I shook him gently. He only tossed and muttered, so that I had actually to raise him and shake him repeatedly before he was sufficiently awake to take the necessary nourishment.

I presented the bottle to him. He eyed it briefly; then, with a swift gesture and a strength beyond his age, he struck it from my hand and all but spilled its contents. I rebuked him gravely and presented the bottle again. He drew up his feet and kicked. He shut his eyes and doubled his fists. But he opened his mouth to its widest extent. I seized the opportunity to insert the rubber portion of the apparatus. Edgar Junior shut his mouth and, to his manifest surprise, found the rubber there. It seemed to irritate him, for he wriggled and turned and threw himself from side to side, accompanying his movements with the most piercing and angry cries imaginable. He screamed; he held his breath; his face turned purple.

"Edgar Junior," said I, "that will do. Stop, at once!"

He made no pretense of obedience.

"If you do not stop at once and take your bottle I shall not let you play with your nice hygienic German rubber cow," said I sternly.

He only screamed the louder. I persisted in my efforts to feed him, aiming the nipple at his mouth whenever it opened. It was difficult to insert it. If you doubt it, try sometime to thrust a stick through a knothole that is kept constantly in motion.

At last his screams became so vociferous as to startle me. I bethought me that possibly something caused them besides petulance. Then I noticed that he stiffened repeatedly under his coverings, seeming to rest his weight on the back of his head and his heels. Spasms, thought I!

I waited to be sure. The phenomenon did not occur again for some time; but the bawling—no other word will describe the sound—continued. It persisted for upward of an hour and I had not succeeded in getting him to take so much as one drop of food. I was at my wits' end. I am afraid I was becoming excited, for his crying irritated my nerves so that I was nearly beside myself.

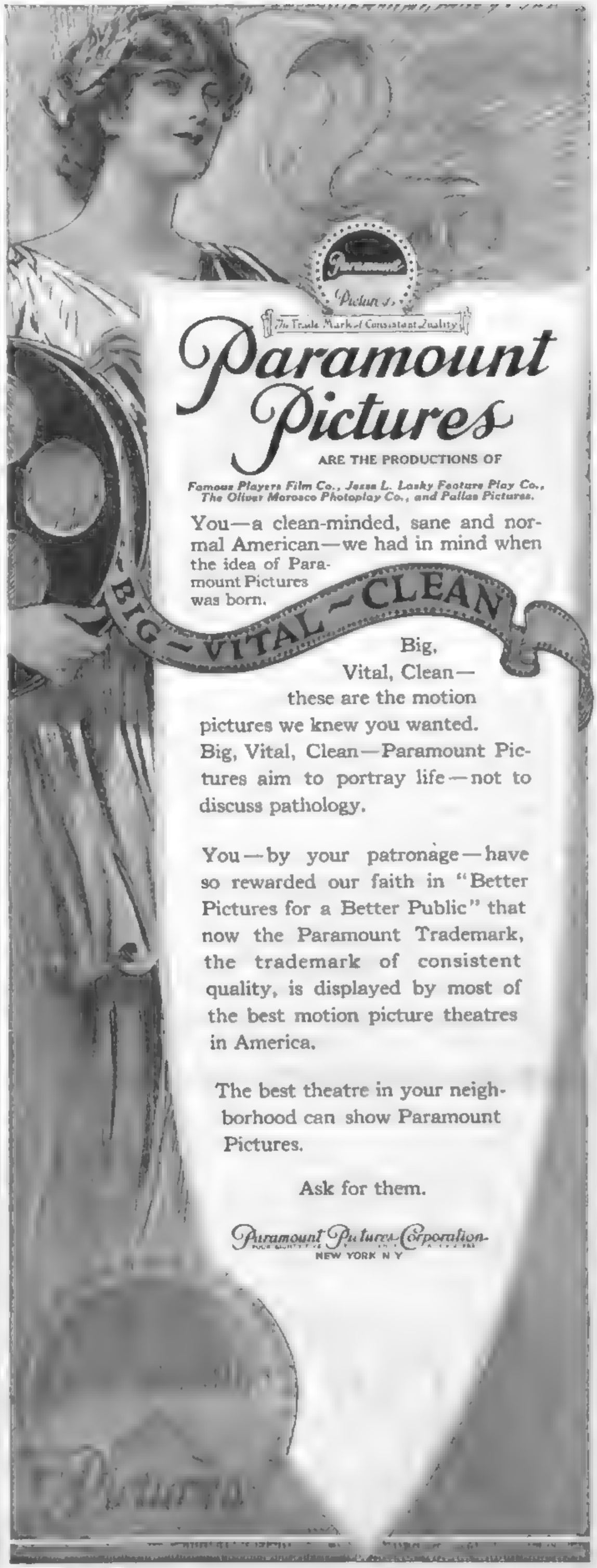
At last I snatched him from his crib—in violent disregard of all the authorities—and strode up and down the room with him. It did no good. I put him on my own bed and, with a hand on each side of him, joggled the springs so that Edgar Junior bobbed up and down with a motion supposed to be pleasing, but very injurious to a baby. It was a dreadful thing to do, but the insistent, continuous sound had worn down my moral fiber.

Finally I put him on the floor. He started howling and working toward his carriage. In an instant I knew what was in his mind; but—I can only lay it to a slightly deranged mental condition—I did not stay him. He was heading for his cab to suck the varnish off the spokes! I confess it with humiliation and shame—I allowed him to do the thing.

His cries ceased, and he settled intently to denude those spokes of varnish. In the silence that followed I collected my scattered senses and strengthened my will to do my duty. At last I was able to drag him from his place. His cries began once more.

Nothing would stop him. I felt I should go completely off my head if that noise did not cease, and rushed from the room to that closet where Mary and I had stored the dangerous toys his grandfather had given him. There were dozens of them, and I brought them in in armfuls and dumped them about him in heaps. There was enough paint and varnish there to have annihilated a village! I would have given him anything, done anything, if only I could have thought of what would silence him! But even the carriage wheel failed to appeal to him.

Then began again those symptoms I had taken to be spasms. This time I was certain of their identity. I tried to gather my wits and remember what to do, and succeeded partially. I rushed to the bathroom to fill the tub with hot water; but, owing to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my excitement, I tried to pass through the door without opening it and received a severe contusion on the forehead. I then filled the tub, remembering that a book had said to test its heat with my elbow. I could not wait to strip off my coat and roll up my sleeve, so I dipped in my arm, garment and all.

The water was too hot—decidedly too hot. It was, in fact, scalding, and the heat of it persisted in my coatsleeve until it was almost unbearable. No sane person, or even one partially deranged, would place an infant in water of that heat.

While I waited for the water to cool, being, as may well be imagined, in a state of dreadful fright, I endeavored to get a physician; but, though I called six, none was immediately available. I did not know what to do, but I did know that help was imperative. Suddenly I bethought me of Mrs. Pierce. She might help; so I telephoned her house. Mr. Pierce answered

"Mr. Pierce," I said excitedly, "send Mrs. Pierce over! Edgar Junior has convulsions or spasms, or something. Quick!"

"Ma is gone away," he said; "but I'll come."

It was the last straw. He was worse than nobody at all. I dashed to the bathroom, but the water was still hot. I rushed to Edgar, to find that he had crawled to the fireplace and was licking a lump of coal between shrieks. I dared not take the coal away from him for fear consequences of which I had no realization might ensue.

Despairingly I dropped on the bed and clutched my hair with both hands; and there I sat, exhausted mentally and physically, and broken down morally. For a time I was almost unconscious of the raucous sounds emitted by my son.

Then Mr. Pierce burst into the room, coatless and hatless. He snatched up Edgar Junior, lump of coal and all, and examined him anxiously.

"Convulsions? Rats!" he said, and drew from his pocket a poisonous red thing, which I recognized as a candy known to children as a lollipop, or all-day-sucker.

It consists of a stick to grasp in the hand, with candy on the end to insert in the mouth.

"See what granddad's got!" he said, holding it before Edgar's eyes.

The shrieks diminished, became sporadic, ceased. Edgar thrust out a hand grimy from the chunk of coal and seized the lollipop. With his grandfather's aid he got the thing into his mouth. Then he sighed, settled back—and, if one can smile with a mouth so distended, I believe he smiled.

"Say," Mr. Pierce addressed me ironically, "you know about as much about babies, Edgar, as a bulldog puppy does about mathematics!"

"He's safe?" I asked anxiously. "He hasn't convulsions?"

"Nothing ails him but a darn-fool father," said Mr. Pierce, fixing the lollipop more securely in Edgar Junior's mouth.

"You may be right," said I out of the depths of my misery. "A system that does not withstand an emergency is no system at all. Can it be that the rules of the science of efficiency do not apply to babies?"

"Awake at last!" said Mr. Pierce. "A baby isn't a machine with gears and cranks and pulleys. A baby is a kid!"

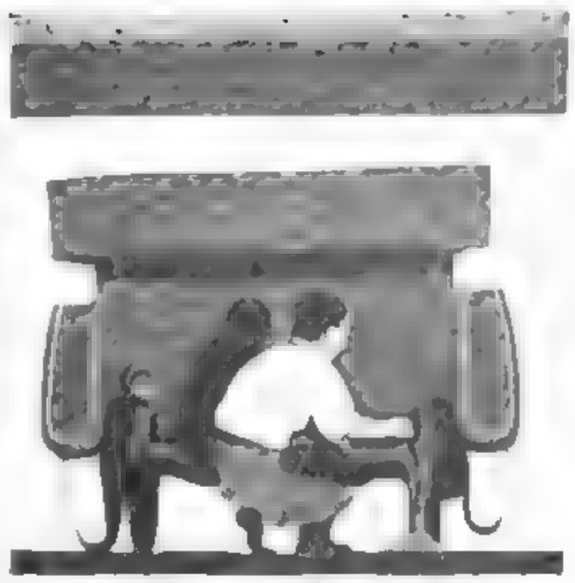
I fancied I understood him.

"You've just got what was coming to you," said he; "and now maybe you'll let this kid have a regular granddad like he ought to have. Every baby ought to have a dog and a granddad. If you think I'm killing him or poisoning him, just shut your eyes and look the other way—for I won't be. You see I know! Mine's practice; yours is nothing but theory—and average rotten theory at that!"

"Mr. Pierce," said I, "would you like to take baby out in his cab?"

This was a thing hitherto forbidden to him, owing to the uncertainty of his conduct toward the child. But it was conscious surrender, unconditional surrender, on my part. I'm not like some people I have met—I know when I've got enough!

The net results of this episode are that Mr. Pierce has practically retired from business, so he can spend his time with the baby; and under his care Edgar Junior has shown a greater increase in weight and mental development than for any other period since his birth. Sometimes I believe this is a strange and contradictory world. Why a law that applies to business will not apply as well to babies I can't see—but it doesn't. As for me, I'm out of ambition to make it try.



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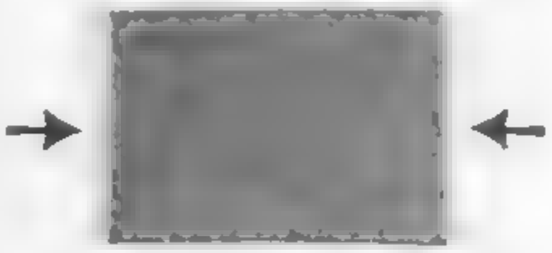

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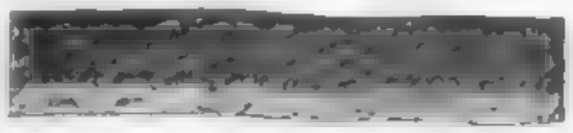

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ENTER THE VILLAIN

(Continued from Page 9)

unappreciative taskmaster, and he wouldn't be living in this cheap twelve-hundred-dollar-a-year flat, either. His conscience did not trouble him; from the moment the big notion came to him it had not. Greed had drugged it to death practically instantaneously.

No lees of remorse, no dreggy and bitterish reflections, touching upon the treachery he contemplated and the disloyalty to which he had committed himself, bothered him through that busy day. In his brain was no room for such things, but only for a high cheerfulness and exaltation. To be sure, he was counting his chickens before they were hatched, but the eggs were laid, and he didn't see how they could possibly addle between now and the tallying time of achieved incubation. So, with him in this frame of mind, the day started. And it was a busy day.

His first errand was to visit the safety-deposit vaults of a bank on lower Broadway. In a box here, in good stable securities of a total value of about sixteen thousand dollars, he had the bulk of his savings. He got them out and took them upstairs, and on a demand note the president of the bank loaned him twelve thousand dollars, taking Mr. Foxman's stocks and bonds as collateral. In the bank he had as a checking account a deposit somewhat in excess of two thousand dollars. Lying to Mrs. Foxman's credit was the sum of exactly ten thousand dollars, a legacy from an aunt recently dead, for which as yet Mrs. Foxman and her husband had found no desirable form of investment. Fortunately he held her power of attorney. He transferred the ten thousand from her name to his, which, with what he had just borrowed and what he himself had on deposit, gave him an available working capital of a trifle above twenty-four thousand dollars. He wrote a check payable to bearer for the whole stake and had it certified, and then, tucking it away in his pocket, he went round the corner into Broad Street to call upon John W. Blake at the Blake Bank. The supreme moment toward which he had been advancing was at hand.

As a man of multifarious and varied interests, and all of them important, Mr. Blake was a reasonably busy man. Before now ordinary newspaper men had found it extremely hard to see Mr. Blake. But Mr. Foxman was no ordinary newspaper man; he was the managing editor of The Clarion, a paper of standing and influence, even if it didn't happen to be a money-maker at present. Across a marble-pillared, brass-grilled barrier Mr. Foxman sent in his card to Mr. Blake and, with the card, the word that Mr. Foxman desired to see Mr. Blake upon pressing and immediate business. He was not kept waiting for long. An office boy turned him over to a clerk and the clerk in turn turned him over to a secretary, and presently, having been ushered through two outer rooms, Mr. Foxman, quite at his ease, was sitting in Mr. Blake's private office, while Mr. Blake read through the galley proofs of Singlebury's story, to which the caller had invited his attention.

The gentleman's face, as he read on, gave no index to the feelings of the gentleman. Anyhow, Mr. Blake's face was more of a manifest than an index; its expression summed up conclusions rather than surmises. As a veteran player—and a highly successful one—in the biggest and most chancy game in the world, Mr. Blake was fortunate in having what lesser gamesters call a poker face. Betraying neither surprise, chagrin nor indignation, he read the article through to the last paragraph of the last column. Then carefully he put the crumpled sheets down on his big desk, leaned back in his chair, made a wedge of his two hands by matching finger tip to finger tip, aimed the point of the wedge directly at Mr. Foxman, and looked with a steadfast eye at his visitor. His visitor looked back at him quite as steadily, and for a moment or two nothing was said.

"Well, Mr. Foxman?" remarked Mr. Blake at length. There was a mild speculation in his inflection—nothing more.

"Well, Mr. Blake?" replied the other in the same casual tone.

"I suppose we needn't waste any time sparring about," said Mr. Blake. "I gather that your idea is to publish this—this attack in your paper?"

"That, Mr. Blake, is exactly my idea, unless"—and for just a moment Mr. Foxman paused—"unless something should transpire to cause me to change my mind."

"I believe you told me when you came in that at this moment you are in absolute control of the columns and the policy of The Clarion?"

"I am—absolutely."

"And might it be proper for me to ask when you contemplate printing this article—in what issue?" Mr. Blake was very polite, but no more so than Mr. Foxman. Each was taking the cue for his pose from the other.

"It is a perfectly proper question, Mr Blake," said Mr. Foxman. "I may decide to print it day after to-morrow morning. In the event of certain contingencies I might print it to-morrow morning, and again on the other hand" once more he spoke with deliberate slowness "I might see my way clear to suppressing it altogether. It all depends, Mr. Blake."

"Did it ever occur to you that with this warning which you have so kindly given me, I have ample opportunity to enjoin you in the courts from printing all or any part of this article on to-morrow or any subsequent day?"

"You are at perfect liberty to try to enjoin us, Mr. Blake. But did it ever occur to you that such a step wouldn't help your case in the least? Go ahead and enjoin, Mr. Blake, if you care to, and see what would happen to you in the matter of—well, let us say, undesirable publicity. Instead of one paper's printing these facts—for they are facts, Mr. Blake—you would have all the papers printing them in one shape or another."

"Without arguing that point further just now, might I be allowed to mention that I fail to understand your motive in coming to me, Mr. Foxman, at this time?" said the banker.

"Mr. Blake," said Mr. Foxman, contemplating the tip of his cigar, "I'll give you two guesses as to my motive, and your first guess will be the correct one."

"I see," stated the other meditatively, almost gently. Then, still with no evidences of heat or annoyance: "Mr. Foxman, there is a reasonably short and rather ugly word to describe what you are driving at. Here in this part of town we call it blackmail."

"Mr. Blake," answered the editor evenly, "there is a much shorter and even uglier word which describes your intentions. You will find that word in the second—or possibly it is the third—line of the first paragraph of the matter you have just been reading. The word is 'steal.'"

"Possibly you are right, Mr. Foxman," said Mr. Blake dryly. He drew the proof sheets to him, adjusted his glasses and looked at the topmost sheet. "Yes, you are right, Mr. Foxman—I mean about the word in question. It appears in the second line." He shoved the proofs aside. "It would appear you are a reasonable man—with a business instinct. I flatter myself that I am reasonable and I have been in business a good many years. Now then, since we appear to be on the point of thoroughly understanding each other, may I ask you another question?"

"You may."

"What is your price for continuing to be—ahem—reasonable?"

"I can state it briefly, Mr. Blake. Being a newspaper man, I am not a wealthy man. I have an ambition to become wealthy. I look to you to aid me in the accomplishment of that desire. You stand in a fair way to make a great deal of money, though you already have a great deal. I stand in the position not only of being able to prevent you from making that money, but of being able to make a great deal of trouble for you, besides. Or, looking at the other side of the proposition, I have the power to permit you to go ahead with your plans. Whether or not I exercise that power rests entirely with you. Is that quite plain?"

"Very. Pray proceed, Mr. Foxman. You were going to say ——"

"I was going to say that since you hope to make a great deal of money I wish by cooperation with you, as it were, to make for myself a sum which I regard as ample for my present needs."

"And by ample—you mean what?"

"I mean this: You are to carry me with your brokers for ten thousand shares of the common stock of the Pearl Street trolley line on a ten-point margin. The account may be opened in the name of Mr. X; I, of

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course, being Mr. X. I apprehend that the party known as X will see his way clear to closing out the account very shortly after the formal announcement of your plans for the East Side transit merger—certainly within a few days. If there should be any losses you will stand them up to and including the ten-point margin. If there should be any profits they go, of course, to Mr. X. I do not anticipate that there will be any losses, and I do anticipate that there will be some profits. In payment for this friendly accommodation on your part, I for my part will engage to prevent the publication in The Clarion, or elsewhere, of the statements contained in those proofs and now standing in type in our composing room, subject to my order to print the story forthwith, or to withhold it, or to kill it outright."

"Anything else, Mr. Foxman?" inquired Mr. Blake blandly.

"Yes, one other thing: You are to give the necessary order now, in my presence, over the telephone to your brokers. After that you are to go with me to their offices to complete the transaction and to identify me properly as the Mr. X who is to be the owner of this particular account; also you are to explain to them that thereafter the account is subject to my orders and mine alone. I think that will be sufficient."

"It would seem, Mr. Foxman, that you do not trust me to deal fairly with you in this matter?"

"I do not have to trust you, Mr. Blake. And so I choose not to."

"Exactly. And what guaranty have I that you will do your part?"

"Only my word, Mr. Blake. You will observe now that the shoe is on the other foot. I do not have to trust you—whereas you do have to trust me. But if you need any guaranty other than the thought of where my self-interest lies in the matter I may tell you that in addition to the stocks which you are to carry for me I intend to invest in Pearl Street common to the full extent of my available cash resources, also on a ten-point margin. Here is the best proof of that." He hauled out his certified check for twenty-four thousand and some odd dollars and handed it over to Mr. Blake.

Mr. Blake barely glanced at it and handed it back, at the same time reaching for his desk telephone.

"Mr. Foxman," he said, "there may be some pain but there is also considerable pleasure to me in dealing with a reasonable man. I see that your mind is made up. Why then should we quibble? You win, Mr. Foxman—you win in a walk. Whatever opinions I may entertain as to your private character and whatever opinions you may entertain as to my private character, I may at least venture to congratulate you upon your intelligence. . . . Oh, yes, while I think of it, there is one other thing, Mr. Foxman: I don't suppose you would care to tell me just how you came into possession of the information contained in your article?"

"I would not."

"I thought as much. Excuse me one moment, if you please." And with that Mr. Blake, still wearing his poker face, joggled the lever of the telephone.

What with certain negotiations, privately conducted and satisfactorily concluded at the brokers', Mr. Foxman was engaged until well on into the afternoon. This being done, he walked across to the front of the stock exchange, where he found a rank of taxis waiting in line for fares when the market should close. The long, lean months of depression had passed and the broker gentry did not patronize the subway these days. Daily at three o'clock, being awearied by much shearing of woolly, fat sheep, they rode uptown in taxicabs, utterly regardless of mounting motor tariffs and very often giving fat tips to their motor drivers besides. But it is safe to say no broker, however sure he might be of the return of national confidence, gave a fatter tip that day than the one which Mr. Foxman handed to the taxicab driver who conveyed him to his club, in the Upper Forties. Mr. Foxman was in a mood to be prodigal with his small change.

Ordinarily he would have spent an hour or two of the afternoon and all of the evening until midnight or later at The Clarion office. But on this particular day he didn't go there at all. Somehow, he felt those familiar surroundings, wherein he had worked his way to the topmost peg of authority, and incidentally to the confidence of his employer and his staff, might be

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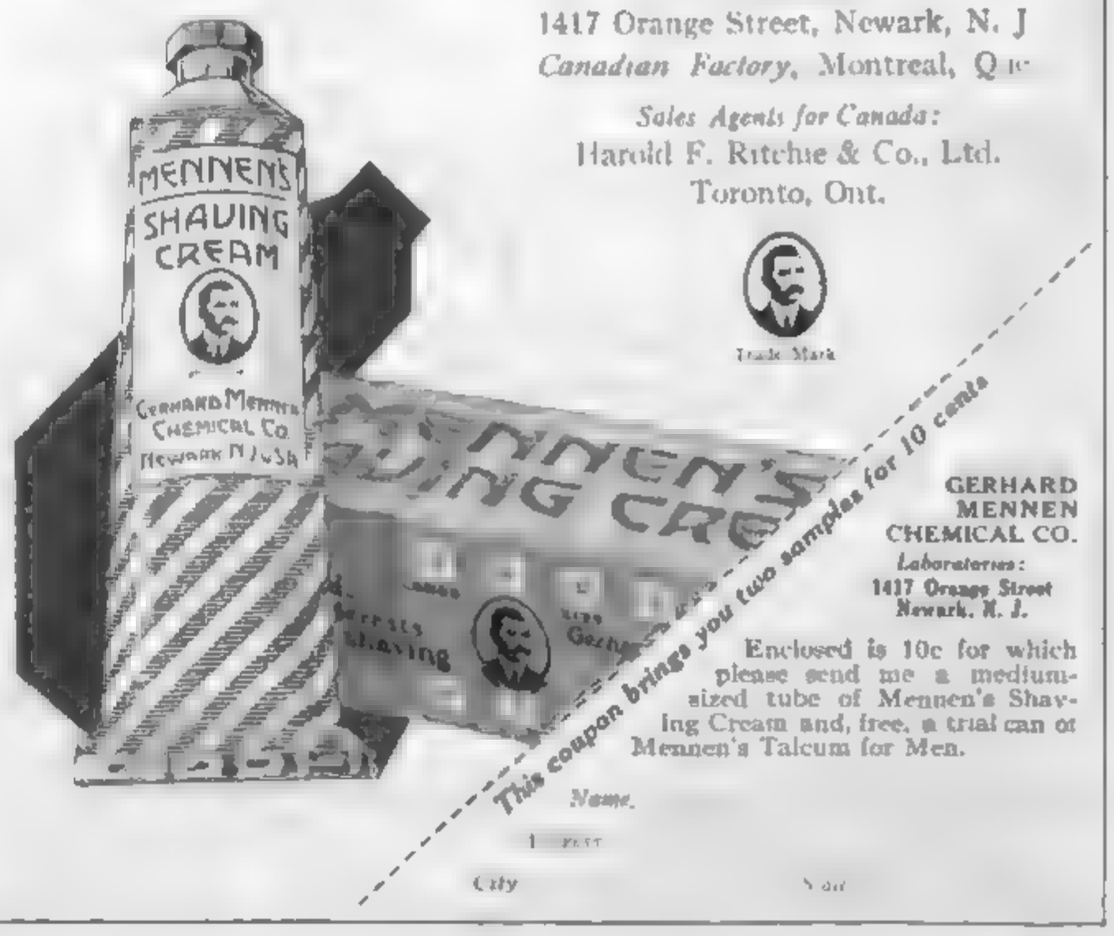
Canadian Factory, Montreal, Que.
Sales Agents for Canada:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.


MENNEN'S
SHAVING
CREAM
GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
Trade Mark
This coupon brings you two samples for 10 cents
GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
Laboratories:
1417 Orange Street
Newark, N. J.
Enclosed is 10c for which please send me a medium-sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream and, free, a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men.
Name
City

Lord Chesterfield hired a man to help him Shave

WHEN Lord Chesterfield's old valet died, his lordship was put to it to find a successor. None of them could shave him without chafing his skin. Finally he solved the problem by engaging a famous barber to teach him how to shave and how to care for his Razors.

Think how Chesterfield, that master of etiquette and accomplished man of the world, would have welcomed the Gillette Safety Razor.

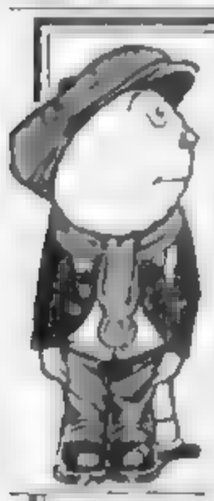
One can imagine him describing it in his famous "Letters to His Son" as a valued accessory to the grace of living and a thing every gentleman should use.

"A gentleman's shave"—such a luxury in Chesterfield's time is now accessible every day to every man who owns a Gillette.

The Gillette shave is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. Prices $5 to $50. Blades 50c. and $1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON

Send two cents in stamps for the Gillette 1916 Baseball Blue Book. Dept. K.



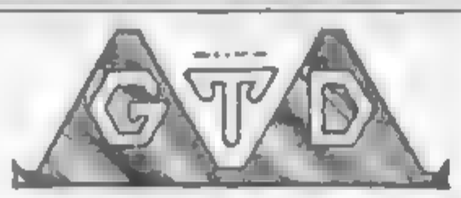
Dunlop Golf Balls

THESE famous balls, the great British favorites, are now being introduced in the U. S. Try 29 or 31. *Unrivaled for length, steadiness and accuracy*

$9 per dozen. 75c each.

For sale by golf professionals

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., Ltd.
Birmingham, Eng.



The outline above is the outcome of 20 centuries of contention It is the victor

AGENTS
MAKE MONEY
SELLING STEWART
IRON FENCE
GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR LIVE MEN—INVESTIGATE
THE STEWART IRON WORKS CO.
431 STEWART BLOCK—CINCINNATI, OHIO

YOUR HEAD *or* YOUR HANDS

You can make a living with either, but there'll be a big difference in the living.

The manual laborer may earn $2.50 a day. The salesman—a headworker—earns $10.00 a day.

Subscription Representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are headworkers—salesmen. Many of them make more than $10.00 a day. Even in their spare time scores of them earn $50.00 or more a month.

Would you like to coin your spare hours or full time into dollars? We can offer you a position as our local representative—on salary and commission.

Agency Division, Box 461 The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

to him distastefully reminiscent of former times. Mind you, he had no shame for the thing he had done and was doing; but instead had only a great and splendid exhilaration. Still, he was just as comfortable in his own mind, staying away from that office. It could get along without him for this once. It might as well get used to the sensation anyway; for very shortly, as he figured the prospect, it would have to get along without him.

At his club he ate a belated luncheon and to kill the time played billiards with two other men, playing with his accustomed skill and with a fine show of spirits. Billiards killed the time for him until seven-thirty, which exactly suited his purpose, because at seven-thirty the acting make-up editor should be reporting for duty down at The Clarion shop.

Mr. Foxman entered a sound-proof booth in the little corridor that opened off the main-entry hall of the club and, after calling up the night desk and notifying Sloan he would not come to the office at all that night, asked Sloan to send Hemburg to the telephone.

"Is that you, Hemburg?" he was saying, half a minute later. "Listen, Hemburg, this is very important: You remember the story I turned over to you last night? . . . Yes, that's the same one—the story I told you we would run, provided I could establish one main point. Well, I couldn't establish that point—we can't prove up on our principal allegation. That makes it dangerous to have the thing even standing in type. So you go upstairs and kill it—kill it yourself with your own hands, I mean. I don't want to take any chances on a slip-up. Dump the type and have it melted up. And, Hemburg—say nothing to anyone about either the story itself or what has happened to it. Understand me? . . . Good. And, Hemburg, here's another thing: You recall the other story that I told you was being held for release—the one on the Mexican situation? It's got a Washington date line over it. Well, shove it in to-night as your leading news feature. If we hold it much longer it's liable to get stale—the way things are breaking down there in Mexico. All right; good-by!"

He had rung off and hung up and was coming out of the little booth when a fresh inspiration came to him and he stepped back in again. One factor remained to be eliminated—Singlebury. Until that moment Mr. Foxman had meant to sacrifice Singlebury by the simple expedient of sending him next day on an out-of-town assignment—over into New Jersey or up into New England perhaps—and then firing him by wire, out of hand, for some alleged reportorial crime, either of omission or of commission. It would be easy enough to cook up the pretext, and from his chief's summary dismissal of him Singlebury would have no appeal. But suppose Singlebury came back to town, as almost surely he would, and suppose he came filled with a natural indignation at having been discharged in such fashion, and suppose, about the same time, he fell to wondering why his great story on the Pearl Street trolley steal had not been printed—certainly Singlebury had sense enough to put two and two together—and suppose on top of that he went gabbling his suspicions about among the born gossips of Park Row? It might be awkward.

These were the thoughts that jumped into Mr. Foxman's mind as he stepped out of the booth, and in the same instant, while he was stepping back in again, he had the answer for the puzzle. Since he meant to make a burnt offering of Singlebury, why not cook him to a cinder and be done with it, and be done with Singlebury too? A method of doing this was the inspiration that came on the threshold of the telephone booth; and when immediately he undertook to put the trick into effect he found it, in its preliminary stages, working with that same satisfactory promise of fulfillment that had marked all his other undertakings, shaping into the main undertaking.

For example, when he called up the Godey Arms Hotel and asked for Mr. Singlebury, which was the thing he next did, the telephone operator of the hotel exchange told him Mr. Singlebury had gone out for the evening, leaving word behind that he would be back at midnight. Now that exactly suited Mr. Foxman. Had Singlebury been in he had meant, on the pretext of desiring to question him later upon some trivial point in the big story, to have Singlebury be at some appointed telephone rendezvous shortly after midnight. But he knew now with reasonable certainty where Singlebury would be during that hour. This knowledge simplified matters considerably; it saved him from the bother of setting the stage so elaborately. Without giving his name to the young woman at the hotel switchboard he asked her to tell Singlebury, upon his return, that a gentleman would call him up on business of importance some time between twelve and one o'clock. She said she would remember the message and, thanking her, he rang off. Well content, he went to a theater where a farce was playing, sat through the performance and, going back again to his club after the performance, had a late supper in the grill.

At twelve-forty-five he finished his coffee. Entering the telephone booth he got first the Godey Arms upon the wire, and then, after a moment, the waiting and expectant Singlebury. In his mind all evening Mr. Foxman had been carefully rehearsing just what he would say and just how he would say it. Into his voice he put exactly the right strain of hurried, sharp anxiety as he snapped:

"Is that you, Singlebury?"

"Yes, it's Singlebury," came back the answer. "That's you, Mr. Foxman, isn't it? I rather imagined it would be you from what ——"

Mr. Foxman broke in on him.

"Singlebury, there's hell to pay about that story you wrote for me. Somebody talked there was a leak somewhere"

"On my word of honor, Mr. Foxman," said the jostled Singlebury, "it wasn't I. I obeyed your orders to the letter and ——"

"I haven't time now to try to find out who gabbled," snapped back Mr. Foxman; "there are things more important to consider. About half-past seven to-night—that was when and where I first tried to reach you from down here at the office—I got wind that Blake's crowd had found out about our surprise and were getting busy. That was what I'd been afraid of, as I told you. In the fear that they might try to enjoin us if we held off publication any longer I gave orders to slam the story into the early-mail edition that went to press twenty minutes ago. And now—now when the mischief is done—when thousands of papers are already printed—I find out that we've committed criminal libel, and the worst kind of criminal libel—not against Blake—we are safe enough there—but against Eli Godfrey, Senior, one of the biggest lawyers in this town. In your story you accused him of being one of the lawyers who helped to frame this deal. That's what you did!"

"Yes—but—why—but"—stammered Singlebury—"but Mr. Foxman, Eli Godfrey, Senior, was the man. He was wasn't he? All my information was ——"

"It was his son, Eli Godfrey, Junior, his partner in the firm," declared Mr. Foxman, lying beautifully and convincingly. "That's who it was. The father had nothing to do with it; the son everything. You got the whole thing twisted. I've snatched the forms back and I'm throwing the story out of the second edition and filling the hole with a Washington story that we happened to have handy. So your story probably won't be in the edition that you will see. But that doesn't help much—if any. We've kept the libel out of our local circulation, but it's already in the early mails and we can't catch up with it or stop it there. It's too late to save us or to save you."

"To save me?"

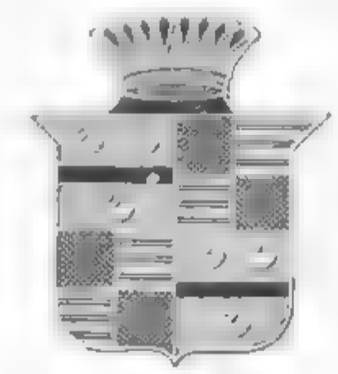
"That's what I said. I guess you don't know what the laws against criminal libel in this state are? The Clarion will be sued to the limit, that's sure. But, as the man who wrote the story, you can be sent to the penitentiary under a criminal prosecution for criminal libel. Do you understand—to the penitentiary? I'm liable, too, in a way of course—anybody who had anything to do with uttering or circulating the false statement is liable. But you are in worse than the rest of us"

In his room at the other end of the wire panic gripped poor Singlebury. With a feeling that the earth had suddenly slumped away from under his feet he clung desperately to the telephone instrument. He had accepted this terrifically startling disclosure unquestioningly. Why should he question it?

"But if—if there was no malice—if the mistake was made innocently and in ignorance ——" he babbled.

In his place in the club telephone booth Mr. Foxman, interpreting the note of fright in the reporter's voice, grinned to

(Continued on Page 53)

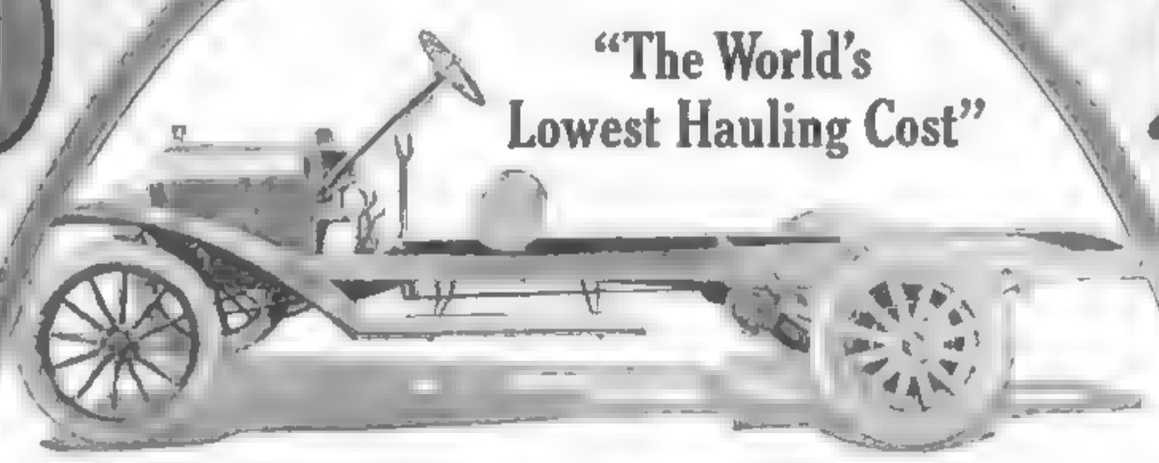


You will probably never care to drive across the continent in 7 days, 11 hours, 52 minutes. But it is intensely gratifying to know that you have a car which possesses the stamina to withstand such an ordeal and finish essentially as good a car as when it started.

At 12.01 A. M. Monday, May 8, 1916, Erwin G. Baker and Wm. F. Sturm started from the Court House at Los Angeles, Calif., in a fully equipped standard Eight Cylinder Cadillac Roadster. They crossed the mountains of California, the Mohave Desert, the dry washes of Arizona, the winding trails of New Mexico, the washed-out roads of southeastern Colorado, the plains of Kansas, through hub-deep mud in Missouri, across Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and the mountains of Pennsylvania, across New Jersey and into New York City, arriving at Times Square at 2.53 P. M. Monday, May 15. The one driver, with the one companion, in the one car, drove 3371.8 miles in 7 days, 11 hours and 52 minutes. They bettered their previous record made in another make of car, by 3 days, 19 hours and 23 minutes.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

$350 and a FORD



"The World's Lowest Hauling Cost"

Makes this guaranteed One Ton Truck

$2,000,000 a Month Increase in Contract Orders—Average for Past Six Months

The Smith Form-a-Truck is the biggest-selling motor truck ever built. In sales records it has even exceeded the majority of the most conspicuous selling successes among pleasure cars. It is answering the long-felt want for real efficiency and economy in delivery service all over the country.

It is in service in practically every line of industry and wherever it is used, however hard the work, it is showing a lower cost per ton mile for hauling than any other type of transportation.

With the second largest exclusive dealer representation, Smith Form-a Truck service stations are found everywhere. Complete installations can be made for the smallest or largest concerns, with no loss of time in the transportation department.

How It Is Built

Fits any Ford chassis. Frame, 4" channel section, extra deep.

Rear axle drop forged steel 2½x1½ inches.

Rear wheels wood artillery type with twelve two-inch spokes. Tires Firestone truck type, solid rubber, 32x3½ inches.

Springs semi-elliptic, 42 inches long, 2 inches wide. Auxiliary relief spring for overload.

Drive system chain and sprocket. Ford rear axle used as jackshaft.

Wheelbase, 125 inches.

Loading space, 108 inches.

Frame liberally reinforced by cross members and gusset plates at rear.

Beware of Imitations!!

SMITH Form-a-Truck

This Is Furniture Dealer Month

Hundreds of Smith Form-a-Trucks are now in use by furniture dealers, furniture manufacturers and furniture movers in every section of the country. We are devoting this month to special consideration of the requirements of everyone who sells or moves furniture. We are making a special service analysis—devoting special attention to requirements of this type of work.

The Smith Form-a-Truck is the most efficient form of transportation for furniture dealers and movers.

The average load hauled by the trucks of any furniture dealer practically never exceeds the rated capacity of the Smith Form a-Truck, and there is never a delivery to be made which cannot be carried on a Smith Form-a-Truck more efficiently and more economically than on any other form of motor or horse drawn vehicle.

This is proven through a wide range of service records obtained from the largest and smallest dealers in furniture in the country.

The original investment is only $350 and the price of a Ford chassis. Two men can install the Smith Form-a-Truck attachment on a Ford chassis in a few hours. The result is a fully guaranteed one-ton truck with a nine-foot loading space large enough to take any body you may require.

You know the wonderful motor reliability and service of the Ford. This is the power plant you use in a Smith Form-a Truck. And the Smith Form a-Truck attachment itself is built as sturdily as the highest-priced truck you can buy.

Ninety per cent of the load is carried on the Smith Form-a-Truck rear axle. No part of the chassis is overloaded or subject to unusual strain.

What It Will Do

Twelve to twenty miles per gallon of gasoline.

Six to eight thousand miles per set of tires.

Twelve to fifteen miles per hour average speed.

Less than four cents per ton mile for hauling cost.

Four to one time saving over horse drawn delivery in same service.

30 to 40 per cent greater efficiency than heavier trucks of equal capacity on same work.

Smith Form-a-Truck attachment practically indestructible.

Guaranteed as fully as most expensive truck you can buy.

Beware of Imitations!!

WARNING To Prospective Purchasers of Truck Attachments

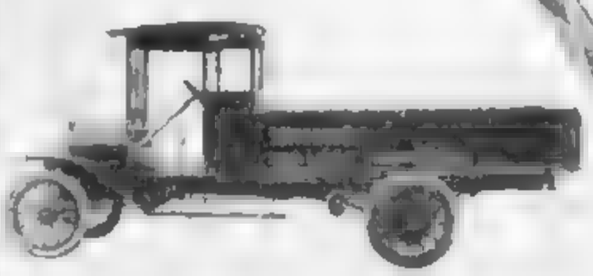
Since the introduction of the Smith Form-a-Truck, numerous imitations and so-called "conversions" have been placed upon the market. We control the basic patent rights to the chain driven truck attachment and are prosecuting vigorously any and all infringements.

THE SMITH FORM-A-TRUCK CO., 1470 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Smith Form-a-Truck Co.

Executive Offices and Salesrooms, Suite 918 Smith Form-a-Truck Bldg.
1470 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Eastern Branch, 1834 Broadway, New York
Pacific Coast Branch, Pico & Hill Sts., Los Angeles
Southern Branch, Fourth National Bank Bldg., Atlanta



Gentlemen:

"Regarding the condition and service of the truck recently purchased, we are pleased to advise that it is giving satisfactory service. We find that it is doing work which previously required two or three teams to handle.

The truck has been in service about a month, and to date has been very satisfactory."

S. DAVIDSON & BROS.
Des Moines, Iowa.

CUT THIS OUT—MAIL TODAY

SMITH FORM A-TRUCK CO. S. E. P. 7-1
Suite 918, Smith Form-a-Truck Building
1470 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

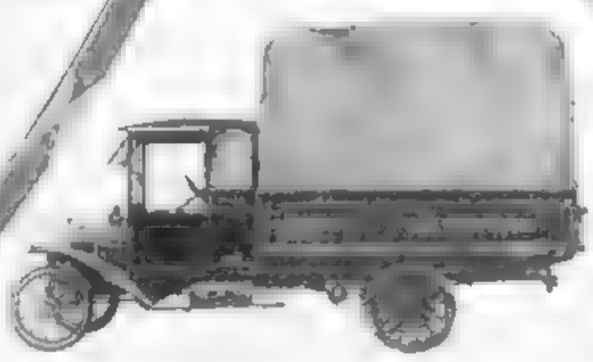
Gentlemen:—If you can prove to me that your Smith Form a Truck is the cheapest transportation in the world I am interested so send me your booklet "It Solves Your Delivery Problem." No obligation on my part.

*My business is*_____ *I can use*_____ *trucks*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Line of Business*_____



Gentlemen:

After having devoted considerable time investigating the most economical and dependable trucks suitable for our business, we finally decided that the Smith Form-a-Truck answered the requirements in every respect, and accordingly are pleased to favor you with our preliminary order for one of your trucks. From the observation of the work done by your trucks we feel sure that we could not have made a better selection."

CHICAGO SAMPLE FURNITURE CO.
Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 50)

himself. Singlebury, it was plain, didn't know anything about libel law. And Singlebury, it was equally plain, was accepting without question or analysis all that he was hearing.

"Lack of malice doesn't excuse in this state!" Mr. Foxman said, speaking with grim menace; "you haven't a leg to stand on. There'll be warrants out before breakfast time in the morning; and by noon you'll be in a jail cell unless you get out of this town to-night before they find out the name of the man who wrote this story. Have you got any money?"

"I've—I've got some money," answered Singlebury, shaping the words with difficulty. "But, Mr. Foxman, if I'm responsible I can face the consequences. I'm willing to ——"

"Singlebury, I'm telling you that you haven't a chance. I sent you out on this story—that was my mistake—and you got your facts twisted—that was your mistake. Even so, I don't want to see you suffer. I tell you you haven't a show if you stay in this state ten hours longer. You'll wear stripes. I'm warning you—giving you this chance to get away while there's still time—because you're a young man, a stranger in this community, with no influence to help you outside of what The Clarion could give you, and that would be mighty little. The Clarion will be in bad enough itself. The man who owns this paper would sacrifice you in a minute to save himself or his paper. He can't afford to throw me to the lions, but with you it's different. If you beat it he may make a scapegoat of you, but it'll be at long distance where it won't hurt you much. If you stay you'll be a scapegoat just the same—and you'll serve time besides. Because I can't help feeling sorry for you I'm offering you a chance by giving you this warning."

"I'll go then—I'll go right away. I'll do as you say, sir. What—what would you suggest?"

"If I were you I'd catch a ferry for the Jersey shore before daylight—they run all night, the ferries do. And as soon as I landed on the Jersey shore I'd catch a train for the West or the South or somewhere and I'd stay on it till it stopped, no matter how far it took me—the farther from this town the better. And for the time being I'd change my name—that's my parting confidential advice to you. Good-by. I've wasted more time already than I can spare." And having, as he figured, chosen the proper moment for ringing off, Mr. Foxman accordingly rang off.

But he made sure of the last detail—this calculating, foreseeing, prudent man. It was less than six blocks from his club to Singlebury's hotel. He drove the distance as speedily as a motor could carry him and, halting the taxi he had hired in the quiet street on the opposite side of the roadway, he, hidden in its interior, sat waiting and watching through the cab window; until, a little later, he saw Singlebury issue from the doorway of the Godey Arms, carrying a valise in his hand, saw him climb into a hansom cab and saw him drive away, heading westward.

By Mr. Foxman's directions his own cab trailed the cab bearing the other right to the ferry. Not until his eyes had followed the diminishing figure of the reporter while it vanished into the ferry house did he give orders to his driver to take him home to his apartment. Seasoned and veteran nighthawk of the tenderloin that he was, the driver concerned himself not a bit with the peculiar conduct of any passenger of his. He did simply as he was told. If he was paid his legal fare and a sufficient tip besides, he could forget anything that happened while he and his chariot were under charter. For a sufficiently attractive bonus he would have winked at manslaughter. That was his code.

Being deposited at his home shortly before three A. M., Mr. Foxman became aware of a let-down sensation. With the strain relieved he felt the after-effects of the strain. He was sleepy and he was very tired; likewise very happy. Not a slip had occurred anywhere. Blake had been tractable and Singlebury had been credulous, and Hemburg, of course, had been obedient. The story would never see daylight, the big merger would be announced according to schedule, and Pearl Street common would go kiting up thirty or forty, or maybe fifty points. And he was loaded to the gunwales with the stock—bought at nineteen and three-quarters. For obvious reasons Blake would keep his mouth shut; for other reasons, just as good, Pratt, Bogardus and Murtha would keep their mouths closed too. They might, in private, indulge in a spell of wonderment, but they would do their wondering where no outsider overheard it—that was sure.

Hemburg, who traveled in an alcoholic haze anyhow, doing as he was told and asking no questions, would not be apt to talk. Why should he talk? Moreover, upon some plausible excuse Mr. Foxman meant that Hemburg and The Clarion should shortly part company. General Lignum, happily, would be absent from the country for at least a month and possibly for six weeks. If by the time he returned he hadn't forgotten all about the East Side traction business it would be easy enough to make him forget about it. Pulling wool over Lignum's eyes should be the easiest of jobs. Lignum would be having his political ambitions to think about; one beat more or less would mean nothing to Lignum, who had no journalistic instincts or training anyway.

As for Singlebury—well, the coup by which that young man had been disposed of was the smartest trick of them all, so Mr. Foxman told himself. Every avenue leading to possible detection was closed up, blocked off and sealed shut. In any event he, Hobart Foxman, was bound to make his pile; it was highly probable that there would be no price to pay in the subsequent loss of Hobart Foxman's professional reputation. He had been prepared, if need be, to surrender his good name in exchange for a fortune, but if he might have both—the name and the fortune—so much the better for Hobart Foxman.

He hummed a cheerful little tune as he undressed himself and got into bed. There he slept like a dead man until the long hand of the clock had circled the clock face a good many times.

It was getting along toward eleven o'clock in the forenoon and the summer sunlight, slipping through chinks in the curtains at the windows of his bedroom, had patterned the bed covers with yellow stencilings when Mr. Foxman awoke. For a spell he yawned and stretched. Then, in his slippers and his dressing gown, he went through the hall to the dining room to tell the maid out in the kitchen she might serve him his breakfast. According to the rule of the household copies of all the morning papers were lying at his place on the dining table. There was quite a sizable heap of them. The Clarion, folded across, made the topmost layer of the pile. Governed more by a habit of long standing than by any active desire to see what it contained, he picked it up and opened it out.

Out in the kitchen the maid heard some one in the dining room give a queer strangled cry. She came running. Her master stood in the middle of the floor with an opened newspaper in his two shaking hands. He didn't seem to see her, didn't seem to hear the astonished bleat which promptly she uttered; but above the rim of the printed sheet she saw his face. She saw it in the first instant of entering, and for sundry succeeding seconds saw nothing else. It was a face as white as so much chalk, and set in it a pair of eyes that popped from their sockets and glared like two shiny, white-ringed, agate marbles, and at its lower end a jaw that lolled down until it threatened self-dislocation. The maid figured Mr. Foxman had been rendered suddenly and seriously unwell by something shocking he had found in the paper.

Therein she was right; it was a true diagnosis if ever there was one. Mr. Foxman had been suddenly and sorely stricken in the midst of health and contentment; Mr. Foxman was now seriously unwell, both physically and as to the state of his nervous system.

Indeed the gentleman was in even more deplorable case than the foregoing words would indicate. Mr. Foxman was the engineer who is hoist by his own petard. He was the hunter who falls into the pitfall he himself has digged, who is impaled on the stake he himself has planted. He was the hangman who chokes in the noose he wove for other victims. In short, Mr. Foxman was whatever best describes, by simile and comparison, the creature which unexpectedly is wrecked and ruined by contrivances of its own devisement.

At the top of the first page of The Clarion, smeared across three columns in letters which, to Mr. Foxman's petrified gaze, seemed cubits high, ran a certain well-remembered scare head, and under that, in

EVEREADY
The light that says
"There it is!"
—and lets you KNOW what the dark hides
WHAT'S a vacation without an Eveready! Wherever you go this summer, have the one light that's instant, yet safe. Put an Eveready in the traveling bag, for use on the way.
And have EVEREADY convenience and protection all summer long in the unfamiliar surroundings where the dark might trap you.
If you have a flashlight that isn't in commission, take it to your nearest Eveready dealer and see if he hasn't an Eveready TUNGSTEN battery to fit it. Eveready Tungsten is the long lived, dependable and really economical battery.
There's an Eveready for every body at Eveready dealers everywhere—searchlights, "torches," house lights and pocket lights—76 styles to meet every requirement priced from 75c up. Get yours today.
American Ever Ready Works of National Carbon Co.
Long Island City New York
Makers of EVEREADY New-Sulphating Storage Batteries for Automobiles
With that long lived TUNGSTEN Battery

For Seventy-Five Cents

you can get a real camera for your boy or girl

The fun of making pictures has a delightful appeal to the children, and here is a new little camera designed especially for the children's use.

It is a daylight loading roll film camera for 1¼ x 1¾-inch pictures, adjusted for time or snap-shot exposures, and is so simple as to work almost automatically. Any boy or girl can use it successfully from the start.

It is in no sense a flimsy toy, but a carefully thought out, substantially constructed, dependable camera, each one rigidly tested in the factory, and with the reputation of the largest camera makers in the world behind it. Its low cost is due to our exceptional manufacturing facilities and the very large quantities which we make and sell.

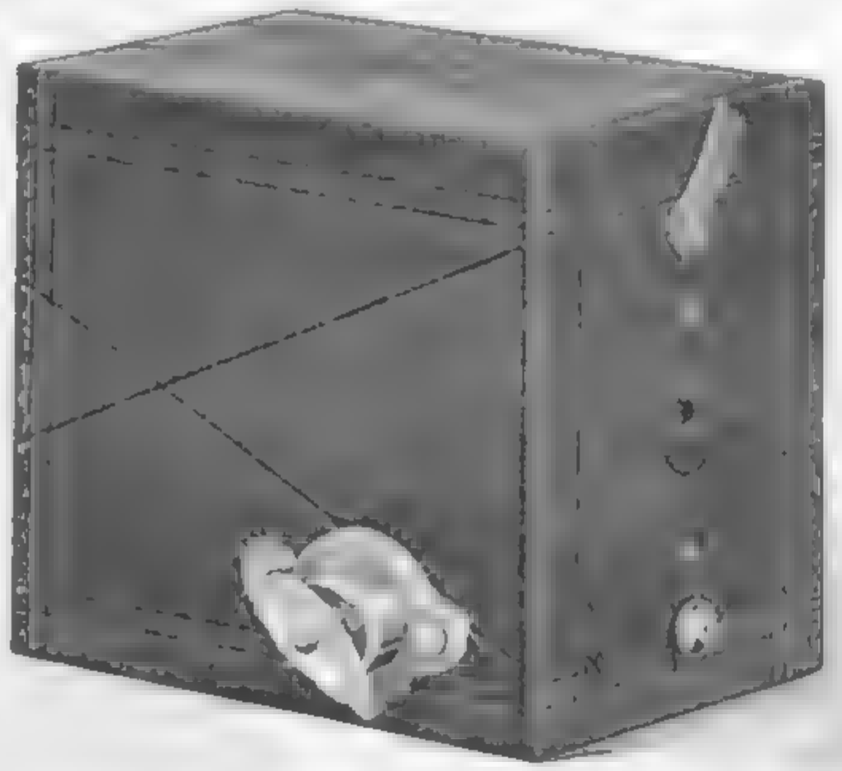
Inexpensive in itself, inexpensive to operate (the 6-exposure film which it uses costs only ten cents per roll), it is an excellent means of starting boys and girls along the delightful road of amateur photography.

Make your children's vacation more happy with the

No. 00 Cartridge Premo

Premo catalogue free at the dealer's, or mailed direct on request.

Rochester Optical Division, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.



EXTENDED — FOLDED

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

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two-column measure, a box of black-faced type, and under that, with its accusations bristling out from the body matter like naked lance tips, followed the story which told of the proposed Pearl Street trolley grab and the proposed East Side merger steal.

All of it was there, every word of it, from the crackling first paragraph to the stinging wasp tail of the last sentence!

The telephone has played a considerable part in this recital. It is to play still one more part and then we are done with telephones.

Mr. Foxman regained the faculty of consecutive thought—presently he did. He ran to the telephone, and after a little time during which he wildly blasphemed at the delay he secured connection with the office of the firm of brokers who carried the account of Mr. X.

It was too late to save anything from the wreckage; the hour for salvaging had gone by. A clerk's voice, over the wire, conveyed back the melancholy tidings. A bomb had burst in Wall Street that morning. The East Side merger scheme had been blown into smithereens by a sensational story appearing in The Clarion, and the fragments still were falling in a clattering shower on the floor of the stock exchange. As for Pearl Street trolley common, that had gone clear through to the basement. The last quotation on this forsaken stock had been seven and a half asked, and nothing at all offered.

The account of Mr. X, therefore, was an account no longer; it was off the books. Mr. X's ten-point margin having been exhausted, Mr. X had been closed out, and to all intents and purposes neither he nor his account any longer existed.

Mr. Foxman's indisposition increased in the intensity of its visible symptoms until the alarmed maid, standing helplessly by, decided that Mr. Foxman was about to have a stroke of some sort. As a matter of fact he had already had it—two strokes really, both of them severe ones.

We go back a little now—to the evening before. We go back to the alcoholic Hemburg, trying to make good in his *ad-interim* eminence as acting make-up editor and, in pursuance of this ambition, riding for the time being upon the water wagon, with every personal intention of continuing so to ride during all time to come.

When he came on duty shortly after seven o'clock every famished, tortured fiber in him was calling out for whisky. His thirst was riding him like an Old Man of the Seas. He sweated cold drops in his misery and, to bolster his resolution, called up every shred of moral strength that remained to him. Inside him a weakened will fought with an outraged appetite, and his jangled nerves bore the stress of this struggle between determination and a frightful craving.

In this state then, with his brain cells divided in their allegiance to him and his rebellious body in a tremor of torment, he was called upon very soon after his arrival at the office to carry out an important commission for the man who had bestowed upon him his temporary promotion. Taking the command over the wire, he hurried upstairs to execute it.

Had he been comparatively drunk it is certain that Hemburg would have made no slip; automatically his fuddled mind would have governed his hand to mechanical obedience of the direction. But being comparatively sober—as sober as nearly twenty-four hours of abstinence could make him—poor Hemburg was in a swirl of mental confusion. At that, outmastered as he was, he made only one mistake.

There were two stories lying in type, side by side, on the stone. One of them was to be played up in the leading position in the make-up. The other was to be dumped in the hellbox. That was the order, plain enough in his own mind. So one of them he dumped, and the other one he put in the forms to be printed.

The mistake he made was this: He dumped the wrong one and he ran the wrong one. He dumped the long Washington dispatch into a heap of metal linotype strips, fit only to be melted back again into leaden bars, and he ran the Singlebury masterpiece. That's what Hemburg did that's all.

Well then, these things resulted: Mrs. Foxman lost her ten-thousand-dollar legacy and never thereafter forgave her husband for frittering away the inheritance in what she deemed to have been a mad fit of witless speculation. Even though his money had gone with hers she never forgave him.

Mr. Foxman, having sold his birthright of probity and honor and self-respect for as bitter and disappointing a mess of pottage as ever mortal man had to swallow, nevertheless went undetected in his crookedness and continued to hold his job as managing editor of The Clarion.

General Robert Bruce Lignum, a perfectly innocent and well-meaning victim, was decisively beaten in his race for the United States senatorship. Mr. Blake saw to that personally—Mr. John W. Blake, who figured that in some way he had been double-crossed and who, having in silence nursed his grudge to keep it warm, presently took his revenge upon Foxman's employer, since he saw no way, in view of everything, of hurting Foxman without further exposing himself. Also, to save himself and his associates from the possibility of traveling to state's prison, Mr. Blake found it incumbent upon him to use some small part of his tainted fortune in corrupting a district attorney, who up until then had been an honorable man with a future before him of honorable preferment in the public service. So, though there were indictments in response to public clamor, there were no prosecutions, and the guilty ones went unwhipped of justice. And after awhile, when the popular indignation engendered by The Clarion's disclosure had entirely abated, and the story was an old story, and the law's convenient delays had been sufficiently invoked, and a considerable assortment of greedy palms at Albany and elsewhere had been crossed with dirty dollars, the East Side merger, in a different form and with a different set of dummy directors behind it, was successfully put through, substantially as per former program. But by that time the original holders of Pearl Street trolley stocks had all been frozen out and had nothing to show for their pains and their money, except heart pangs and an empty bag to hold.

Bogardus, the lobbyist, and old Pratt, the class leader, and Lawyer Murtha, the two-faced—not one of whom, judged by the common standards of honest folk, had been actuated by clean motives—enjoyed their little laugh at Blake's passing discomfiture, but afterward, as I recall, they patched up their quarrels with him and each, in his own special field of endeavor, basked once more in the golden sunshine of their patron's favor, waxing fat on the crumbs which dropped from the greater man's table.

Hemburg's reward for striving, however feebly, to cure himself of the curse of liquor was that promptly he lost his place on The Clarion's staff—Mr. Foxman personally attended to that detail—and because of his habits could not get a job on any other paper and became a borrower of quarters along Park Row.

Singlebury, who did a good reporter's job and wrote a great story, was never to have the small consolation of knowing that after all he had not committed criminal libel, nor that he had not got his names or his facts twisted, nor even that his story did appear in The Clarion. Without stopping long enough even to buy a copy of the paper, he ran away, a fugitive, dreading the fear of arrest that had been conjured up in another's imagination and craftily grafted upon his beguiled intelligence. And he never stopped running, either, until he was in Denver, Colorado, where he had to make a fresh start all over again. While he was making it the girl in San José, California, got tired of waiting for him and broke off the engagement and married someone else.

What is the moral of it all?

You can search me.

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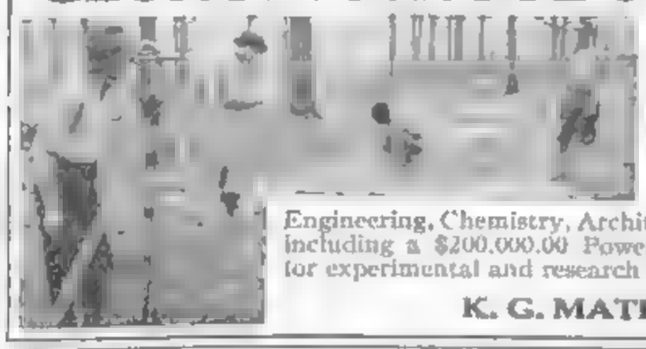

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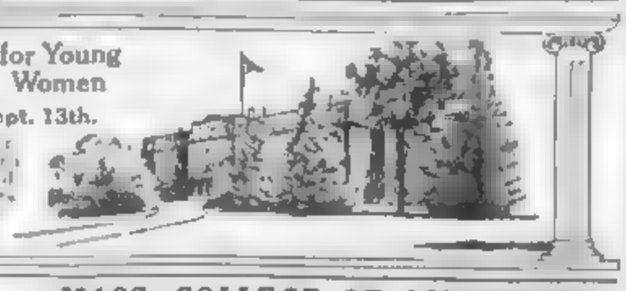

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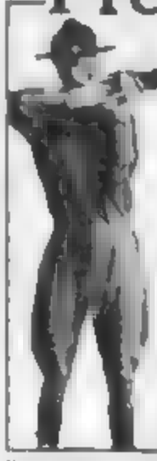

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Give the AutoStrop Razor this month's trial, and then decide whether you will pay the dealer the $5.00 it costs, or return it to him.

If you do not find a dealer who has arranged with us to make this trial offer, write direct to us.

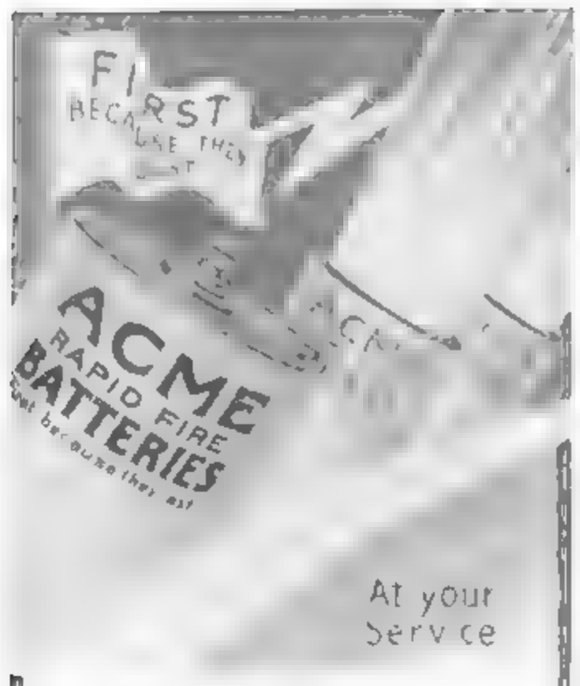
To Dealers

We take all the risk. This fair offer guarantees the Dealer and protects the user.

This is the seventh full-page advertisement devoted entirely to this particular offer, and the resulting volume of business is wholly satisfactory—Are you getting your share? If not, write for our "Dealer Plan."

The AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

This offer is also good in Canada. 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*



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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Bicycle Tires

Behind the Scenes in a Department Store

(Continued from Page 13)

One report is devoted to "Possibilities for Service That We Have Overlooked Because We Have Been Living Too Close to Tradition." Most of these things are small in themselves, but they suggest the vacuity of imagination that can exist in a business:

"Elevator men frequently fail to call floor numbers or customers fail to hear; and there are excited inquiries: 'What floor is this?' Or, 'Didn't I ask you to let me off at the fourth?' There is no reason why the number of each floor should not be placarded on the inner side of the wire landing door about five feet from the floor instead of being placed below the sill. Wouldn't this simple device be a source of gratification to our guests?

"I am told that every evening—especially between six and nine o'clock—several telephone calls come in about packages which have not been delivered, or something else that needs attention. Usually there is nobody to answer these calls except janitors or watchmen, who return unintelligent and often impudent answers, and thus alienate customers. We ought to have some competent and trained person in the store, at least up to nine o'clock, to take these messages and do what he can to conciliate the inquirers. Indeed, it might be a fine investment to have an all-night telephone service of this sort, which should include the taking of orders for early delivery next day or for special delivery in the morning.

"It is often necessary to have changes made in trimmed hats to suit the customer. As a rule, these changes do not mean the loss of anything, for the trimmings removed can be sold in a regular way without sacrifice. The decision as to whether this can be done or not is made by the floor manager in the absence of the buyer or assistant buyer. Might it not be policy in this particular department to allow some of the older salespeople to have the power of decision, so as to please the customer? I concede that the privilege should not be given to all salespersons, but why spend the customer's time chasing the manager?

"And, in general, it seems to me that one great bane of the average store, and a source of great exasperation to customers and loss to the business, is the failure to develop employees all down the line to take responsibility and discharge it intelligently. So long as we continue to make children of our men and women who have been with us for years, just so long shall we have weak and helpless organizations."

Rules That Need More Rubber

"Customers complain about the lights in our hosiery cases. On account of the blinding glare they can't see the goods. Wouldn't it be in the line of service to install a different kind of light?

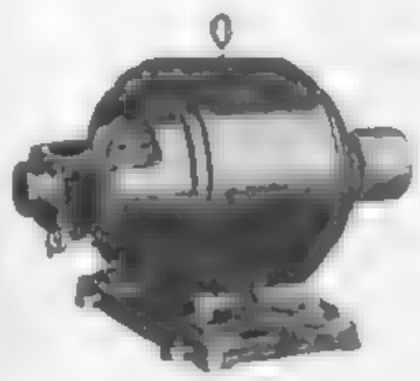
"It would save the customer's time, too, if trivial mistakes, such as omitting the number from the address label or sales check, could be corrected in the tube room. At present the customer is required to wait while it is sent back for correction. Looking at the thing from the viewpoint of the customer, it is barely possible that some of our rules about which we pat ourselves on the back ought to have more rubber in them so as to make them elastic.

"No chairs or stools are allowed in our Pattern Department because some of our customers might stay too long! But service would suggest that we make customers comfortable, even if it were necessary to put a table and chairs near the department, so that those who wished to spend more time in the selection could do so without fatigue.

"In the Yard Goods it is the common thing to hear customers say, after examining goods: 'I am not sure how much I need; I'd better wait and find out.' To me it seems rather pitiful that our store, in the business of selling these goods, should not have a competent dressmaker handy who could give reliable advice. This would help customers immensely and would cinch sales continually that get away from us.

"We consume a vast amount of customers' time and our own in looking up charge accounts where the amount of the purchase is trifling and the customer desires to take the goods. I am satisfied that we could safely render a great service by assuming

The Power Behind the Gun



WITH blast and roar the huge shell hurtles seaward, while the giant gun, operated by a Robbins & Myers Motor, sinks gently to rest to receive a new charge.

One hundred and eighteen Robbins & Myers Motors are serving Uncle Sam in operating the 10-inch disappearing guns used in various coast fortifications.

For here super-service is vital. Here must be more than mere operating efficiency—more than mere stamina to combat stress of shock and weather—more than the sum of all the factors that make for ordinary motor excellence. Here must be utter dependability fully consistent with the imperative demands of national safety.

Little wonder that power users everywhere prefer Robbins & Myers Motors for this selfsame utter dependability. R & M Motors run the whole gamut of motor service up to 25 horse-power, for operation on all commercial direct and alternating currents.

Whatever the device, whether vacuum cleaner or huge machine tool, you may depend that the other quality features of the machine are of the same high order if it is equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor. These motors are found on all the best electrically-driven equipment for the home, factory, store and office. The name Robbins & Myers is always a guarantee of quality, service and satisfaction.

If you're a manufacturer of motor-driven machines, we will help to solve your motor problems and will submit sample motors for trial

If a motor user, ask us to tell you about the particular motor for your needs

If a dealer, ask for bulletins and prices, and how we co-operate in helping you close big contracts.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

Branches In 9 Principal Cities *Dealers Everywhere*

Robbins & Myers Motors

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

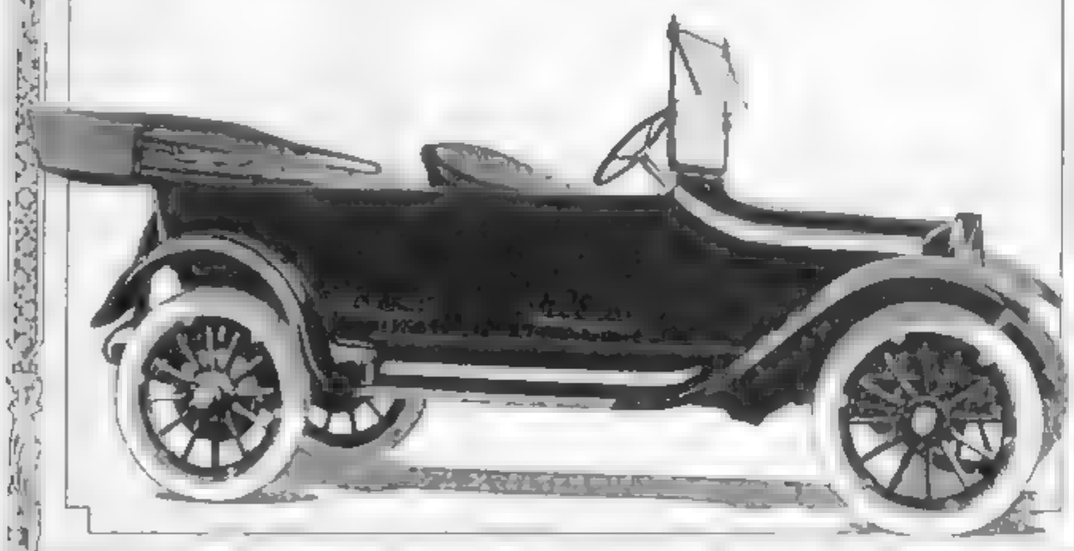
When people speak of the car they invariably speak of its quality

This is something outside and above and beyond salesmanship and advertising. It is a spontaneous force at work which is greater than both

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



the risk on amounts under five dollars. We might perhaps have an occasional small loss, but this would be more than offset by the gain in time to the store and the lessened clerical work. We need not advertise that we do this, but simply put the thing in the light of a special favor, which it would be. Unless our salespeople are hopeless judges of human nature, they will not often be deceived—and at all events we need to raise the caliber of our clerks, I repeat, above the level of dotards.

"The same thing would apply to the taking of checks for small amounts, by either clerks or delivery men. The delivery man who refuses a small check from a householder who he knows has been buying goods of the store for months, or perhaps years, deliberately insults that customer on behalf of the store. We want delivery men of ordinary intelligence at least, and we can well afford to show customers that we trust these men to carry such little responsibilities. Yet this very day I have a complaint that a delivery man said to a customer of ten years' standing:

"'I ain't never allowed to take no checks at all.'

"To change the subject rather abruptly, I think we ought to consider the matter of service to men. Father is entitled to our solicitude as well as mother, especially as he puts up the cash. We might make a hit with him if we placed at his disposal a real rest room, where he wouldn't have to stand round on the edges, with a guilty feeling of intrusion, while he waited for mother. All men don't like to sit on a bench in a foul smoking room. Perhaps we ought to have two rooms—one for smoking and one for real rest, with some couches. Many old men visit us, and doubtless many younger ones, who may feel weary or ill."

Selling Trips With Trunks

"A Travel Bureau in the Trunks would be logical service, as in a certain store where they will get for customers all sorts of information about railroads and hotels; and where, as I happen to know, they will undertake to secure transportation and Pullman berths for customers who are crowded for time.

"This same store absolutely prohibits tips in its restaurant and enforces the rule. Inspectors are on the watch and a single violation means dismissal. This is on the theory that a host takes care of those things. If tips are left on the tables the money goes to the cashier and into a charity fund. Notices to this effect are posted.

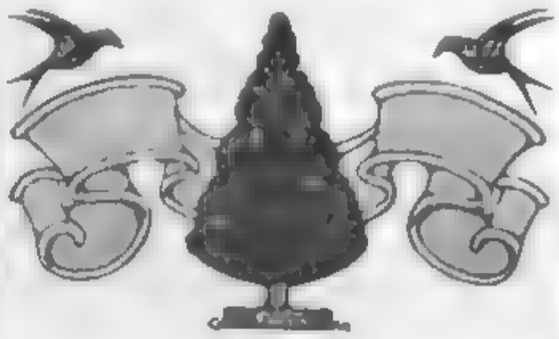
"After watching the selling of shoes for infants I think it would be very good service to elevate the platforms so that the mothers could better examine the shoes.

"I also suggest that we get a machine to alter belts and girdles on the spot. It would mean the immediate adjustment of customers' needs; and, besides, we should have to carry fewer sizes. You will observe that most of these service suggestions have compensations often far outbalancing the cost.

"I believe we ought to make a thorough experimental study of what would perhaps be the greatest single service of all—some method of cutting out the waits for change and packages. There are stores that have abandoned the ordinary cumbersome and tedious processes, apparently with success. But in our store I understand the subject has never been given any consideration whatever, because we have been wedded to tradition. We have now passed our twenty-fifth anniversary; yet last year our net earnings were actually less than they were the first year—a fact I have verified from the books."

Then he asks:

"What is the answer, if it doesn't lie in service? It seems to me that we have been looking over the heads of the people and trying to discern some mysterious land in the distance from which we could import our profits. Gentlemen, I believe our profits lie right under our noses."



You'll Like Your Looks In Willson Goggles

Because there's a model that fits your face as though made to order. Thin faces, round faces, narrow faces, broad faces—all the kinds of faces there are—can find a Willson style that feels good and looks smart.

WILLSON GOGGLES
REG U.S. PAT OFF

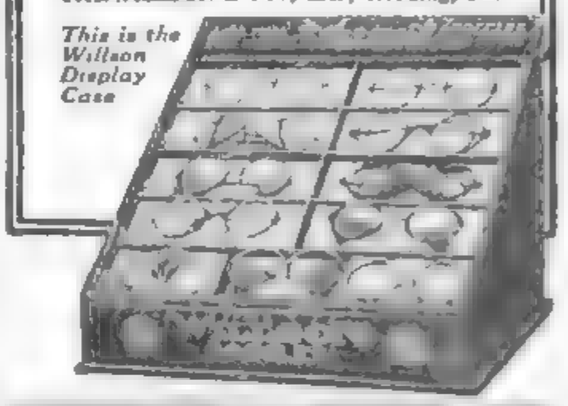
The Zylbex Self-Adjusting Goggle has a flexible pure silk bridge that adjusts itself to any face and "stays put." Offers the last word in comfort to motorists.

Look in the Willson Display Case for the goggles that suit you best. They're all easy on the temples, stay firm and give ample protection.

Prices, $1.50 to 25c

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., Reading, Pa.

This is the Willson Display Case



Within Your Reach

are good looks and carefree good health—if you see to it that your teeth are well kept; because good teeth mean good digestion.

The utmost you can do for your teeth is to visit your dentist twice a year and choose a standard dentifrice like

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

The three times a day use of either of these standard dentifrices is real health insurance.

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

L. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
522 West 27th St.
New York City

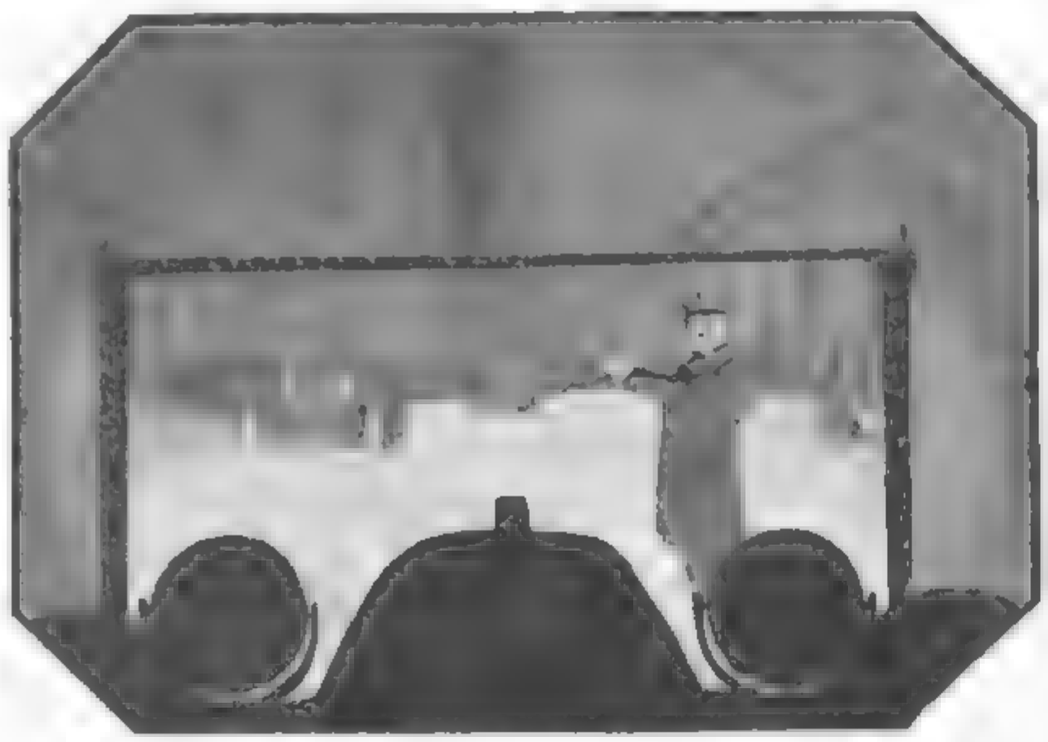
Student earns all his expenses

VICTOR S. RANDOLPH of California has reason to smile. He has paid every cent of his expenses in the University of Wisconsin by acting as a representative of THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY. He is now earning a medical course in the same way.

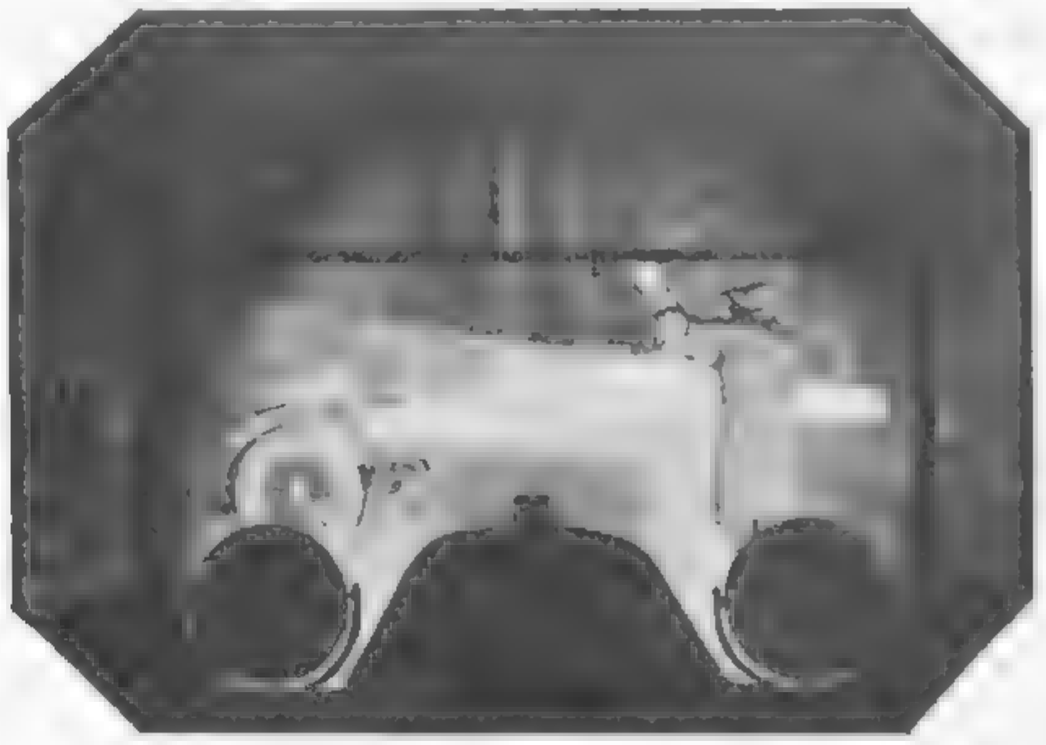
His younger brother Paul, now a Sophomore in the University of California, was so impressed with "Big Brother Vic's" success that he has also joined the ranks of Curtis student money-makers, and is making good.

PERHAPS you, too, want to secure an education in university, musical conservatory or medical college. You can earn it during the summer vacation. Or, if you prefer, you can have the cash. Let us explain our offer.

Educational Division, Box 458
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia



THE LIGHTED WAY—with Warner-Lenzes



THE BLINDED WAY—with ordinary lights

Night Driving Hazards Ended

Do away with the dangers of night driving on boulevards, streets and unlighted country roads with Warner-Lenz. Don't blind and jeopardize other motorists with glaring searchlights. Don't blind and jeopardize yourself with dimmers. Dress up your car with the smart, new Warner-Lenz—then you are safe and so is everyone you meet. You have light enough and are not in danger of arrest.

With this revolutionary invention you drive as safely and pleasantly at night as by day. All the uncertainty of night motoring is gone *all the dangerous glare of searchlights and all the more dangerous obscurity of dimmers.*

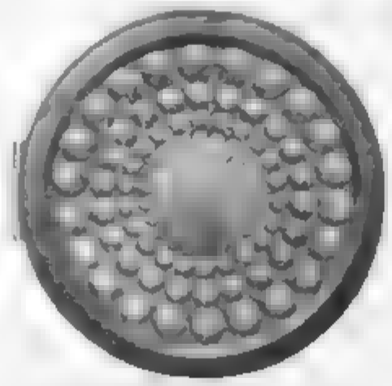
Science, at last, has solved the lighting problem—*how to get light enough everywhere and nowhere too much.*

By Warner-Lenzes the light from your present lamps is *not* concentrated on one narrow streak but is thrown *in a spray* all over the road, from 300 to 500 feet in front and *on both sides.*

Quadruples Light Where Needed

With these lenses, lamps of any candle power will give *four times as much usable light* as they would otherwise. In other words they do away with the long dazzling, blinding rays far beyond where needed, and give instead a spray of light on both sides of the road and for 300 to 500 feet ahead of your car, and this light is so soft, *so much like daylight, that dimmers are not needed*, even in congested traffic.

You never know the real pleasure of night driving until you use Warner-Lenzes.



176 LENSES IN ONE

Order a pair at once from your dealer. If he hasn't them in stock, and won't order them for you, write us direct. We will send them prepaid at once. They are sold on a basis of satisfaction-guaranteed-or-your-money-back. Thousands of pairs have been sold with the understanding that they could be returned if the user was willing to get along without them. They are literally *indispensable* as soon as they are tried.

The Hazard Is Gone

They take all the usual dangers out of night-motoring because everything that could be dangerous is just as *visible* as by day.

All vehicles approaching from the side or on cross streets, all pedestrians, all bad places at the side of the road, all dangerous culverts—everything that has caused the terrible night accidents of the past is *no longer a menace.*

Every police department which has passed upon Warner-Lenzes has ruled that they are O. K. anywhere without dimming.

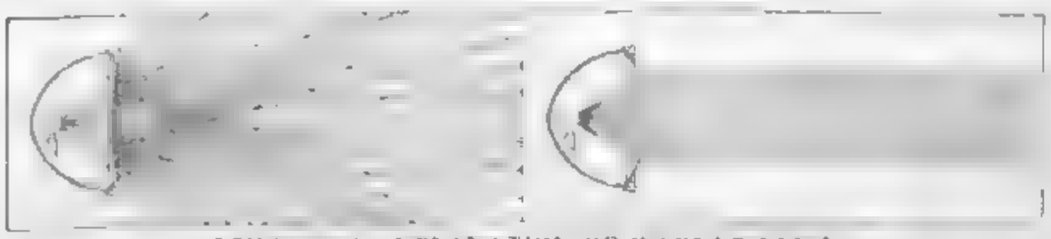
If you contemplate going on a short tour this summer and your car is not equipped with headlights that will pass police inspection and ordinances in the cities that you pass through, what are you going to do about it?

Order a pair today—don't delay.

Don't try to get along with your present plain headlights. *Don't subject yourself and others to the twin dangers of glare and obscurity.* Get Warner-Lenzes at once. You can place them on your present lamps yourself, in a moment. No mechanic is needed. Made in sizes to fit *any* headlight for automobiles and motorcycles (either gas or electric lighted). See directions and price list below. Remember, your money back if you think you can do without them after you have used them *one night.*

WARNER-LENZ

If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon



SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF WARNER-LENZ

The diagram at the left shows how the 176 lenses in a Warner-Lenz break up the beam of light as it comes from the reflector and throw it in all directions. At the right is shown what happens in the old-style searchlight; the beam from the reflector is thrown ahead in parallel rays which can light only the middle of the road. The difference is the same as between the spray and the stream from a garden hose.

Prices of *Warner-Lenzes* Per Pair

Diameter in Inches	East of Rockies	West of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive	$3.50	$3.75
9¼ to 10, inclusive	4.00	4.25
10¼ to 12, inclusive	5.00	5.25

Please Read These Directions Carefully

To make sure of getting exact size, take out the glass from one of your lamps, lay it on a piece of paper and mark around it with a pencil. Then attach paper to this coupon.

Money-Back Coupon

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
917 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Inclosed find (check, money order or cash), for which please send me prepaid one pair of Warner Lenzes with a guarantee that if not satisfactory, money will be refunded upon return of the lenses within [illegible] S L P

*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

*Name and model of car*_____

*Dealer's name*_____

*Address*_____ 13

Ford Saxon Car Owners Listen!

You Can't Guess Your Speed Try It!

If you have been relying on your ability to guess the speed of your car stop fooling yourself

Try this test

Take a ride today in a car that is equipped with a Stewart Speedometer

Cover the speedometer with your hand—and guess the speed of the car Then look at the speedometer and see what a poor guess you made

Try it as often as you please and you will find that you guess wrong every time

You will be convinced that you need a Stewart Speedometer immediately

With a Stewart on your car you will find a new and lasting pleasure in always knowing by a glance at its plain, quickly read dial just how fast and how far you go

It saves you from breaking the speed laws. Arrest is humiliating, trials are usually at a place and time most inconvenient to you. Fines are getting heavier; prison sentences less exceptional

A Stewart costs less than one fine would and is a source of permanent pleasure, safety and economy.

With this Stewart on your car you always know just "how far" by season and by trip

This means you will be able to tell the tire company exactly how many miles you got out of your tires—and if your mileage has not been satisfactory enables you to get a fair adjustment from them, for the Stewart mileage record is indisputable

It means you can keep an accurate check on gasoline and oil consumption.

On the road you will always know just how far you have come and how far you have to go, enabling you to follow guide books and road books accurately when touring

One of the greatest pleasures of driving a car is in knowing accurately how far you have driven on any day or on any trip

You can't be proud of your car unless it has a real speedometer—a Stewart. A car without one is like a business man without a watch—like a business concern without a carefully kept set of books.

Poor Warning Signals Spell Death

You must have a real warning signal—a Stewart—on your car to protect your family, yourself and your car—to make others heed your safety and their own

The clear, snappy, commanding Stewart Warning blast sounds certain safety

The Stewart (hand) Warning Signal at $3 50 puts safety insurance within the reach of every car owner

You will find every built in quality and feature possible in any signal in the Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal—at the revolutionary price of $6 00

Get your life insurance—a Stewart—today

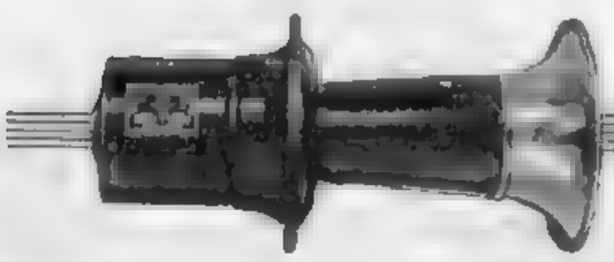
No car is better than its accessories

Stewart Products For Sale by Accessory Dealers, Automobile Dealers and Garages—Everywhere

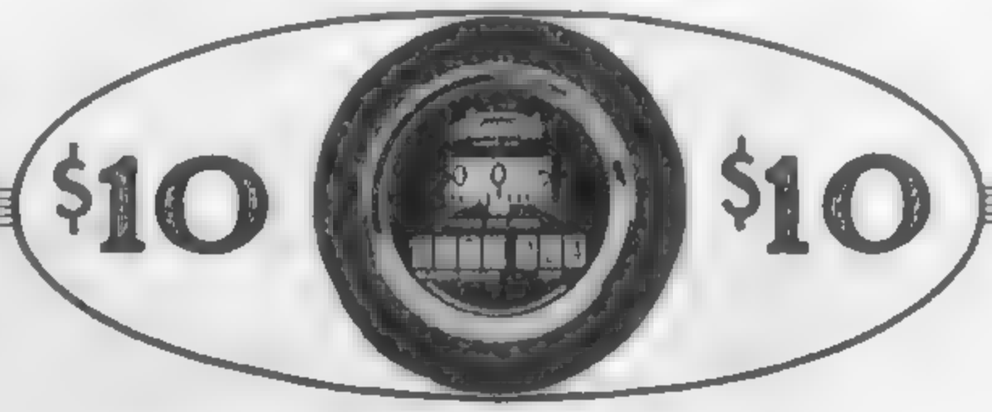
Branches and Service Stations in all principal cities

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

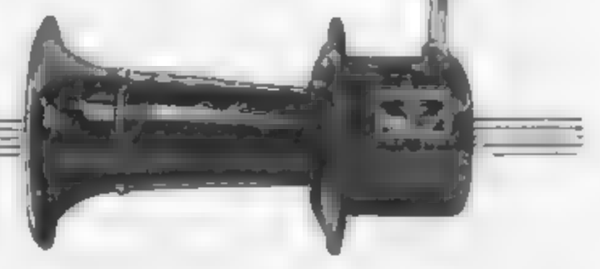
Stewart Warning Signal
Motor Driven
$6



A Stewart Speedometer for Ford and Saxon Cars



Stewart Warning Signal
Hand Operated
$3.50



HUSKIE DOG

(Continued from Page 15)

For five days the wind blowed a blizzard. 'Twas wild an' thick, an' bitter cold. T' travel the barrens in a chokin' gale like that was out o' the question altogether. A man couldn't pick his way in the blindin' stifle o' snow; a man couldn't live in the frosty wind—gasp an' stumble an' stray. We starved.

'Twas painful at first. We ached. By an' by the first pangs of it passed; an' then we turned weak an' dull an' captious. I mind that I hated Sandy Marsh; an' I mind, too, that I fell foul of un sadly—we come near t' blows—because he praised fried pork above a stout mess o' fish an' hard bread. 'Twas near a mortal quarrel; for Sandy was an obstinate man, mark you—he'd have his pork, says he, no matter what happened; an' I might talk as I liked about fish, says he, an' be damned t' me!

I smiles now, it may be, t' think of it; but when I thinks o' the looks o' poor Sandy Marsh my smile goes awry—the lean, gray countenance of un, with his eyes sparkin' from vast sockets, turned purple an' black, like bruises, as he searched that mean tilt for crumbs an' foul scraps, as eager as a beast. He was savage. So was I. 'Twas no wonder at all that the one soured the other.

Sometimes the snow thinned an' the wind paused. Scrapin' the frost from the windows we could peep into the world; but ever the wind blowed up again t' take the heart out of us, an' the snow come swirlin' down. Sometimes we cotched sight of a dog near by, but not often—Coal an' Whip an' Box; an' once Sandy Marsh stepped without t' whistle up Sly, an' once t' wheedle Tom within reach. But he failed. The dogs was wary.

Sandy whistled an' wheedled, an' jus' wasted his wind an' spoiled his temper. An' I waited—mouth waterin'. I've no doubt whatsoever that the pack knowed the purpose he had in mind; an' 'tis likely, too, that they did, when you comes t' think of it soberly—they would eat Sandy an they could catch un, jus' as Sandy would eat they; an' their purpose fathered their fear.

Dear man, how he labored t' lay hands on a dog! Weak as he was, 'twas hard for un, mark you, t' coax that pack; an' he'd come in from the frost in despair, fair lickin' his lips—an' once, I mind, he jus' got down an' cried like a baby because he couldn't manage t' lure one of his own dogs t' the tilt, where we could dispatch it together in safety. Coal we seed an' tried for, Box, Sly, Whip an' Tom; but we cotched no glimpse o' Smoke.

"They've done for Smoke," says I.

"Ay!" says Marsh. "Poor ol' dog! He'd be the first t' go. I wish I'd left un t' home, Tumm. 'Twasn't right t' fetch un along."

'Twas a vastly gloomy outlook. I'll not seek t' mitigate an' make light o' the peril an' misery of it. There we was, me an' poor Sandy Marsh, half dead an' weak as water with need o' food; an' we was snowed in prisoners o' wind an' frost. 'Twas two days t' Bread an'-Butter Harbor; strong men might make it in less, but we poor men—weak an' fevered with starvation—never at all could breast the wind an' flounder through the drifts. 'Twas meat we needed. As men sometimes will, we talked about meat—dog meat. Pretty? We didn't think about that jus' then.

Our mouths run water an' our hearts beat fast when a howl that was not the wind on the barrens drifted past with the gale. I crawled out once, afore the dusk was thick, an' tempted Coal. I stood up an' stumbled an' lied prone an' still t' deceive un; but he was too wary t' come near my hand, an' presently the frost drove me in.

Sandy Marsh tried then—crawled out on hands an' knees, with the mind t' struggle Coal, an' waited for Coal t' come snuffin' up—for Marsh was wishin', says he, in the desperate pass we had come to, that Coal should eat he or he should eat Coal, an' so make an end o' the whole matter. 'Twas a failure. Coal was wary. An' Marsh come back in despair.

After dark Marsh says:

"You hear anything, Tumm?"

"I hears the wind," says I.

"No—not the wind! Don't you hear nothin', Tumm?"

"I don't know, Sandy."

"There!"

"A squeak," says I.

"No, no!" says he. "'Tis more like a whimper."

"That's scratchin'," says I. "There's a dog at the door."

There was. 'Twas a dog—whimperin' an' scratchin' for shelter. I opened to un. An' Smoke come in from the gale. He didn't say much—jus' wagged a word o' thanks—an' then he stumbled t' the fire an' lied down, as if 'twas his own kitchen he was in, an' begun t' bite the ice from his feet an' lick his wounds. The pack had been too much for the ol' dog. He was sore wounded—all tore about the throat an' legs an' haunches—an' the blood thawed in the heat o' the fire, an' as he bit the frozen clots away the raw wounds flowed, an' 'twas plain t' me that the battle had been fair terrible.

I reckoned, then, that the old dog had thought it all over, out in the snow, hidin' away from the pack; an' I 'lowed t' Marsh that he had made up his mind t' shelter with we as his only chance. Marsh thought so too—'lowed that ol' Smoke was a whipped bully, outcast an' in fear, an' that his spirit was broke at last—though 'twas a queer thing, says he, an' not like Smoke, that he had slunk t' humans for safety rather than lose his life in fight, him bein' the son of a wolf, born in the timber.

All my hunger come back. I was shakin'. An' I was weak all at once.

"You'll have t' do it," says I. "I'm not strong enough."

"Do what?"

"Get the ax."

"What for?"

"'Tis here somewheres."

"Here 'tis, Tumm. What do you want me t' do with it?"

"Do with it!" says I. "Man, I wants you t' kill that dog!"

"I isn't goin' t' kill that dog."

"You must," says I. "I'm too weak t' wield the ax."

"Leave the ax lie."

"Take it up, man! An' get behind! He'll fight like a wild beast an he sees you lift it t' strike."

"I isn't goin' t' strike."

"Is you gone mad?" says I.

"I won't kill this dog," says he. "He've trusted me."

"Then I will."

"Oh, no, you won't, Tumm!"

I picked up the ax.

"Smoke!" says Sandy.

Smoke jumped up, turned an' cotched me with the ax in my hand; an' he bristled an' snarled.

"Put that ax down!" says Marsh. "You can't best the two of us."

Smoke was creepin' for the leap.

"Back, Smoke!" says Marsh.

"What you goin' t' do?" says I.

"What I isn't goin' t' do is kill a dog that trusts me," says he; "an' what I is goin' t' do is get that Coal in the mornin'. Jus' you leave it t' me, Tumm, an' you'll have nothin' t' be sorry for afterward. Go t' sleep, Tumm—jus' lie down an' curl up, with an easy mind. Your breakfast will be ready soon after dawn."

"I wants my breakfast now."

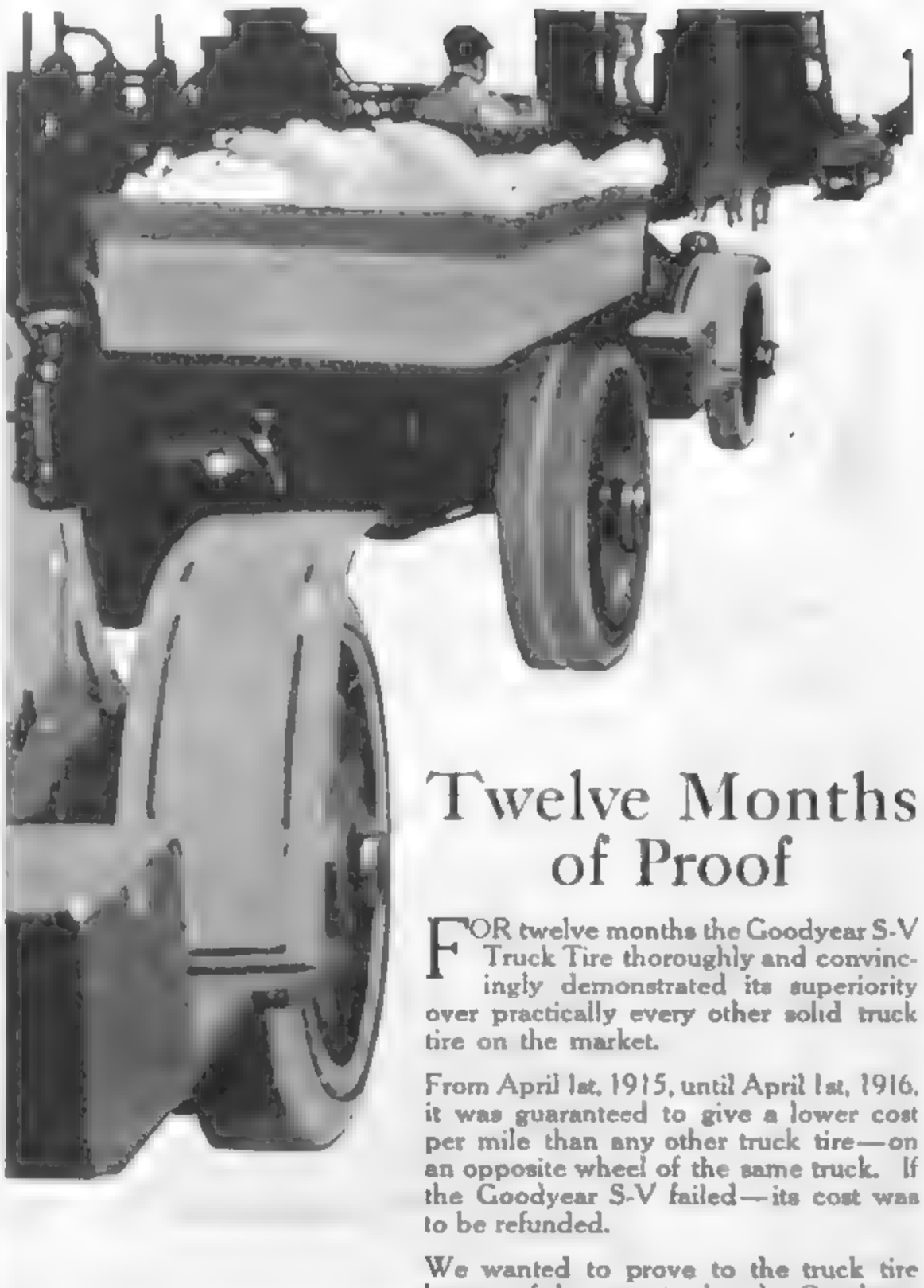
"You can't have it now. Jus' oblige me, Tumm, by bein' content t' dream about it. 'Twill be ready in the mornin'. That I promise. An' if you doesn't breakfast off Coal, you'll breakfast off ——"

That was all he said. I knowed he meant Smoke.

Marsh had t' do it alone. A dog would take fright at the two of us. Yet Marsh was weak for the battle, too weak t' master a dog single-handed with his bare hands; an' barehanded the battle must be—no dog would come near a man with a club.

When dawn broke, an' Marsh made ready, with a knife in his belt, Coal was alone in the offing. I fancied I cotched a glimpse o' Whip an' Box beyond; but I was not sure o' that, an' so I said nothin' about it. 'Twas not yet broad light, but 'twas clear enough—the snow gone an' the wind fallen. Marsh was none too sure of hisself—he was wonderful weak an' poor-spirited, says he—an' as for me, I was t' wait within with the ax, an' sally in haste when Marsh come t' grips.

All this bein' arranged, Marsh called t' Smoke from beyond the threshold o' the tilt; but the ol' dog was stupid an' loath t' venture—he jus' whimpered an' wagged his tail, an' seemed t' say "Ah, no; I don't want t'!"—until Marsh come in an' give un a pat or two, an' showed un Coal an' whispered "Se-as-as-sick un, ol' dog!"



Twelve Months of Proof

FOR twelve months the Goodyear S-V Truck Tire thoroughly and convincingly demonstrated its superiority over practically every other solid truck tire on the market.

From April 1st, 1915, until April 1st, 1916, it was guaranteed to give a lower cost per mile than any other truck tire—on an opposite wheel of the same truck. If the Goodyear S-V failed—its cost was to be refunded.

We wanted to prove to the truck tire buyers of the country that the Goodyear S-V would outwear and outrun any other truck tire made.

We proved it—again, and again, and again.

Side by side with practically every known make of solid truck tire, subjected to the same identical wear—the Goodyear S-V actually gave a lower cost per mile.

The test lasted twelve long months.

Thousands of Goodyear S-Vs were bought on this "make-good" basis—and 98% **made good.**

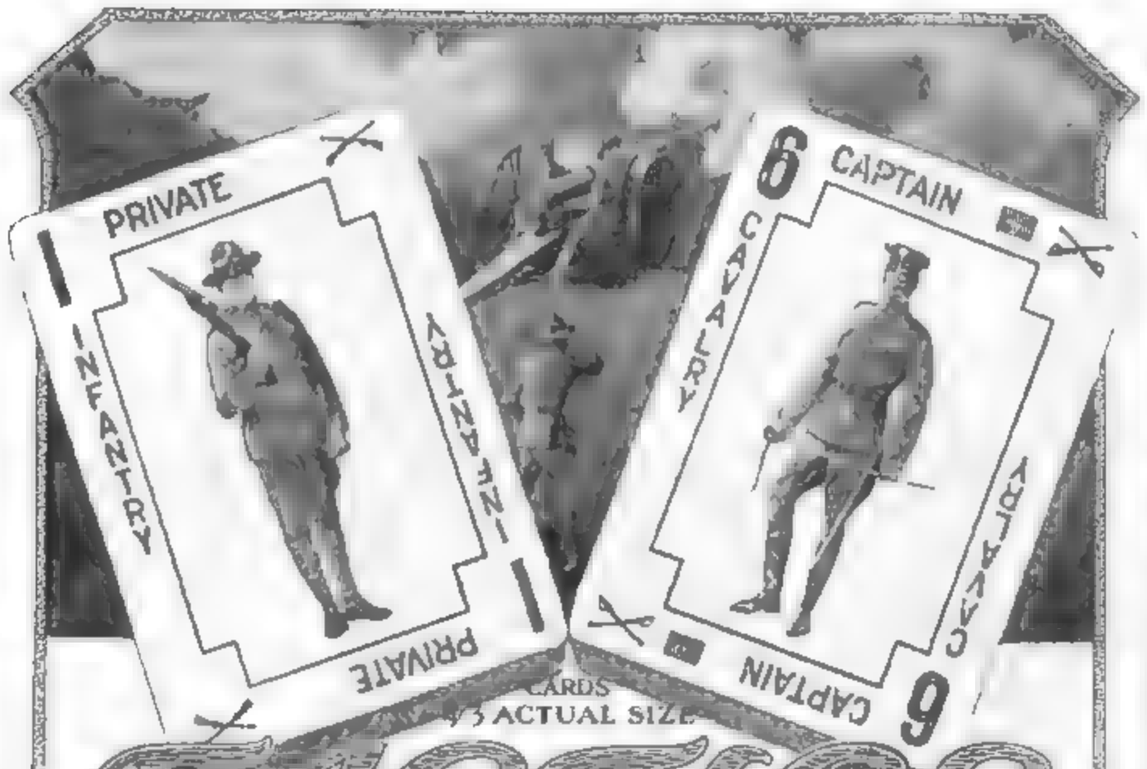
All over the country, throughout one entire year, the S-V gave truck tire buyers the characteristic Goodyear result—better service, longer mileage, and lower cost.

The question of truck tire superiority has been settled, once for all.

Get the actual service records from the nearest Goodyear Branch.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON TRUCK TIRES



TACTICS

The Military Game

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An' then Smoke stepped outside with his king-hairs on end an' his head low an' his teeth bare.

"You think he understands?" says Marsh.

"I don't know," says I; "but he'll act that way, anyhow, an' that's the same thing in the end."

Smoke looked back.

"See that?" says Marsh.

"Ay."

"He's waitin' for me."

"Go on," says I.

"I wish I wasn't so weak," says Marsh. "That Coal is a mighty beast."

I was afraid. It seemed that Smoke would have no chance in a battle with Coal.

"Call the dog back," says I.

"No."

"I'll kill un myself an' save you the grief."

"Twouldn't be fair. No; I'll chance it."

"But ——"

"No, Tumm. I won't do it. He trusted me."

Marsh went out—the poor, admirable fool! When Smoke had made sure o' that, he went on toward Coal. I'm not sayin' at all that the dog knowed Marsh's plan as a man might know it, an' acted with a man's reason. All I says is that he behaved jus' as well as if he did; an' 'twould not surprise me at all t' be sure that he knowed all about it—he was a wolf, born in the timber, an' he must have knowed about stalkin' a quarry with cunnin'.

Anyhow, once he was sure that Marsh was behind t' support un, he crept toward Coal an' taunted un t' battle. Coal backed away—playin' his own game, tryin' t' lure Smoke off from the tilt—an' Smoke crep' nearer, all the while snappin' an' snarlin'. An' at last when he was fair close t' Coal, without a sound, I reckon Coal forgot about Marsh. Marsh was pretty far behind, anyhow. I fancied that Smoke would have all he could manage t' save hisself from death until Marsh could join the fight; an' I had no sooner made up my mind t' this than Smoke rushed, an' the battle was on, with poor Marsh, gone almost helpless with weakness an' excitement, crawlin' on hands and knees through the snow.

I called t' Marsh that the pack was comin'—Whip an' Sly an' Tucker.

"Come back!" I bawled.

Not he! I reckon he didn't hear me. An' then I made for the scramble; an' what had happened t' Marsh happened t' me—my legs give way with the excitement o' the thing—an' I had t' crawl on hands an' knees, cumbered by the ax. When I got t' Marsh, Coal had un by the shoulder, an' Smoke had Coal by the throat, an' Marsh's knife had jus' slipped between Coal's ribs, as I thinks; an' Tucker an' Whip an' Sly was atop o' the three o' them, searchin' for vital parts.

An' then I stood up, with the last strength I had, an' lifted my ax, half blind with weakness as I was, an' chanced the death o' Marsh, there bein' nothin' better t' do; an' as it happened, more by luck than good conduct, I brained Tucker with the first blow an' broke Sly's back with the second.

Then no more could I do. I falled down in the snow, fordone; an' when I sot up an' looked round again Whip was gone and Marsh was sittin' up, too, starin' like the daft. An' ol' Smoke, on his haunches, was watchin' the two of us, jus' as if he was wonderin' what the devil was the matter, an' hoped that nothin' had occurred which anybody would be inclined t' blame him for.

Marsh was hurt.

"In this cold weather," says he, "it won't matter much. I'm all right."

"You got Coal," says I.

"An' you got Tucker an' Sly," says he. "We're well provided for, Tumm. 'Twon't be no trouble t' make Bread-an'-Butter Harbor on these strong rations."

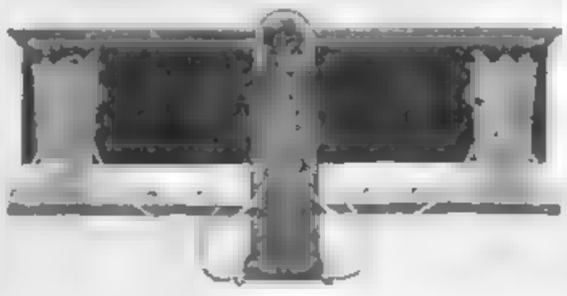
Then we looked at the dogs.

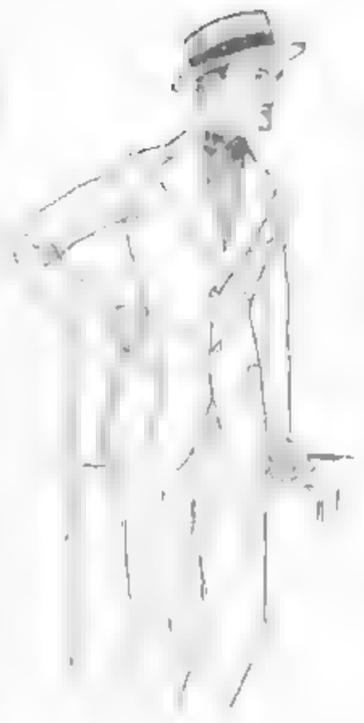
"Which do you prefer?" says I.

"I jus' hates that damned Coal so bitter," says he, "that I won't even eat un!"

An' then he turned t' Smoke.

"Good ol' dog!" says he. "I reckon you'll live in honor an' take your ease, after all."





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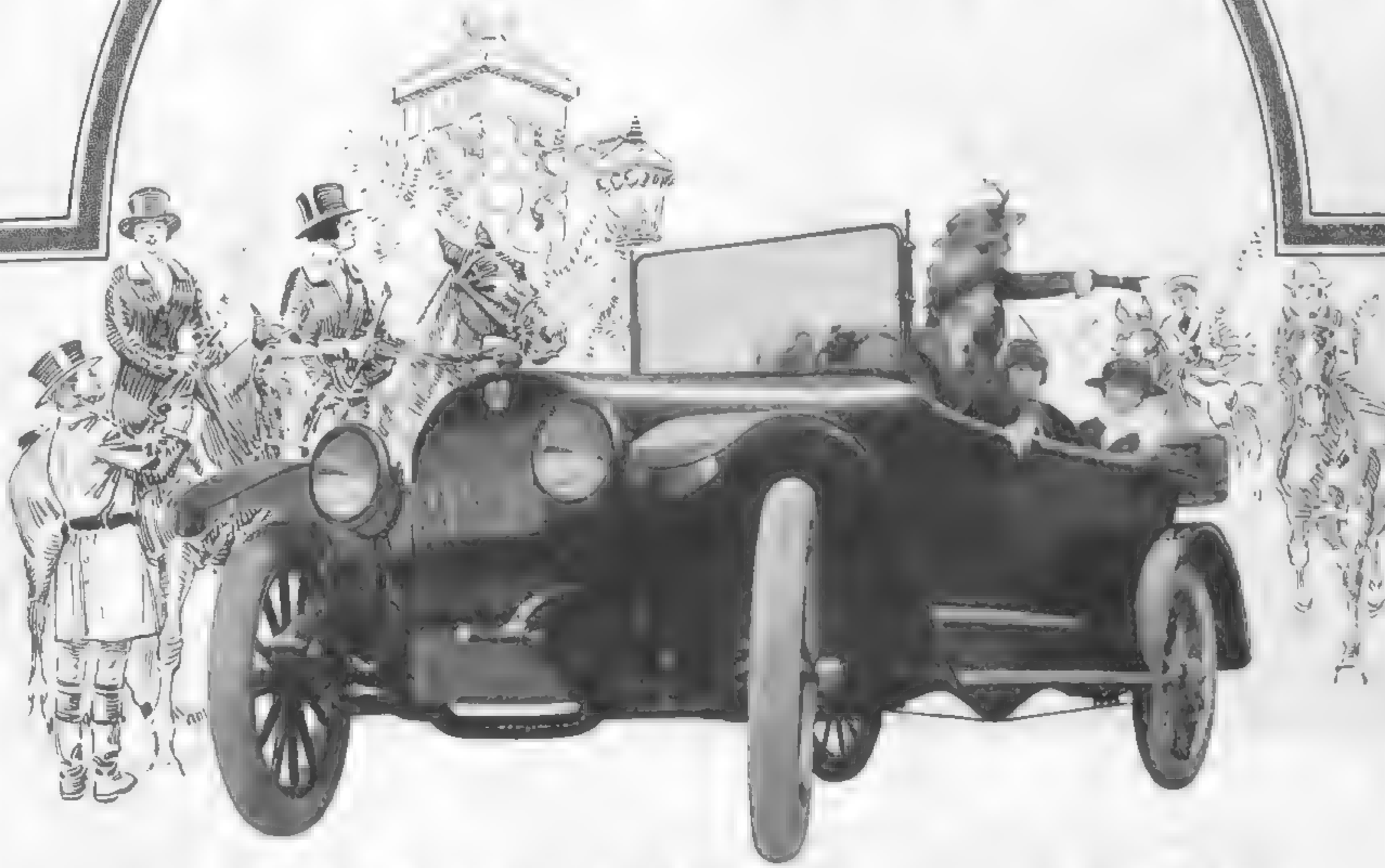

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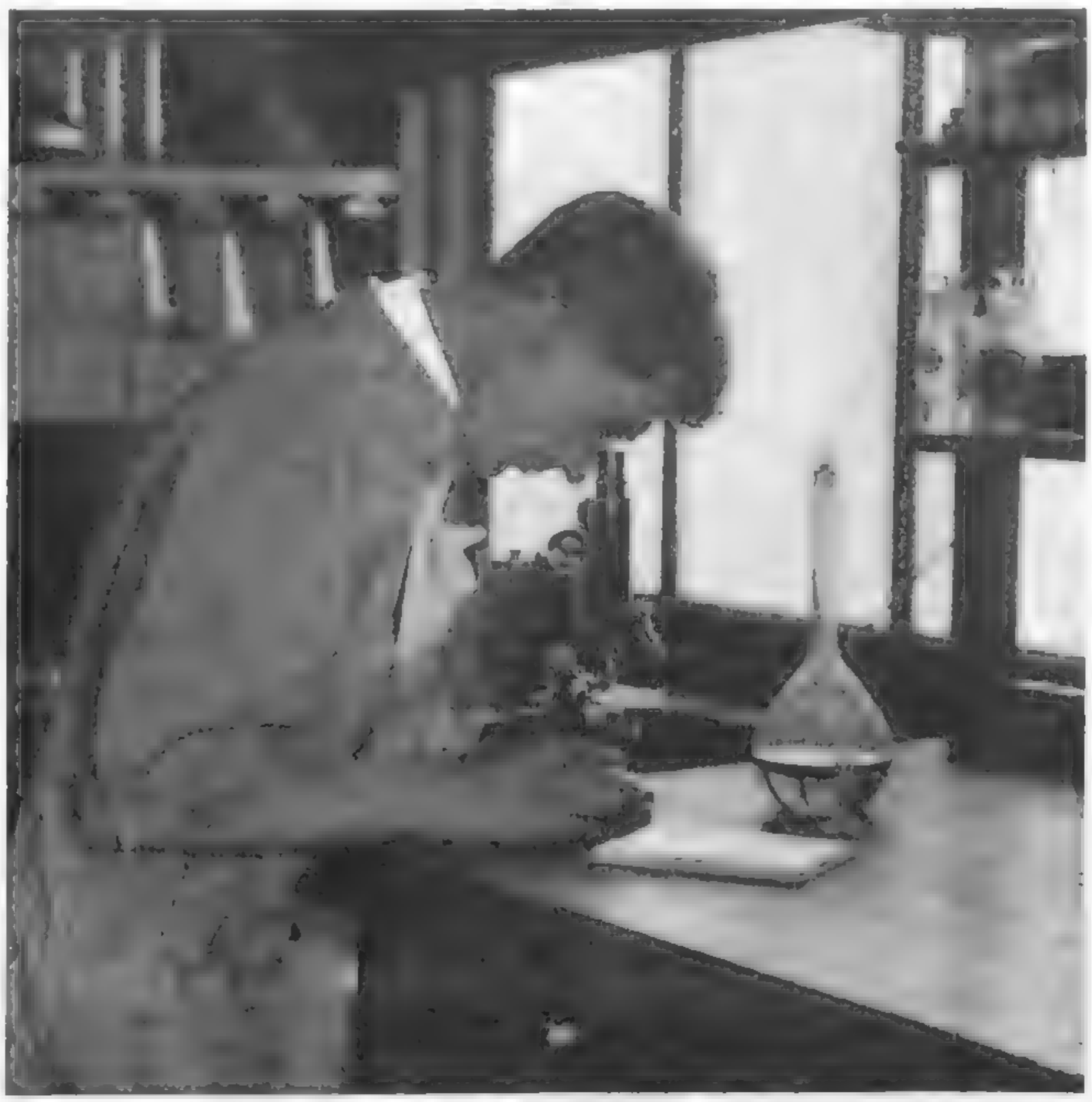

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The great volume of its world-wide business enables it to mobilize, for the further improvement of photography, the most efficient men in the photographic world, enables it to maintain a Research Laboratory that is not only solving the problems of to-day but the problems of to-morrow, regardless of present profit. Yet this laboratory is by no means a house of mere theory. It provides not only for experiment, but is in itself a small factory wherein practical tests are made daily under actual manufacturing conditions.

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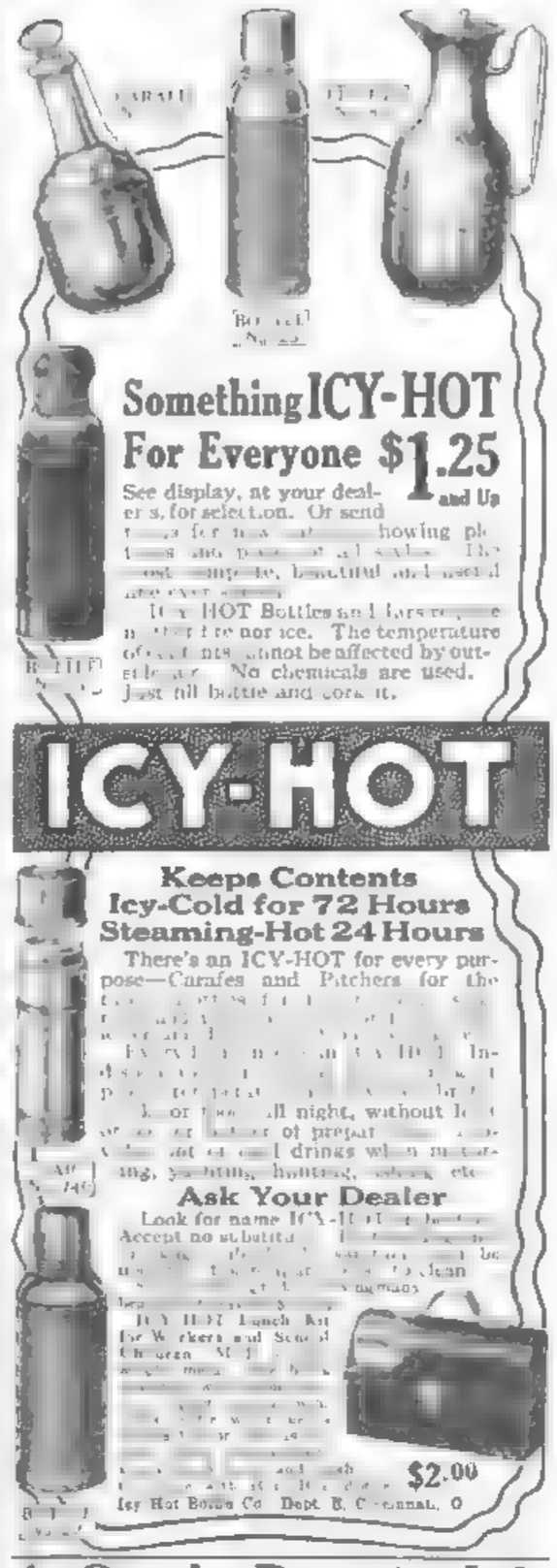
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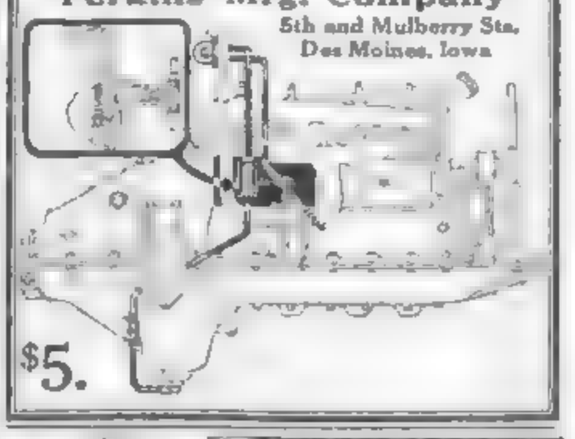

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SUDDEN JIM

(Continued from Page 21)

at least a moderate chance of getting there. But for me I do not believe a man should be too set on a desire, that he should steer a course for his lighthouse regardless of everything else. If I have a plan of life it is to row for my lighthouse, but not to miss the scenery along the way. My boat may carry me past something better than my lighthouse. If I should suddenly find myself floating over an oyster bed I should stop to hunt pearls. I believe that as a man pushes forward to his desire he should stand ready to pounce on the treasure that chance or circumstance floats in his way; he should be ready to repel the evil he fears, but he should keep his ammunition dry and his weapons loaded for trouble he doesn't in the least foresee—which is not likely to happen, but which sometimes does happen. I believe that a plan to arrive at one's choice should be modified by the happening of every moment, and that one should be ready to abandon his boat, abandon his lighthouse, to dive over the side after the chance-sent mass of floating ambergris."

"Yes. Yes, that's it. The moment determines. The mood of the moment determines,' said Marie.

"And," said Jim, carried onward by the flow of his thought, "meetings with other voyagers determine. One's course is sure to cross the courses of others. At some point those moving at right angles to each other may meet bow to bow—when there will result collision, or else one or both the travelers must modify their courses for a time. It may even be that the adventure of one traveler will cause the other to abandon his quest and follow. If you're going to look ahead, Miss Ducharme, and plan and choose, you must not forget to estimate the chances of contact with other planners and choosers, nor the modifications contact may cause."

Moran shrugged his shoulders, his jaw set.

"If another man's path crosses mine, or his boat gets in the way of mine, I let him look out for himself or be run down," he said crisply.

"In such collisions," said the widow, "I've knowed both boats to be sunk."

Jim felt Marie's black eyes upon him, but he did not look at her. She was studying him, appraising him. He was conscious of it, yet endeavored to appear unconscious. He felt she was more inclined toward friendliness with him than ever before, and because he perceived that she needed friendship—not because of any leaning toward her—he feared to show even by a glance that he was aware of a better understanding between them. It would be so easy to frighten her away.

Moran pushed back his chair.

"I must catch my train, Mrs. Stickney. I always enjoy my suppers with you. They remind me of suppers I used to eat at grandmother's farm."

"It's a good thing for men to git reminded of their grandmothers once in a while," she answered cryptically.

"You're coming to see me to the door, Marie?" Moran said. It seemed to Jim more a command than a question. Marie obeyed, and the man and girl left the room.

Jim emptied his coffee cup, which was not a thing to do quickly when the widow had made the coffee. Indeed not; one sipped and tasted and stopped between whiles to think on the aroma of it. Presently Jim set down his empty cup.

"More?" asked the widow.

"Thank you, no."

Jim moved back his chair. He was frowning at the tablecloth abstractedly.

"Hum!" said the widow. It was a very significant, expressive hum, an eloquent hum, but, withal, a hum that needed further elucidation before it became wholly and perfectly clear.

"The difference between girls," she said, "is that most of them is just ordinarily foolish."

"And the difference between men," said Jim, "is that some of them are like Michael Moran."

"I calc'late from that," she said, "that your heart don't flow out to him in love and admiration."

"It's men like him that make murder a virtue."

"Hum!" said the widow. "I'll say this for you: you don't leave folks fumblin' round to understand your meanin'."

"I said exactly what I meant. Mrs. Stickney, Miss Ducharme is in a dangerous humor. I can't make her out. Probably it is because I'm too young. But you ought to understand her—whether she means some of the reckless things she says. I believe she does. She has intelligence and a will—which makes the condition more dangerous. She talks about choosing her course when Diversity becomes unbearable. Michael Moran is planning to be present when that time comes. Possibly his plans include making Diversity unbearable. At any rate, he plans and plans—and because he is what he is, because she knows he is what he is, he offers her an opportunity of escape. He offers her what she thinks is an opportunity to choose. But it won't be any such thing. When she chooses—if ever she does choose—to go to him, it will be because he has planned it and forced the choice."

"Hum!" said the widow again, eying him with eyes that age had not robbed of their brightness. "Hum!"

This was no startling contribution to the conversation. But the exclamation "Hum!" uttered by an old woman who has buried two husbands and kept boarders, is not to be despised. There is more wisdom in such a monosyllable than in all the pages of the valedictory of a girl emerging from college—which is generally credited with being an erudite message. Two husbands and a succession of boarders may teach things that even professors of sociology have not had called to their attention.

"She's so infernally alone," said Jim.

Marie stepped into the dining room again—one might almost say pounced. Her eyes glittered, her hands were clenched.

"I am infernally alone. Oh, I heard! I heard what you said before that. I listened. What business have you to discuss me and my affairs? I suppose it's your meddlesome notion to help me. I don't want help; I don't need help—and what help could you give? What do you know about me—or about life? What do you know about a woman? I will not be discussed by either of you. I have the right to order my own life—to make it good or bad as I want to—and it's nobody's business. Do you think I don't know Michael Moran? I tell you I see into the farthest corner of his soul. I'm not demanding happiness. I doubt if happiness is the best thing life has to give. But I do demand to live. Nobody can compel me to rot. What if I do suffer? What if there is pain and suffering and remorse? That is part of life. It is living. And you would meddle! I tell you again that I see what I am doing; that I am not deceived; that I have weighed consequences. If the time comes when Michael Moran is the stepping stone I need, I shall use him. Nobody can prevent it ——"

"I calc'late there's somebody might pervent it, Marie," said the widow quietly, "and I calc'late there's somethin' would fill you up with a kind of regret you ain't anticipatin' if it was to happen afterward."

"Who?" demanded Marie passionately. "And what?"

"The man you loved might stop you—and comin' to love a man afterward might bring that kind of remorse that would make dyin' better'n livin'."

Marie stared at the widow, then after one might slowly have counted a dozen she sank into a chair and gazed fixedly downward. Nobody spoke. Jim felt extremely uncomfortable.

Presently Marie lifted her eyes—first to Jim, then to the widow.

"Yes," she said, "that is possible. I could love—but it would be better that I shouldn't. Better for him. If I loved it would be no pretty bill-and-coo. It would be love. I should give much—but demand much. I do not think it would be comfortable to be loved by me. If I loved it would be the one great concern of my life. I should have room for nothing else. I have studied myself. And if he did not love me as I loved him I should make him unhappy, for I do not believe men like to be bothered by too much love. I should make him hate me. I should be no sweet domestic animal to greet him with a kiss, and fetch him his slippers, and sit by placidly while he read his paper. Men like comfort and coddling. There would be no comfort with me. I should be jealous—jealous even of the food that gave him pleasure. What man wants such a love! What happiness can come

THE WINNERS

Announcement of the Awards by the Sterling Gum Prize Contest Judges

Over 314,000 suggestions expressing the 7th Point of Sterling Gum Superiority were received.

This volume of entries naturally made awarding very difficult.

We take pleasure, however, in announcing the following awards:

Space does not permit printing the names of the remaining 7,700 prize winners who will receive boxes of Sterling Gum.

FIRST PRIZE—$1000—"*The gum the sun brought out.*"
George Gill, Toronto, Canada.

SECOND PRIZE—$500—"*Nature made everything but the wrapper.*"
Thomas M. Willey, Hadlyme, Conn.

THIRD PRIZE—$250—"*Meadow sweet, forest fresh.*"
Mrs. C. H. Carter, Syracuse, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE—$25—"*Born of Nature—the Supreme Confectioner.*"
Irvin J. Oswald, Chicago, Ill.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25—"*From fragrant forests and fruitful farms.*"
W. I. Hutchinson, Denver, Colo.

SIXTH PRIZE—$25—"*Its whole history holds no mystery.*"
Geneve Deming, W. Philadelphia, Pa.

SEVENTH PRIZE—$25—"*Nature's conception, a delicious confection.*"
T. L. Davies, Jr., Newark, Ohio.

EIGHTH PRIZE—$25—"*Sun and sweetness make Sterling's completeness.*"
U. C. Hayman, Wilmington, Delaware.

NINTH PRIZE—$25—"*Nature smiles in every stick.*"
Bessie E. Bessling, Baltimore, Md.

TENTH PRIZE—$25—"*Nature shoved from tree to trade.*"
David Moore, Waynesboro, Miss.

The 70 Winners of $2.50 Prizes Are:

C. L. Anderson, G. T. Bacon, J. Baker, J. C. Ball, E. J. Bergk, J. M. Bewley, F. P. Black, B. S. Brown, D. A. Chalmers, M. B. Clark, N. S. Clarke, E. Close, E. L. Coder, A. M. Cole, R. L. Cunningham, R. C. Davison, P. J. Delay, S. Dillon, T. Dyson, H. Einer, M. W. Erd, J. V. Fick[illegible], E. S. Gates, T. Glover, H. R. Hiatt, O. H. Hill, M. F. House, T. T. Hoyne, H. L. Hunt, [illegible], J. A. Karpp, L. W. Kennedy, G. Kinsman, A. C. Klingalhofer, E. M. [illegible], J. E. Lane, J. Lavelle, B. C. Leeming, A. A. Levy, J. E. Long, W. T. McDonald, T. C. McGloin, T. A. McRae, H. J. Madison, M. Marrs, H. W. Miller, E. A. Nelson, National Children's Aid Society (Douglas, Wyoming), J. A. Otis, F. M. Paget, W. E. Payton, J. B. Pitts, D. M. Potter, J. H. Preston, T. J. Pugh, R. E. Ramsay, M. Ripper, W. E. Roberts, M. R. Robinson, M. Roy, T. R. Sellman, R. Shoemaker, H. G. Swarr, K. Taylor, C. Travis, C. Van Rensselaer, G. L. Voss, P. P. Williams, G. A. Williamson, D. Wood.

Editor of Leslie's Weekly

Editor of Cosmopolitan Magazine

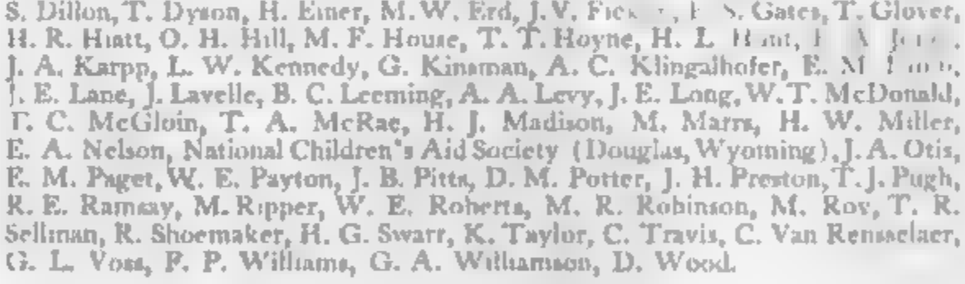
Editor of The American Magazine

Editor of McClure's Magazine

Editor of Munsey's Magazine

It is too early yet for the Sterling Gum Company to decide whether any one of the prize-winning phrases will be used as the final expression of Point 7.

In announcing the above awards by the Contest Judges, we wish to express our sincere appreciation of the interest of the contestants and the painstaking work of the judges, Messrs. John A. Sleicher, Edgar Sisson, John M. Siddall, Frederick L. Collins and Robert H. Davis.



The Sterling Gum Co., Inc., New York
The Sterling Gum Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

1st Prize of $150

in the CARTER INX Prize Contest was won by

Miss Eva Kranich

Madison, Wis.

who submitted the following:

"Why the anxious air and haughty frown?
I may *seem* stuck up, but I'm just *stuck down!*"

2nd Prize, $100
Ira H Homes — Ogdensburg, N. Y.

3rd Prize, $50
Wm. B. Moore — Salem, Mass.

Honorable Mention, $5 Each

Linwood Gibbs, Augusta, Ga.
Mr J C Lawler, Le Mars, Iowa
J W Fass, Chicago, Ill.
Mr E R Amick, Springfield, Ill.
Henry W Wingrat, Cedar Falls, Wis.
C P Kopperman, Buffalo N Y
Camden E. Martin, Vallejo, Cal.
Miss Bertha DeVaughn, Salt Lake City Utah
Haywood Edmundson, Raleigh, N. C.
F. W Kells, Cleveland, Ohio
Joseph R. Hood, Golden, Colo.
Ray F Nichols, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. F E. Baker, El Paso, Texas
Mae Z. Geraghty, Morris Plains, N. J.
Mr. A. C. Fuss, Boston, Mass.
Jennie Hale, Rowley, Mass.
Gertrude Walker, Columbia, S. C.
W. S. Brown, Seattle, Wash
R F. Williams, Los Angeles, Cal.
Robert Easton, Chicago, Ill.

THE winning prize answers were selected from over 33,000 submitted. Suggestions were received from every state, as well as from Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, Scotland, Spain, etc.

SECOND PRIZE was awarded for the following:

Girls: (To Professor, unable to rise.) "Paralyzed?"

Professor: "No—Cicoized!"

THIRD PRIZE was awarded for the following:

Teacher: "I'm discouraged. I can't even make these boys add here!"

Lady: "Why don't you use your Cico paste? That will make anything adhere!"

The world-wide interest in this contest demonstrates again the remarkable popularity of

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from it? Would you want to be loved that way?" She turned abruptly to Jim.

"I do not believe one can love too much. I don't believe you know what love is, Miss Ducharme. If love is what I believe, it is not fierce, not a fire that burns beyond control. I think it is gentle; I think love forgives; I think real love manifests itself not by clawing and scratching its object, but by spending itself to procure his happiness—or her happiness. I believe the true love of a man for his wife, or of a woman for her husband, has much in it of the love of father or of mother for their child. I do not think love threatens—it shelters. No, Miss Ducharme, the thing you have been talking about is not love at all. I don't know what it is, but love it is not."

She looked at him wide-eyed, startled, curious.

"When you love," he said, "you will see that I am right."

"I should like to believe you, Mr. Ashe," she said. "It would be sweet—sweet. But you are wrong. How could you know? Have you loved?"

"No."

Mrs. Stickney spoke, her old eyes twinkling.

"It don't seem scarcely possible," she said, "but I've been in love. It was some number of years ago, but I hain't forgot all about it yet. Shouldn't be s'prised if there was times when I remembered it right well. So I'm speakin' from experience. When I was in love 'twa'n't exactly like either one of them things you've been describin'. I'll go so far's to say that both of you'll know consid'able more about it after you've ketched it."

Jim felt a sense of relief. There had been a strain, the moments that had passed were tense moments. Possibly Marie, too, was relieved. At any rate she stood up, and as she walked toward the door she spoke icily:

"Bear in mind, please, Mr. Ashe, that I and my affairs are not to be discussed, nor have you a right to interfere in whatever happens."

"Miss Ducharme, I have that right. If I see a man ill-treat a dog, I have the right to protect that dog—more than that, it is my duty. How much more is it a man's right and duty to interfere in behalf of a woman who is in danger!"

"Duty!" exclaimed Miss Ducharme.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

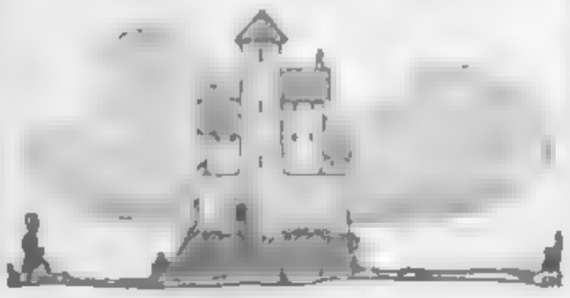
Love in the City

THEY say there is no time for love in the sounding city;
No time for tenderness and faith and an abiding pity.
But, oh, I know the rose of love can blossom through the stones
And pour its fragrance all around us, where the city moans.
You and I have found it, dear—love, and the old gladness;
Fools are they who think the town is only full of madness!

They say there is no room for love in the crowded city;
That would be a tragedy; that would be a pity!
I know a little flat uptown, as tiny as a nest,
Yet big as heaven, and big as earth, and wonderfully blest.
You and I have found it, dear, big enough to treasure
All the love in our two hearts that we cannot measure!

They say that love can never last in the whirling city—
There are so many lovely faces, bright and new and pretty.
I know that may be true enough, I know that may be true;
I've seen full many a bonny girl—but none so sweet as you.
You and I have known a love of laughter and of sorrow;
And we've been wed—upon my soul, it's fifty years to-morrow!

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*



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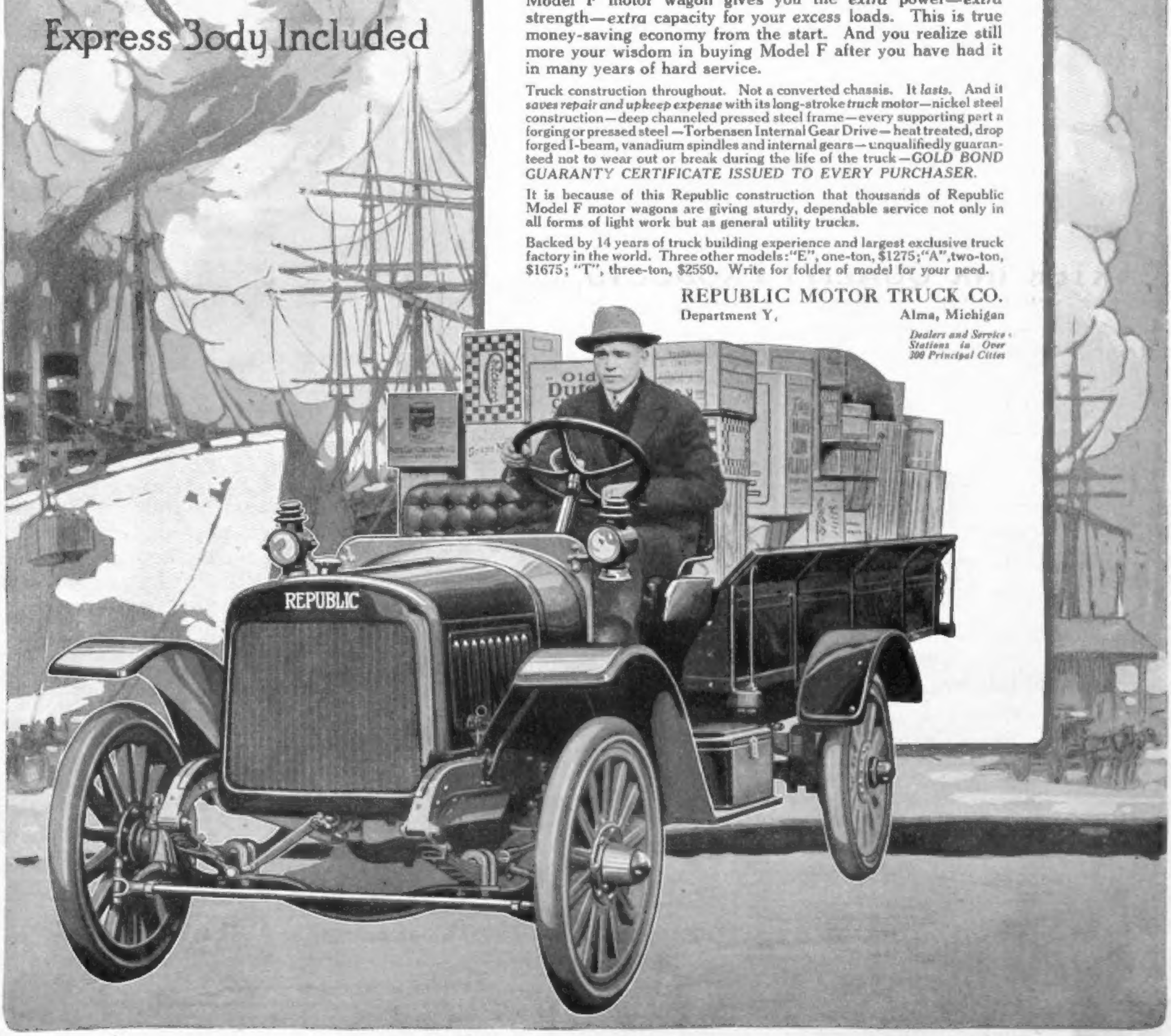

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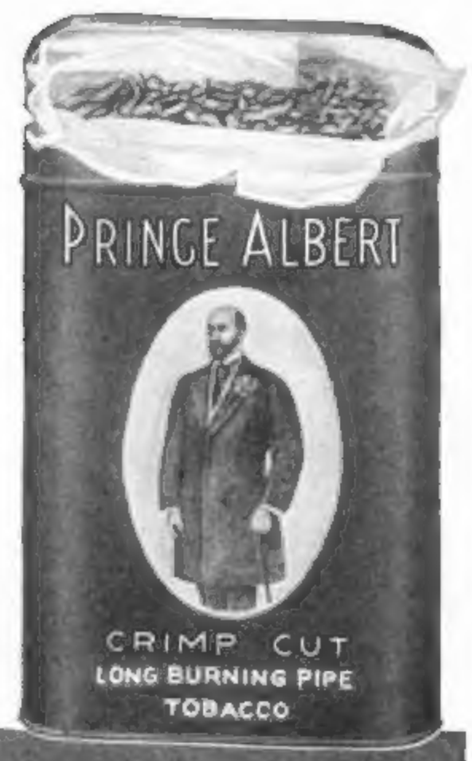

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